VOL·XX ★ NO·79

The American MERCURY

JULY 1930

A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY

H·L·MENCKEN

THREE HELLS: A COMPARATIVE STUDY — H. L. DAVIS

Honor — WILLIAM FAULKNER

The Florida of the North — DANE YORKE

An Adventure in Autocracy — J. FREDERICK ESSARY

God's Stepson — THOMAS F. HEALY

Jupiter in Wall Street — MAX LERNER

Dockwallopers — PAUL PETERS

The Future of the Large City — WARREN S. THOMPSON

More from the Oklahoma Saga — GEORGE MILBURN

Ben Butler — BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

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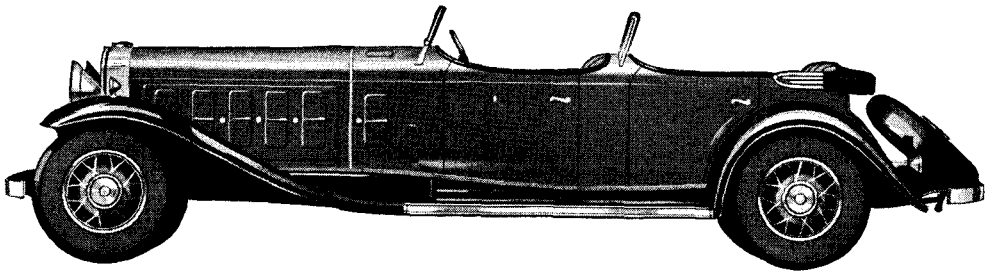

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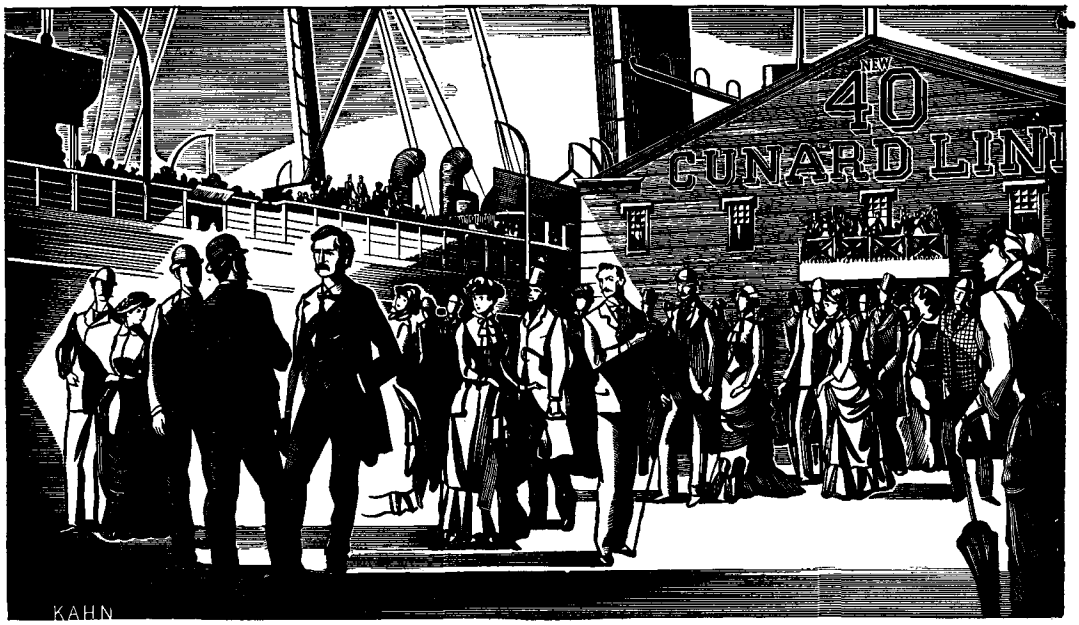

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

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H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
Charles Angoff, *Assistant Editor*

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

GRANDEUR & MISERY OF VICTORY.
By Georges Clemenceau. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$5 9⅛ x 6¼; 432 pp. *New York*

THE TIGER: *Georges Clemenceau.*
Py George Adam. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.50 8¾ x 5⅞; 282 pp. *New York*

The first of these books was ostensibly written in reply to Foch's posthumous charges that the war-time Premier of France was much too lenient with the enemy at the Peace Conference, and that he thereby failed to guarantee the country against further German "aggression." During the peace negotiations the Generalissimo clamored for the permanent occupation of the Rhineland. The Tiger was in favor of the same thing, as Mr. Adam points out in his fairly complete but somewhat dull book, but Lloyd George and Wilson were obstinate in their objection. So he had to compromise with the Guarantee Pact of the Versailles Treaty. The latter, Clemenceau maintains, was a glorious attempt "to make definitely a Europe founded on right," and he argues that it is to the everlasting shame of the Allied countries, and especially of the France led by such "defeatists" as Poincaré and Briand, that the chief provisions of the treaty have been mutilated, and that the entire document has been "reduced to a state of nullity." As a result of this gross treason to the conscience of mankind, "Germany goes on arming and France disarming," and the French reparations have been cut to one-sixth of the original amount. There is absolutely no reason for this preposterous kindness toward the enemy. "For the catastrophe of 1914 the Germans alone are responsible. Only a professional liar would deny this." The League of Nations holds small hope for the peace of France or of the world in general. It is a "super-talking" machine, devoid of executive power, and therefore powerless. "Most losers curse their judges, and as long as a loser can argue his point with big guns it will be well to walk warily." Much of the misery of the world these days is due to the attitude of America, which went into the war when it was practically over, came out immensely rich, and is now plaguing the European nations for the payment of their debts to her. The men who directed the armies of the United States were no great shakes. Pershing, with his "fierce super-patriotism" and his "tight-lipped smile," insisted on leading an army made up wholly of American soldiers, and always refused to let his men fight with the English and French, even when the tide was heavily against the Allies. Foch could have forced him to his senses, but the Generalissimo, for all his good qualities, was a hesitating individual, and preferred "to suggest and persuade rather than command." Wilson occupied himself with writing notes, and when he was in Europe he seldom missed an opportunity to make grand idealistic speeches. He made all sorts of suggestions for the peace of Europe, but "there are probably few examples of such a misreading and disregarding of political experience in the mælstrom of abstract thought." The book is full of petty animosities, grand illusions, and almost incredible expositions of pigheadedness. But it is also full of shrewd ideas, and forms an important historical document, and there emerges from it, as from his "In the Evening of My Thought," one of the most remarkable men of this age.

SEVENTEEN LETTERS OF LORD BYRON.
Edited by Walter Edwin Peck. *Covici-Friede*
$7.50 11⅛ x 7½; 50 pp. *New York*

These letters are reprinted from "The Unpublished Letters of Lord Byron," edited by H. S. Schultess-Young and published in London in 1872. The book was immediately suppressed, and only four copies are known to survive. Parts of its contents are very dubious, but Mr. Peck is convinced, despite certain serious critical difficulties, that the letters here presented are authentic, and in that judgment he is supported by Professor Earle C. Smith of Cornell. They are all addressed to a woman who appears only as "Miss L." and the text indicates that she was the mother of a child by Byron. Her identity remains unknown. There is not much of importance in the letters, but admirers of Byron will no doubt be glad to have them. The book is beautifully turned out. It was printed in Holland and is on all-rag paper. The edition is limited to 500 copies, of which 475 are for sale.

ROGER WILLIAMS: *Prophet & Pioneer.*
By Emily Easton. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$5 8⅞ x 5⅞; 399 pp. *Boston*

Mrs. Easton has reworked the entire Williams literature, and produced the best biography of the celebrated enemy of the early Puritans in print. Her book, though it contains nothing that is really new, is far better organized and more mature in its judgments than the one by Edmund J. Carpenter, published in 1909, and hitherto the first in the field. The only criticism to be made of the present volume is that the writing could be more flexible and lively. A bibliography and an index are appended.

Continued on page vi

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

THE ARTS

EARLY AMERICAN PRINTS.
By Carl W. Drepperd. *The Century Company*
$4 8⅛ x 5⅜; 232 pp. *New York*

Mr. Drepperd, who is a business man at Lancaster, Pa., has one of the best collections of early American prints in the country, and in this volume he offers other collectors the fruits of his observation and experience. His discourse naturally leans somewhat heavily upon David McNeely Stauffer's classical monograph upon American engravers, but there is also a great deal of new stuff. Mr. Drepperd begins by describing briefly the various processes of engraving, and then discusses at length some of the most famous early American prints—for example, Paul Revere's line engraving of the Boston massacre. Then he proceeds to the golden age of line engraving, to the beginnings of lithography, and to the enormous vogue of prints by Currier & Ives. At the end are chapters on book and magazine illustrations, and on caricatures. The book is pleasantly written, and reveals an immense knowledge of the subject. There are many excellent illustrations, and at the end are bibliographies and index. It is a useful volume, very well done.

KENNETH HAYES MILLER.
By Lloyd Goodrich. *The Arts Publishing Corporation*
$3 12¼ x 9⅛; 78 pp. *New York*

Mr. Miller was born in New York in 1876, and studied under H. Siddons Mowbray, Kenyon Cox, and William M. Chase. He also spent a lot of time in Europe, not working under any master, but studying in museums and galleries. Since 1911 he has been an instructor at the Art Students' League, New York. He has exhibited in nearly every important gallery in the United States, and he is not unknown on the Continent. "Fourteenth street," says Mr. Goodrich, "with its shabby gaudiness, furnishes him with most of his themes: the throngs of shoppers, the store-windows crowded with showy objects, the cheap restaurants—all this life of the streets, drab and vulgar but alive with a sort of animal vitality." There are sixty-four reproductions. The subjects of most of them are women, "shopping, meeting on the street, talking, gazing into store-windows, lunching, waiting at street corners." Physically, they are of the more mature and robust kind, with great arms and full bosoms, happy about their bodies and joyous about the outside world.

LITERATURE

DIME NOVELS, *or, Following an Old Trail in Popular Literature.*
By Edmund Pearson. *Little, Brown & Company*
$3 8⅛ x 5¼; 280 pp. *Boston*

The movie has slaughtered the dime novel, and if it survives at all it is only in an anemic form, but in its time it was the pabulum of heroes. First given to the world in 1860, it became the favorite reading of the bearded boys who fought the Civil War, and thereafter for a full generation it was the delight of the young and the despair of the righteous. Its father was Erastus F. Beadle, an up-State New Yorker who wandered to the metropolis and there founded a publishing business. The first volume he issued was "Malaeska, the Indian Wife of the White Hunter," and the author thereof was a woman, one Sophia Winterbotham Stephens. But the success of the venture was so vast that soon a great host of assistants had to come to Sophia's aid, and by the end of the Civil War they were organized into a staff that worked with precision and celerity. Dime novels poured from the presses in immense numbers, some bearing Beadle's various imprints and others sent forth by the rivals who soon rose to challenge him. Before their decline began fully 50,000 separate titles must have been issued, and the total circulation probably ran to hundreds of millions. Now the dime novel, no longer a menace to virtuous youth, is solemnly collected by libraries, and Mr. Pearson writes the first formal treatise upon it. He has done a very good job. He gives extracts from many of the old-timers and has a lot that is interesting to say about their authors and publishers. His book is well illustrated and has an index.

ANTI-SLAVERY SENTIMENT IN AMERICAN LITERATURE PRIOR TO 1865.
By Lorenzo Dow Turner.
The Association for the Study of Negro Life & History
9½ x 6½; 188 pp.
$2.15 *Washington, D. C.*

Dr. Turner, who is professor of English at Fisk University, has here made an important contribution to the history of American literature. His monograph, beside being the first on the subject, is as comprehensive as it deserves, and it is well organized and ably written. He attempts almost no criticism; his main concern is to catalogue and describe. He is probably right in this procedure, for the anti-slavery literature, however potent it was as propaganda, had little belletristic worth. Before the beginning of the Nineteenth Century it was confined mainly to Massachusetts

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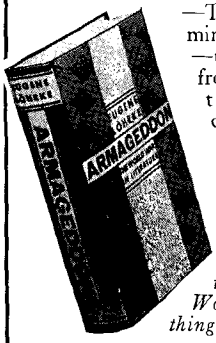

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Continued from page vi

and Pennsylvania, but in the following thirty years it spread to the South, where it gradually petered out after the founding of Garrison's *Liberator*, on January 1, 1831. In the appendix there are some samples of the literature. There is an excellent bibliography, and also an index.

REFERENCE BOOKS

THE HOME-OWNER'S MANUAL.
By Dorothy & Julian Olney. *The Century Company*
$2.50 7⅜ x 4⅞; 240 pp. *New York*

The authors begin with chapters on the tools useful about the house and then proceed to discourses on the elements of carpentry, painting, wall-papering, plumbing and electric wiring. Then follow chapters on heating systems and their operation, on the care of trees, shrubs, flowers and lawns, and on cement and stone work. In an appendix there are tables of weights and measures, a brief bibliography, and cement, lumber and fuel tables. The volume is clearly written and well illustrated, and should be useful to the home-owner. There is an index.

THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK: 1929.
Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart & William M. Schuyler.
The American Year Book Corporation
$7.50 7¾ x 5; 884 pp. *New York*

The American Year Book is published annually under the auspices of the New York *Times*, and has the support of forty-six American learned societies and other organizations, each of which nominates a member of a supervisory board. It pretends to be a record of everything of importance that has gone on in the United States during the year. There are seven main divisions: Historical, American Government, Governmental Functions, Economics and Business, Social Conditions and Aims, Science, and the Humanities, and each is further sub-divided. Each sub-division consists of a brief review of the year, written by someone presumed to be an authority on the subject dealt with. Thus Edward R. Hardy, secretary-treasurer of the Insurance Institute of America, discusses fire insurance; Miss Beatrice Sawyer Rossell, publicity assistant of the American Library Association, handles libraries; Peter Bain, editor of *Shipping Illustrated*, reviews the progress of the merchant marine, and various professors in the colleges deal with their specialties. It is somewhat startling to find Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale assigned to Prohibition, for his views on the subject are very partisan, but it must be said for him that he indulges in no rhetoric. The work, in general, is immensely dull, but it should be of value to teachers, journalists and librarians. The binding is substantial and there is a good index. A good many typographical errors are in the text.

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POETRY

THE BRIDGE.
By Hart Crane. *Horace Liveright*
$2.50 8⅝ x 6¼; 82 pp. *New York*

Mr. Crane's general theme is America, and he swings lightly from Columbus praying on the *Santa María* to a vision of Edgar Allan Poe in the New York subway. His form varies as he goes along. Sometimes he writes Whitmanish dithyrambs, at other times he borrows from the Negro blues, and at yet other times he resorts to very correct rhymed stanzas. The lush fancy that has always marked his verse is constantly evident. He is full of such phrases as "the lithic trillions of your spawn," "theorems sharp as hail," "the empty trapeze of your flesh" and "the bright drench and fabric of our veins." Sometimes, alas, their appositeness is less obvious than their brilliance, and now and then the autnor descends to downright unintelligibility, as in

> Who grindest oar, and arguing the mast
> Subscribest holocaust of ships, O Thou
> Within whose primal scan consummately
> The glistening seigniories of Ganges swim;—
> Who sendest greetings by the corposant,
> And Teneriffe's garnet—flamed it in a cloud,
> Urging through night our passage to the Chan;—
> *Te Deum laudamus*, for thy teeming span!

The slip-cover says that the publication of "The Bridge" "marks an important moment in the history of American literature." This is probably an amiable exaggeration.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF STEPHEN CRANE.
Edited by Wilson Follett. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7⅝ x 5¼; 132 pp. *New York*

This is the most complete collection of Crane's verses made to date. It contains three poems discovered in Jacksonville in 1928, and first published in the *Bookman* for April, 1929. Crane is chiefly remembered nowadays for "The Red Badge of Courage" and four or five short stories. Few know that he also wrote verses, and they show little rejoicing over the fact. But one hazards the guess that the reading public fifty years hence will see greater merit—and possibly even greater historical significance—in his poems than in his prose. He was a sort of combination of Emily Dickinson and Walt Whitman, not as profound as the first nor as expansive as the second, to be sure, but they would have loved him at first sight. The lowly consumptive who died before he was thirty had a lot to say, and the courage to say it. There is not a trace of cheapness or triviality in his poems, and even his briefest lyrics bear the stamp of importance. His more extended efforts number among them some of the most brilliant things in American literature, as for example, "War is Kind" and "Intrigue." Life to him was not a Freudian stable, as it is to most versifiers today, nor was it a joy forever. In everything he saw "the grim hatred of nature," and the religion of the churches brought him small consolation. "What? You define me God with these trinkets? Can my misery meal on an ordered walking of surpliced numskulls? And a fanfare of lights? Or even upon the measured pulpitings of the familiar false and true? Is this God?"

TRAVEL

THE WILDERNESS OF DENALI.
By Charles Sheldon. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$6 9¼ x 6⅛; 412 pp. *New York*

Mr. Sheldon, who is now dead, was in his day the most assiduous of American hunters of big game. He confined his hunting journeys to North America, but within that field he ranged from the mountains of Mexico to the Yukon. He was an amateur naturalist as well as a hunter, and made extensive collections for the National Museum at Washington and other public depositories. The present volume is made up of his diaries for 1906 and 1907, during two trips to the foothills of Mt. McKinley (Denali). He was chiefly in search of mountain sheep, but he also tackled grizzly bears, caribou and various smaller game animals. In addition, he made observations of bird life and of the native trees. His record is careful and complete, but sometimes it makes rather dull reading. His book is lavishly illustrated with excellent photographs, and at the end there are appendices, a good index, and a map of the Mt. McKinley region. There is a preface by Dr. C. Hart Merriam of the Smithsonian Institution, in which tribute is paid to Mr. Sheldon's services to descriptive zoölogy.

THE ROAD TO WILDCAT.
By Eleanor De La Vergne Risley.
Little, Brown & Company
$2.50 8 x 5⅛; 266 pp. *Boston*

Mrs. Risley, with her husband and their dog John, journeyed through the Southern Appalachians, in Alabama, pushing a wheelbarrow containing their camping utensils before them. These fourteen sketches are about the country and the people they found there —the Apostolics, or Holy Rollers, who hold Snake Night up Posey Holler; the grapevine telegraph, by which the mountain people announce strangers; the

Continued on page x

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CRITICISM

JANE AUSTEN: *A Survey.*
By C. L. Thomson. *Horace Marshall & Son*
10s. 6d. 8¾ x 5⅝; 303 pp. *London*

It is the fashion nowadays, especially among the advanced and the emancipated, to sneer at Jane Austen and her work. They have reason to do so, for the strange spinster, who died at forty-two and who did most of her writing in the crowded sitting-room of her father's house, knew her job and had a stubborn respect for it. She knew nothing about the flow of consciousness and other such rubbish, but she knew a tremendous amount about human character, and she got her knowledge on paper with great effectiveness. "Pride and Prejudice" and "Sense and Sensibility" still make superb reading, and will continue to do so as long as good workmanship and sharp insight are held in esteem. Mr. Thomson has written an excellent introductory study of the woman. There is a good bibliography, but the index is too brief.

ALEXANDER POPE.
By Edith Sitwell. *The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation*
$4 8⅞ x 5¾; 368 pp. *New York*

This is the most spirited defence of Pope since Byron's celebrated eulogy of him in his preface to "Don Juan." Miss Sitwell thinks that the strange and extremely prolific hunchback was "one of the greatest of our poets, and . . . in his two finest poems perhaps the most flawless artist our race has produced. . . . He had, perhaps, the most subtle and sensitive feeling for beauty of form possessed by any artist" ever to come out of England. "His life's record is one of loyalty to his friends, unchanging love where that love was not betrayed, financial generosity, and, where that generosity was extended, the most extraordinary delicacy and kindness." All of which proves that Miss Sitwell is more gifted as a poet than as a critic. To call Pope "a flawless artist" is to talk nonsense. The heroic couplet, of which he was an undoubted master, is one of the easiest verse forms to compose, and the variations he played upon it were very few in number. His subtlety was mainly imaginary, and it is, indeed, his deficiency in this direction that will forever keep "The Dunciad," excellent work that it is, from attaining real immortality. Of ideas he had few, and they were largely

Continued on page xii

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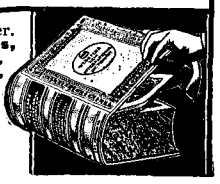

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banal. Personally, too, he was by no means the angel that Miss Sitwell thinks he was. There is plenty of evidence to show that he was an ingrate, a schemer and a cad. The celebrated affair about Swift's letters to him was enough to prove him all of these things. There are many illustrations and an index.

ANTHOLOGIES

FIFTY FAMOUS LETTERS OF HISTORY.
Compiled by Curtis Gentry.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
$2.50 8⅝ x 5⅝; 188 pp. *New York*

The letters here cover a wide range, and include some very interesting ones. Among them are Sophocles' letter to King Ochus, refusing public office; Anne Boleyn's to Henry VIII, written from prison; Johnson's to Lord Chesterfield; Voltaire's to Frederick the Great, declaring that "if there were no God, it would be necessary to invent one"; George Washington's to the Continental Congress, describing the sufferings of the Army at Valley Forge; Thomas Paine's to Washington, denouncing him as a hypocrite; Abraham Lincoln's to Mrs. Bixby; the Kaiser's to the Czar, on the Yellow Peril; and Woodrow Wilson's to Robert Lansing, calling him to book for summoning the Cabinet during Wilson's illness. To each Mr. Gentry prefixes a brief explanation. The volume has an index.

TALL TALES OF THE SOUTHWEST.
Edited by Franklin J. Meine. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3 8¼ x 5¾; 456 pp. *New York*

The thirty years immediately prior to the Civil War saw the growth of an immense humorous literature along the Southern and Southwestern frontier. The local newspapers of the time carried thousands of humorous sketches about such things as shooting matches, horse races, quiltings, weddings, electioneering, coon hunts, steamboat life, pulling teeth, gambling, and revivalist meetings. They were widely read by the frontiersmen, and formed the background of the work of John Phœnix, Artemus Ward and Mark Twain. The present anthology contains forty-nine of these sketches. It is an able collection, and forms a real contribution to a branch of the history of American literature that has been sadly neglected by the academicians. Mr. Meine's introduction is a good summary of the entire subject, but he exaggerates somewhat when he says that the stories are "vastly funny." Some of them, indeed, are pretty dull. The book belongs to the series of Americana Deserta, edited by Bernard De Voto.

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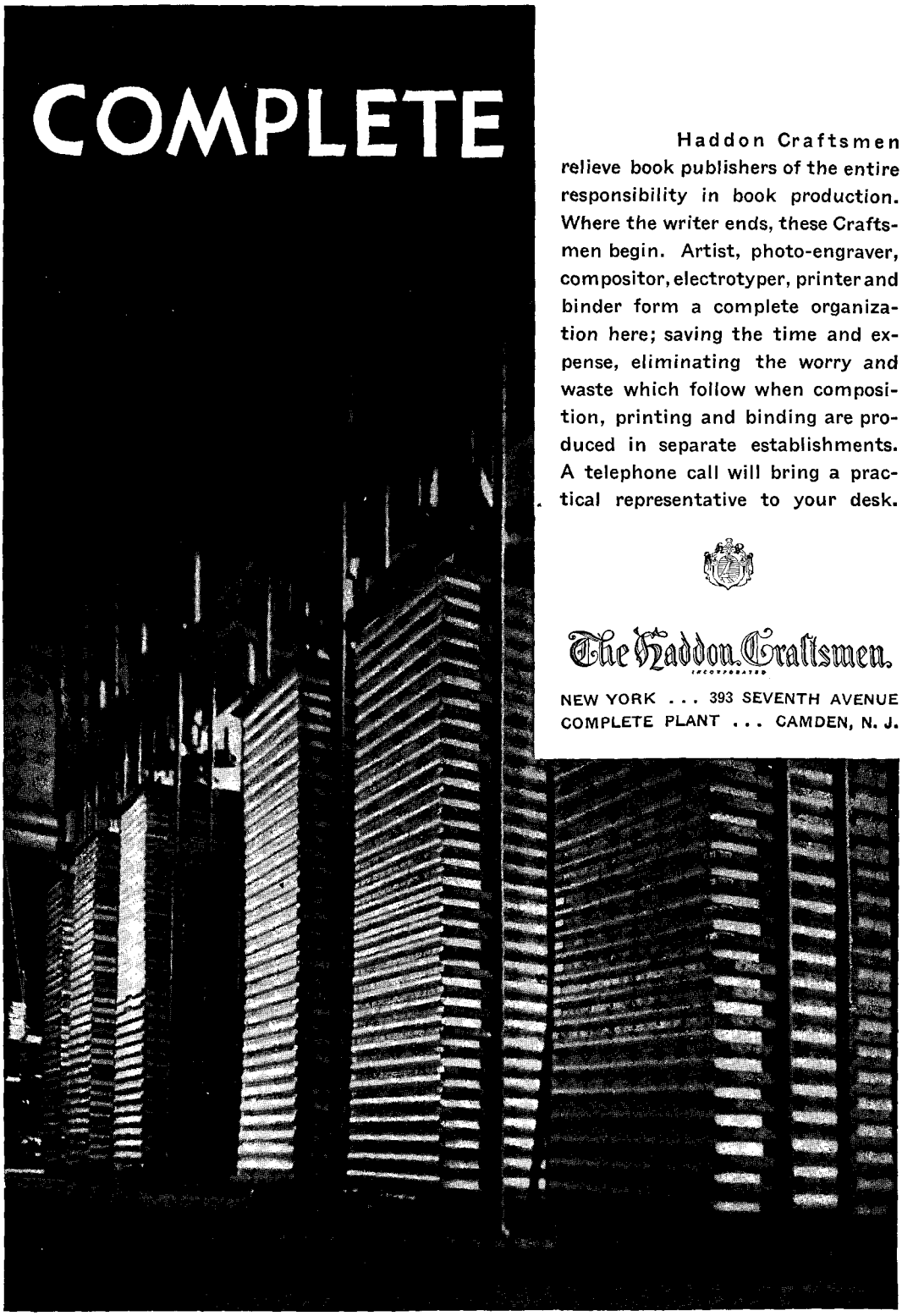

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Continued from page xii

PRIZE POEMS. 1913–1929.
Edited by Charles A. Wagner. *Charles Boni*
75 cents 7⅜ x 5; 247 pp. (paper) *New York*

The poems here collected first appeared in *Poetry*, the *Dial*, the *Nation*, *Contemporary Verse*, and *Palms*. On the whole, they make an excellent showing. Among them are such fine things as "General William Booth Enters Heaven" and "The Chinese Nightingale," by Vachel Lindsay; "Chicago Poems," by Carl Sandburg; "The Witch of Coos," by Robert Frost; "The Ballad of a Lost House," by Leonora Speyer; and "Blue Juniata," by Malcolm Cowley. There is also plenty of rubbish, but it is less than 75% of the total, and that's saying a lot for an anthology of this sort. There is an intelligent introduction by Mark Van Doren.

THE THEATRE

BOOKS & THEATRES.
By E. Gordon Craig. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3 9¼ x 6; 164 pp. *New York*

The first of the ten essays here, and also the longest, is a study of "John Evelyn and the Theatre in England, France and Italy." It is followed by a discussion of what constitutes a good actor, in which Mr. Craig says that the reason why modern acting is not on a very high level is that most actors nowadays are lazy and stupid fellows, who spend the greater part of their time, not in observing life, but in making stereotyped faces in the mirror and in seeing other actors. There are also brief papers on the Teatro Olimpico in Sabbioneta, on the "delicate drama," and on the puns and conspiracies in "The Tempest." Finally there is a charming piece on the ways of Italian booksellers, and one on the beautiful *Nozze* books, put out by young literati to celebrate the marriage of their friends. There are thirty-five illustrations.

THE STORY OF IRELAND'S NATIONAL THEATRE.
By Dawson Byrne. *The Talbot Press*
7s. 6d. 9 x 5¾; 196 pp. *Dublin*

This is really a history of the celebrated Abbey Theatre of Dublin, wherein have been produced all the important Irish plays of the last thirty years. It was under its auspices that such excellent playwrights as Padraic Colum and Sean O'Casey got their first intelligent hearing. The latter, who is now near the top of his craft in the Western world, is here given a whole chapter. Toward the end of the book is a discussion of the several tours in America made by the Abbey Players. There are nine illustrations.

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The American
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July 1930

THREE HELLS: A COMPARATIVE STUDY

BY H. L. DAVIS

It is only a few years ago that we were hearing, far North in the Eastern Oregon sagebrush, about how Tijuana in Lower California was a town that could come to no good end. It had been built to make money off the baser passions of humanity. Sin and crime owned it and ran it. It was the Queen of Hellholes, the Ace of Dives, and the Town Where Anything Went. The saloons would sell you poisoned whiskey, and steal the shoes off your stiffening corpse. The gambling-joints would swindle you before your face, and kill you with a knife in your back if you remonstrated; if you did happen to win any money, they would send thugs to waylay you and clean you of it in some dark alley. As for the wenching-houses, no power of description could do them justice. They were recruited by press-gangs which roved the streets in broad daylight, marking down visiting American girls for their prey. A town like that couldn't last. It couldn't stay the way it was, and there was only one place it could end. Yes, Hell.

It was really a first-class line of advertising. The more the place was talked down, the more youths in all the inland towns saved up their nickels to go down there and find out whether the doggoned dump was actually as hard as travellers' reports made it out to be. So compelling was the power of its legend that a stranger in any Northwestern small town could get admitted to full membership in the local sporting set, with credentials to all whiskey-peddlers and a reserved gunnysack in all haymow poker-games, merely by proving that he had been there.

That it would end tragically, as predicted, nobody doubted. In Southern California, when I announced that I was going to look it over, they warned me that it already had. It wasn't worth wasting time on any more, they said: reform-waves had played hob with it, and turned it into a cold smack, a run-down clock, a feeble piece of rubber-neck slumming, a tragedy in corrugated iron. It had been created to meet an emergency—national Prohibition—and now the emergency had ceased to exist. You didn't have to go all that distance to buy a drink, unless, of course, you were a natural-born sucker.

They forgot, and so did I, that other towns have been built for that emergency, too. Seattle, for instance, got its start from having the only first-rate sporting-house on Puget Sound; Portland forged ahead of the other cities of Oregon largely through the social popularity of its North End; towns like Weed in California and Rodeo in New Mexico were built to help out adjoining States that had voted dry; and, now that all States are equally badly off, they are still doing excellently.

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So, I found, was Tijuana. God knows, the place has been cleaned up. The honka-tonks used to compete so desperately for trade that they had steerers strung as far North as Hollywood to put a hand on the money at the point of origin. Not any more. All the gambling-houses have been shut down except one—the Foreign Club. A couple of years ago, it wasn't unusual for a man to go down the line there for $12,000 in an evening. The biggest bet I saw was $10, and the civilian-clothed sailor who bet it shut his eyes and gulped convulsively when he lost. There is one parlor-house, and the girls no longer go out and organize drives to herd trade in off the street. Rolling drunks are barred; steering, touting, bird-dogging, and the advances of *macquereaux* are discouraged. The town has a new school, a modern fire-department, paved streets, a civic spirit.

You can see it in the newspaper, which has changed its name from the *Weekly Rounder* to the prim, upstanding Tijuana *Herald*, and is no longer afraid to dare the 1,000,000 faith-healing hallelujah-shouters of Los Angeles itself to come on and compare behavior with Tijuana after its bath of virtue. One of its meanest stunts is printing the Los Angeles crime-list for the week —always compendious and revolting, for some reason—against that of Tijuana, which amounts, in general, to somebody having been pinched for cutting a corner.

In one respect, the reform has gone beyond anything that any other town in North America ever thought of trying. There is a law against selling counterfeit-labelled whiskey. They make it stick, too. Last February the fiscal inspector for the State of Baja California confiscated 1,000 quarts of falsely-tagged Scotch, and packed two saloon-keepers who had been selling it off to jail.

That is all right. It isn't the consummation that people in the United States predicted, but it is history, and Tijuana has as much right to go through its stages of development as American cities have to forget theirs. There isn't even any moral lesson in the fact that the place is going broke. All towns go through that stage, too. What was, for me, the hardest thing to stand was the information that it always had lost money, right from the start.

The reason, they told me, was the high license-fees and the unholy rapacity of the old-time police-force. The cops, in the big days, knew more about the totals of a saloon cash-register than the man who owned it; and spent more of them. The saloons had to run tough, not because the place was lawless, but because it had more law than the profits of a clean joint could pay for. They dragged in customers, and rolled maybe a drunk or two, simply because they needed the money. What we had imagined, up in the North, to be flamboyant wickedness was nothing but plain, familiar old poverty.

The clean-up stopped a good deal of hard money-raising. Licenses, however, are still high; trade is hurt, because a lot of people don't want to come to a place that isn't tough any more; and the law against faking labels cuts the profits badly without doing any corresponding good. People who drink whiskey in Tijuana wouldn't know good whiskey from bad, anyway. Thousands of people who go there don't drink at all, but merely watch other people doing it because drinking and saloons have become, in ten years, lavendered romance. There are women who buy nothing, but spend hours trudging from one place to another, reading the labels on the displays of whiskey-bottles. There are parties of evangelists and church-people who, having exhorted against sin most of their lives, have run down to see what it looks like.

Their expeditions are worth watching. They march through the crowd of drunks, sailors, oil-riggers and their sweeties like an embassy bringing a declaration of war. The men run to large, well-fed pallor and glazed expressions of false amiability. The women have big ankles and red chins, and are apparently all geared up for a tangle with any gang of ravishers that may jump

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out at them. The saloon-keeper who pointed them out said they were getting more and more common, and that, if he could, he wanted to sell out and go back to the United States.

He insisted that Tijuana had shot its wad, and was going broke. He took no comfort from the signs of surviving prosperity—the pavement, the schoolhouse, the fire-department, the beautiful policemen, uniformed like chorus-men, with pearl handled revolvers and mustaches that must have taken hours of thought to lay exactly right. You wouldn't think they were so pretty, he said, if you had to help pay for them. As for the pavement, and the school, and so on, they weren't Tijuana at all, but donations from Agua Caliente.

"That's the place you ought to see," he said. "If I could own that place for a week, I'd paint this town with butter and set it afire. You know how much they make there? Two million a month! Boy, you won't see any hallelujah-expeditions walking around that place! It makes more money in a week than Aimée Semple MacPherson does in a year."

I asked if a place like that hadn't hurt his trade.

"Go take a look at it," he said. "The people that go there wouldn't monkey with a place like this to get in out of a blizzard. Class? I'd rather buy a drink at Caliente than get drunk in my own bar for nothing!"

II

Agua Caliente, three miles from Tijuana, has been open for business less than two years. Its race-track, which draws a crowd of as many as 125,000 on week-ends, opened late last December. Parts of its planned construction were only finished in the Spring; yet, without them, it has paid back far more than the $7,000,000 it cost, has enlarged its hotel to five times its original capacity, built two additions to its Casino to give the crowd elbow-room to put down their bets, staged the biggest-money golf tournament in the world, run the price of its stock up from $10 to $80 a share in a panic market, and replaced Tijuana as an object of dread and denunciation in every place in Southern California where two or three are gathered together in God's name.

There aren't any processions of church-tourists walking around to stare sin out of countenance in Caliente. The place is too pretty, maybe, to justify a moral conclusion. It looks, gray-walled, red-roofed, with tall palms along the walks, flowers and brilliant macaws swinging in the branches, like a ducal *hacienda* in a romantic novel. Opportunities for going astray are there, and they are easy to find. You can drink, you can gamble, and you can play the races. But these things aren't rubbed under your nose. A man could live there for a month without ever suspecting, unless his interests lay that way, that there were such Satanic layovers as cards, dice, whiskey and race-books anywhere in the country.

You can, for instance, have wine with dinner; but there is no wine-list offered you, and no mention whatever made of anything to drink unless you bring up the subject yourself. Again, the place abounds with innocent recreations. There are golf-links, tennis-courts, swimming-pools, a stable of thoroughbred, five-gaited saddle-horses. The bar and gambling-rooms seem to have been stuck on as an afterthought. Dividend-builders though they are, they actually cost less to install than some of the incidental *décor* which doesn't bring in a cent. The trees and shrubbery had to be transplanted from the United States full-grown at a cost of $500,000.

Between stiffening Tijuana and booming Agua Caliente there is no feeling of competition whatever. Last Winter, twenty-four hours before the Caliente race-track was to open, all the Mexican laborers struck. There wasn't time to parley them back. Tijuana locked up and came over to help. Bartenders, swampers, steerers, gamblers, men who hadn't done a day's manual labor in their lives and hadn't ever expected to, tucked up their aprons, unbut-

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toned their embroidered vests, and grabbed brooms and shovels to get the track cleaned up in time for the announced opening. It took them all that day and night, working without a let-up. Some of them were ready to keel over when they got through, and their own trade for the day was shot to the dickens; but the Caliente track opened on time, with all the Mexicans who had struck looking sick and silly.

The track, again, shows the subtlety of the place. There are bookmakers and *pari-mutuel* machines; but all betting is controlled by the owners, and there is no competitive ballyhoo to get your money, or even any indication that anybody wants it. Betting-merchants are much less conspicuous than the picturesque track-order-lies—Mexican *caballeros* with slashed trousers, silver-trimmed sombreros, Chihuahua spurs as big as lawn-mowers, and mounts that make some of the track-stock look like skates. Dust, which ruins so many American tracks, they take care of by a system of motor-sprinklers, posted at intervals all the way round the course, to dash out between races and administer a preventive dosage to the dry spots, just as the sand-spreaders in a bull-ring do to the wet ones. Consequently, the track, at the end of a six-months' spell without rain, is dustless, hard, and fast.

Of the horses, unluckily, as much can't be said. The races are well handled, smartly ridden, and run to win, yet they seemed poky. That, maybe, was because I didn't have any money down on them. The people with betting-tickets got as much fun out of the slowest finish as if it had been a drive from the post with every horse falling dead with excitement at the wire.

The betting makes the show sell. I rode down on the bus from Tijuana with a little middle-aged Englishwoman with feathers on her hat, whalebone in her collar, and anxiety in her countenance for fear we were going to be late for the fourth race, on which she had bet $2. She always bet that much, she said, and her one outing of the week was to come down and see what became of it. If she lost—as she generally did—it made little difference; when she won, it was an enormous strike, for she always bet long shots. This time her ticket called for 30 to 1.

She looked like a housekeeper for one of Hugh Walpole's vicars, but her real business was running a flower-shop in San Diego. Not a trade to heat the blood, certainly. For her, betting on a horse-race was really a piece of good sense. What movie-romance or magazine-mystery could give her spirit anything near the direct currying of watching her $2 fall off in a driving finish? And, if the other horses were a bunch of dogs, so much the better. So much the more chance of seeing her 30-to-1 shot win.

I never found out whether she did win or not. Long odds do sometimes nose out. On one, the machines paid 250 to 1, which means that a dozen or so greenhorns who bet with their eyes shut won all the money that had been bet on form, and percentage, and stable-tips, and all the prayerful extras that make racing-crowds a comedy wherever they happen.

Southwestern Americans are fanatical about gambling. The Mexican government-tax of 17% on all race-bets stirred up a unanimous bellow from the regulars that almost ended in a general uprising, and did end in its being reduced recently to 11%. On bets made through bookmakers, the house even pays that. On some Canadian tracks, the government impost is 25%, and nobody kicks about it at all.

But in Caliente playing the ponies is not a frivolity, but a serious vocation. All through Southern California, earnest-looking missionaries in clerical clothes peddle race-track bulletins at ten cents a copy, and get more custom than they could by giving away tracts for nothing.

Race-track followers do not drink. Mr. Frank Ward O'Malley is quoted in European dispatches as announcing, as something special, that he had seen nobody drunk in Nice. In a crowd of 50,000 people at the Caliente track, with a bar on the

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premises and a liquor-list that took in everything from Pilsner beer (imported) to such fluids as *pulque*, *mescal* and *tequila*, I saw only one man who had more aboard than he seemed able to carry. He was a journalist from New York, which may have given him a kind of diplomatic immunity. Of the others, nobody was drunk, and few were even drinking.

The liquors at the Caliente bar are all good, except the native Mexican potions, which, though not hard to take, are dynamite when they start working. The *vinos nativos* and Mexican cognac put out by Ernesto Madero, however, are excellent, and inexpensive, which imported liquors are not. The Mexican beer and whiskey are vile, and altogether worthy of an industry which owes its existence to Prohibition in the United States.

III

The main barroom is in the Casino, where the gambling goes on. In theory, it ought to be easy to get in and hard to get out. But here, again, the note is artistic instead of obvious. Unless you are sober, you can't get in, and, unless you stay sober, out you go.

The outer guard consists of two large Yaqui-featured Mexican policemen, who look as if the responsibilities of their job weighed on them almost as heavily as having to wear pants. They must decide, without being impertinent or intrusive, on the sobriety and self-control of men and women of a race as alien to them as a gang of Chinamen would be to us. They do it better than most Americans could, with unerring judgment, and far more politeness.

Naturally, under their weeding-out process, the only drunks in the place are the men who get drunk after they are admitted. Few do; and, since most American drunkenness takes the form of wanting to annoy strangers, none of them last more than a few minutes. The barman signals; two inside Yaquis appear and take hold, one on each side. If the gentleman acts nice, they take him away and put him to bed; if not, he goes to jail.

It seemed a little bit mean to impose restraints of this kind on people who have, surely, too many such to put up with at home. I said so to the Casino manager, whom I had known in Eastern Oregon when he was a county traffic-officer. But, though he had been away from that country longer than I had, he remembered it better, and reminded me that, for a man who wanted to show strangers how good he felt, there were the Elks' and American Legion conventions.

"And the baseball games," he said. "Remember when Gros Ventre played Dufur, with the whole rooting-section out on the field, as drunk as hoot-owls, trying to break up the game because their team was getting beat? You've seen Coast speakeasies, with pie-eyed women laid away under the tables and all the men fighting over what to sing? It isn't that they're not used to getting drunk. What they're not used to is having to behave themselves."

There were few people at the bar, though all the gambling-tables were going full blast. The tourist-literature I had read wrote up the Casino as a taste of Continental Europe—Deauville, Monte Carlo. It is nothing of the sort. No purer specimen of Americana exists. Of the games, only roulette can claim European quarterings at all. The others are craps, blackjack and chuck-a-luck—all as thoroughly the product of American fancy as log-cabin whiskey-bottles and the Dred Scott decision.

The crowds are no less racy of home and Old Glory. By their looks, many—nay, most—of them must have even voted for Hoover and Prosperity. They take their gambling, not religiously, not as if it were a devilish lure that had hold of them, but with a sort of whole-souled curiosity, as if they were out to find out what there was about the darned racket if it cost them money to do it. They go at it like a set of high-school kids out for a straw-ride. An elderly Jew lost $1,000 on the wheel, and announced that the trouble was in the way

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it was being spun. Unless he could run the thing himself, he wouldn't bet another nickel. The croupier stepped out, and let him have it. He dumped chips all over the layout and addressed the spectators.

"If I can not make myself win," he announced, "then I should go back to Kelly pool where I am good, huh?"

He spun and lost. He doubled, spun and lost again, and several times more. It must have been costing him close to $1,000 a clatter when he gave up, and called the croupier back to his job.

"Should I lose my money and have to do all the work besides?" he asked. "Spin it yourself, and give me once more ten stacks of chips!"

They told me later that he had quit $13,000 loser. This was in ordinary play, on the floor where other people—schoolma'ams on vacation, realtors and produce-brokers and chain-store managers and their wives, daughters and unidentified dependents—were shooting craps and bucking the blackjack-table at $2 a throw. This is to be changed. They are building a private club-room for the plungers, most of whom are regulars at the place. Most of them also are big shots in Hollywood—movie producers, actors and actresses.

I wondered, considering their profession, how the segregation would take. Wouldn't they prefer to have their fling where the ordinary public could behold and gawp? Conversely, weren't a good many of the common pikers unbreeching their $2 bets less in the hope of winning than because they were stacking up on the same board with the blonde who played the Egyptian courtesan, or something, in "The King of Kings"? There were several such celebrities on the floor. The house-man pointed out a number I hadn't recognized, and pointed out, also, that the crowd was paying no attention to them.

"They never do," he said. "I've seen the biggest he-hero in the movies walk in here with $10,000 in his mitt, waving it around his head like a wop lettuce-peddler, and nobody even turned around to see who he was. I'll bet a lot of 'em went home and paid more than they lost to see him in the movies the next day. You may think you know crowds, but these people will fool you. Maybe it's because all this is new."

They were American. All the conventional gambling-hell literature failed to hit it anywhere. Where were the overtaut nerves, the false glitter, the hollow-souled moral wrecks? A girl stopped before the chuck-a-luck table in amazement, and cried, "Oh! Will they let me bet?" A large, motherly woman in sprigged print was speculating, a dollar at a time, with exactly the same concentration of expression that she would have shown in frying doughnuts. When she won, she picked up the house dollar and rammed it down the gullet of a huge handbag that gnashed shut like the jaws of a crocodile. Then she glared about her as if she would like to see the man that could get *that* dollar out into daylight again. A gray-haired Jew stacked a double armload of chips and said, "I'll cash in. How much are these things worth? Fifty cents apiece? The other man told me they were worth a dollar! Why didn't I cash in before he quit?" . . . . And a woman at the roulette wheel greeted her husband —"I thought you'd gone to bed? . . . The baby? Is he awake again? Why didn't you go in quietly as I told you? Wait here till I run up—put down a dollar for me on thirty-five. . . ."

IV

Other European gambling-resort props, too, were lacking. The old yarn about plain-clothes men lurking around to keep heavy losers from blowing their brains out on the veranda was one. It was a service that nobody at Caliente had thought to provide, the house-man said. All the losers went away with as much brains as they came there with, though. More, maybe, in some cases. But, if they wanted to destroy themselves, they wouldn't need to do it by shooting. There was a nice swimming-pool, with clean, warm water twelve

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feet deep—green tiles, electric-lighted. There wasn't a place in the world where one could drown more comfortably. Nobody had ever used it for that. As for the stories about suicides at Deauville and Monte Carlo, he thought they were all a bunch of hooey.

I didn't know enough about them to be able to contradict him, but it is certain that Caliente is too unique to base a general opinion on. There are the dealers and croupiers. They aren't ivory-faced mechanics of moral destruction, nor soul-benumbed and emotionless automatons. They aren't even professional gamblers. Thirty-five of them came from one little town in Eastern Oregon, where, a few years ago, I knew them as bank-clerks, tire-salesmen, garage-workers, orchardists, haberdashers, truck-drivers, hardware and stationery dealers, traffic-cops, hotel-clerks —every small occupation that youngsters in a small town squeeze themselves into, and, ordinarily, die without ever having managed to pull themselves out of. Not because of unfitness, but simply because that meagre fraction of themselves is the only part that a small town can afford to buy from them.

The work they do in Caliente is real work, with no more fascination than candy-eating has for a professional taffy-puller. Shifts are eleven hours long, every minute requiring as much concentration as working at a telling-window in a bank. All croupiers are paid the same, regardless of the game they are working at—$400 a month—but that represents only a part of their income, for it is considered etiquette for a lucky gambler to split his winnings with the man who steered the buckshot into the right hole for him. Thus, though he is playing for the house, it is actually to the dealer's own interest to help the customer win. None of them, of course, do. With them, the functions of dealing, raking in and paying off are purely automatic, and they make no attempt to keep track of whether their game is ahead or in the hole.

Tips and thank-offerings, however involuntarily deserved, amount, on an average, to as much as a dealer gets in salary—from $150 to $600 a month extra, varying with the season of the year. Women, it seems, are the most liberal. One, after a killing, gave the floor-manager a roll of $2,700 to divide among the men on duty, and this, though large, was by no means extraordinary.

No croupier or house-man is allowed to gamble, on duty or off. Not that any of them want to, after eleven hours a day of it for the payroll. As to drinking at the bar in the Casino, there is no rule or restriction. It is understood that they are there to deal and bank, and the house leaves it to the men's own judgment how much they can carry and still do it. Rightly, it seems, since of the thirty-odd whom I saw and talked to, not one was anything but cold sober.

In the beginning, the games at Caliente were manned by a force of an entirely different character. The house-men were old professionals—hard, mean, wise veterans who had seen life, and didn't think a hell of a lot of it. For gambling as the old West understood it, they might have done; for a place like Caliente, they were found to be not only useless, but impossible. They got drunk; they knocked down on their games and swindled customers with perfect impartiality and perseverance; they treated visitors insolently and with open contempt; and one by one they lost their jobs and left. That was when the little town in Eastern Oregon began to be levied upon for replacements.

Not that the town raises its young with any special aptitude for games of chance. Its trend, on the whole, is the other way round. But one of the owners of Caliente—James Crofton, who manages the entire concern—was raised and educated in that town, and he knew, from having run the streets and gone to school with its young men, that they were the kind of timber he needed. Aptitude for gambling didn't matter; plain honesty and a knowledge of how

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to behave oneself did, and his home-town was one place he knew well enough from memory to find it. Out of the thirty-five home-town boys whom he hired from Caliente, not one has let him down. There have been some unforeseen developments. One was when he decided he could use the Eastern Oregon town's chief of police, and the citizens, who needed him themselves, had to raise his salary $50 a month to keep him there. Another is the spread of discontent among the young men who were left in the little town to become decent, God-fearing citizens. There are applications for jobs at Caliente from over a hundred of them, and the total is increasing regularly.

Outside of the Eastern Oregon contingent, most of the croupiers are young Mexicans. Their training is different, but equally remote from the trade of gambling, since all of them are products of American or European universities—mostly Paris and Madrid. It was they, curiously, and not the Oregon men, who seemed self-conscious about the way they were earning their living, as if it were a comedown from what they had started out to do. One did confess that he had studied philosophy, and that he had written poems in Paris—like Cocteau's, he added, with a grin. Evidently he didn't consider running a roulette-wheel any comedown from Cocteau. The one American university man was also touchy about his job. He was a graduate of Harvard, who had once produced plays in New York.

That was as much of his past as he was willing to confide. The rest, he said, was painful. Since he was buying me a drink, I didn't feel at liberty to insist. There was an interruption, anyhow. He was making devilled coffee by burning a lump of sugar in brandy, and a middle-aged fat woman got up from her table and came over to inquire what the dickens he was up to. She wasn't seeking information selfishly. As he gave her directions, she yelled them back to the others in her party, and then took her leave, observing that she'd have to try one of the gosh-darned things herself.

The incident brought him down to some real observations about the place. The worst of gambling with Americans, he said, was that they insisted upon considering the thing a purely sociable relation. They refused to regard a croupier as a hireling, or a soulless and feelingless machine. Instead, as soon as one of them had lost $2 on your game, you went on his list of intimates, and he started calling you Charlie. It was trying, he said, for, beside being from Harvard, he carried the additional handicap of a poor memory, and they always acted hurt when he couldn't recall having seen them before.

That seemed to strike the tone of the place and of the people. There may be dead-pans and ossified souls at Deauville and Monte Carlo, but these people are Americans on a bust, and they want to pull everybody into it with them.

V

Not that all of it is brotherhood and back-slapping. Some of it that seems so is not. In Hollywood, they had told me that Caliente was one place where, when a stranger offered them a check, they cashed it and asked no questions, the idea being that, since they were sure to win it all back, anyway, it made no difference whether it was good or not. I heard this from at least a dozen men, most of whom had cashed checks at Caliente themselves. When I mentioned it to the Casino's credit-manager, he was immensely tickled.

"Certainly we cashed their checks," he said. "They were good. Let any of these babies try to slip us a bad one, and see whether there's any questions asked or not! We don't have to guess at it, either. We've got a card-index credit-system in this place that's worth $100,000. We don't stop at knowing how much these people can borrow, and things like that. We know how much they've got in the bank. Yes, and what bank it's in, too!"

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That was one legend accounted for. There was another, which I had also heard in Hollywood. "Aren't there some losers who cool off when they get home, and stop payment on you?"

"A few small ones, maybe. The only one I remember was for under $150. Our loss on accounts here is less than one-fourth of one per cent. There isn't a business-house in America that does a credit business without losing more. Maybe because they sell to people who can't afford to buy. We don't have to do that."

The check he remembered, on which payment had been stopped, sounded like the one they had told me about in Hollywood. The amounts jibed. The reason that none but the small ones ever had payment stopped on them was because, when a man gambled high, they found out before he started that he had the money to lose, and that he could afford to lose it.

Caliente's patronage comes, at present, mostly from the Southwest. It varies according to season—in Winter, the people are less numerous, but wealthier, belonging mainly to the class that can afford to move South during the cold weather. Summer brings in the working-people on vacation—the two-week trippers, out to flavor their yearly holiday with a spot of fast life. They spend less freely, having less to spend; but they make up in numbers for the decline in per capita extravagance, and the income of the place remains about the same.

The men I talked to were able to localize the source of their biggest trade with exactitude. It was not so much the Southwest, they said, as Southern California; and, more precisely still, it was Los Angeles and Hollywood. Without the money from these places, a really sumptuous resort would have been impossible either to build or to run. And Caliente is, with an accuracy of good taste almost uncanny in a hotel in America, sumptuous.

It would also have been impossible anywhere else except where it is. The towns across the border of Arizona are immensely older and more picturesque; yet, handy to railroads and highways though they are, neither Nogales nor Agua Prieta has ever managed to command enough business from the United States even to justify it in putting up its prices. Their saloons are empty; their streets, except for Mexican soldiers and apathetic-looking wood-peddlers, are lifeless. There has been a gambling-house in Agua Prieta, but today there is no form of speculation offered except the *loteriá nacionál*.

The trouble with these towns is that they are too far from their market. The movie-factories are money; so are the oilfields; so are the millionaire Winter colonies; and these are all in Southern California. There is no other border of the United States that can sell a show to people so anxious or so able to pay for it.

VI

It isn't only the economics that are favorable. People are not cajoled into going to Caliente to spend their money, so much as they are driven there. The impulse is rather in the nature of a push from behind. Many of them would prefer, no doubt, to spend their money at home, if they could find anything so well worth spending it for. But the revivalists, the faith-healers, the apostles, exhorters, saints, hallelujah-shouters, and all the mobs of consecrated, saved, transfigured and exalted unto the Lord that always turn up in a country where money is plentiful, have shut off all that. The average life of a speak-easy in Los Angeles or Hollywood is less than three months. There are gambling-clubs, but they have to operate in such secrecy, and with such extreme caution, that relatively few people even know about them. The thrill of gambling is something best taken neat, seemingly. Combine it with the thrill of anticipating a raid, and both emotions are spoiled.

Comedy though it is, there are some of the elements of classical tragedy in the efforts

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of these California church-people to make their section smell good to Jehovah. The more successful they are, the more games they manage to shut down, and the more bootleggers they send to the pen, the more money they drive South into Baja California. They discourage naughtiness in one place only to make it build bigger in another. A man of ordinary faith, seeing things work out so perversely, might be inclined to change the treatment; but the Southern California pietists aren't people of ordinary faith. If they don't get many encouraging signs, they don't need many. This Winter, an airplane which wrecked and killed all its passengers from Caliente was taken by all the congregations up the Coast as the first mumblings of divine wrath, and the fact that all the subsequent planes have gone through unharmed is charged, in some quarters, to divine absent-mindedness.

James Crofton, the manager and part-owner of Caliente, has had a career that deserves a success story by itself. Raised in Eastern Oregon, he left there when the dry wave hit that country, and got a job in Tijuana when the place was starting, as an announcer on the race-track. The discernment which Tijuana's leading tradesmen lacked, he had. Americans enjoy blowing in their money, but they hate to blow it on a show that needs it. That piece of insight has made him several times a millionaire in less than ten years.

Luck, of course, helped. Nobody could have counted upon Southern California making so much more money than it knows what to do with, nor upon its falling so totally under the control of wowsers who have shut off all the places to spend it. Nobody could have foreseen with certainty that Baja California would have a government steady enough to govern and police the country without being too stiff-necked to listen to reasonable arguments upon minor points of law enforcement.

Gambling, for instance, is no less illegal in Mexico than in the United States. In the adjoining State of Sonora, it is rigidly prohibited. But to enforce that law in Baja California, sparsely populated, with a tribe of Indians who are still savages, would be fanatical and silly. The Mexicans there, having no money to gamble with, can't be pauperized by it, and would be knocked out of their jobs, to the number of some thousand or more, if it were stopped. Still, it isn't every government, even in Mexico, that would figure so pragmatically, and Caliente owes much of its success to having found one that does.

Another favoring circumstance is low property- and income-taxes; there is no section of the United States where such a place could exist without being dug into for municipal improvements and surrounded, as soon as it began to amount to anything, by real-estate subdivisions, with boosted property values and kited taxes for schools, lights, civic buildings and a hundred forms of political hooraw of which Mexico has, as yet, neglected the study. Still another is police protection. The place has had one hold-up during its existence. That was in the United States, while the week-end bankroll was being taken to the bank at San Diego. Hold-up men in Baja California are stood against a wall and shot.

VII

Caliente's revenue is increasing too enormously to make any estimate possible. Its takings from one week-end—Saturday and Sunday—amounted, in late February of this year, to $460,000. While Monte Carlo is going broke, Caliente's owners are planning a new resort on an equal scale, to be located in the angle made by the Mexican boundary with the Pacific, in the surf—not in hope of more custom, but to take care of the overflow for which, at present, they never have enough room.

Perhaps it is less odd than it feels that a place like Caliente—beautiful, carefully thought out even to such details as the rawhide sandals on the *mozo* who clips the paths in the *patios*, with its crowds of

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people with credit-ratings and dinner-jackets and silk and silver and a huge, frank delight in having more money than they know what to do with—should be the border-resort that reminded me of the frontier resorts of the old days—American phenomena like Dodge City and Deadwood and Tonopah, while Tecate, forty miles east,—Tecate, whose boards and corrugated iron in the mesquite patches of the desert must look a great deal like they looked—should seem, not a phenomenon at all, but entirely staid and old-fashioned and rather like a country-grocery.

The people who trade in Tecate don't wear dinner-jackets, and probably never saw any, except in the movies. They wear overalls and mail-order-house dresses, and the women have chapped faces and heat-cracks in their shoes. They are farmers, ranch-hands and their wives and girls from inland California—people who do field work for a living and run down in the evening for a breath of live air and a drink.

That is about all the place has to offer, and it is offered frankly. The saloon is a saloon and nothing else; the bar is a place where you set your drink when you get tired of holding it. Some couples bring along a bite of lunch in a paper sack to eat with their mug of suds. They stand at the bar with the sack between them, and refresh themselves after another day of damned hard work. Some bring the baby; and, if they are a young married couple, they are likely to bring him inside the saloon where they can keep an eye on him.

It is hard for me to avoid being sentimental about this kind of people. If anybody knows their defects, I should, having lived with them too many years to be a fool about them any more; nor is there anything about Tecate's plank and burlap to lure a traveler to loiter. Yet I felt at home in Tecate. There weren't many people there, and nothing at all going on; but there was something about the place and the character of the trade that set me up. There used to be places like that in the United States; they are gone, and I had got the notion that people like that were gone too.

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HONOR

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

I WALKED right through the anteroom without stopping. Miss West says, "He's in conference now," but I didn't stop. I didn't knock, either. They were talking and he quit and looked up across the desk at me.

"How much notice do you want to write me off?" I said.

"Write you off?" he said.

"I'm quitting," I said. "Will one day be notice enough?"

He looked at me, frog-eyed. "Isn't our car good enough for you to demonstrate?" he said. His hand lay on the desk, holding the cigar. He's got a ruby ring the size of a tail-light. "You've been with us three weeks," he says. "Not long enough to learn what that word on the door means."

He don't know it, but three weeks is pretty good; it's within two days of the record. And if three weeks is a record with him, he could have shaken hands with the new champion without moving.

The trouble is, I had never learned to do anything. You know how it was in those days, with even the college campuses full of British and French uniforms, and us all scared to death it would be over before we could get in and swank a pair of pilot's wings ourselves. And then to get in and find something that suited you right down to the ground, you see.

So after the Armistice I stayed in for a couple of years as a test pilot. That was when I took up wing-walking, to relieve the monotony. A fellow named Waldrip and I used to hide out at about three thousand on a Nine while I muscled around on top of it. Because Army life is pretty dull in peacetime: nothing to do but lay around and lie your head off all day and play poker all night. And isolation is bad for poker. You lose on tick, and on tick you always plunge.

There was a fellow named White lost a thousand one night. He kept on losing and I wanted to quit but I was winner and he wanted to play on, plunging and losing every pot. He gave me a check and I told him it wasn't any rush, to forget it, because he had a wife out in California. Then the next night he wanted to play again. I tried to talk him out of it, but he got mad. Called me yellow. So he lost fifteen hundred more that night.

Then I said I'd cut him, double or quit, one time. He cut a queen. So I said, "Well, that beats me. I won't even cut." And I flipped his cut over and riffled them and we saw a gob of face cards and three of the aces. But he insisted, and I said, "What's the use? The percentage would be against me, even with a full deck." But he insisted. I cut the case ace. I would have paid to lose. I offered again to tear up the checks, but he sat there and cursed me. I left him sitting at the table, in his shirt sleeves and his collar open, looking at the ace.

The next day we had the job, the speed ship. I had done everything I could. I couldn't offer him the checks again. I will let a man who is worked up curse me once. But I won't let him twice. So we had the job, the speed ship. I wouldn't touch it. He took it up five thousand feet and dived the wings off at two thousand with a full gun.

So I was out again after four years, a civ again. And while I was still drifting

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around—that was when I first tried selling automobiles—I met Jack, and he told me about a bird that wanted a wing-walker for his barn-storming circus. And that was how I met her.

II

Jack—he gave me a note to Rogers—told me about what a good pilot Rogers was, and about her, how they said she was unhappy with him.

"So is your old man," I said.

"That's what they say," Jack said. So when I saw Rogers and handed him the note—he was one of these lean, quiet-looking birds—I said to myself he was just the kind that would marry one of these flighty, passionate, good-looking women they used to catch during the war with a set of wings, and have her run out on him the first chance. So I felt safe. I knew she'd not have had to wait any three years for one like me.

So I expected to find one of these long, dark, snake-like women surrounded by ostrich plumes and Woolworth incense, smoking cigarettes on the divan while Rogers ran out to the corner delicatessen for sliced ham and potato salad on paper plates. But I was wrong. She came in with an apron on over one of these little pale squashy dresses, with flour or something on her arms, without apologizing or flurrying around or anything. She said Howard—that was Rogers—had told her about me and I said, "What did he tell you?" But she just said:

"I expect you'll find this pretty dull for spending the evening, having to help cook your own dinner. I imagine you'd rather go out to dance with a couple of bottles of gin."

"Why do you think that?" I said. "Don't I look like I could do anything else?"

"Oh, don't you?" she said.

We had washed the dishes then and we were sitting in the firelight, with the lights off, with her on a cushion on the floor, her back against Rogers' knees, smoking and talking, and she said, "I know you had a dull time. Howard suggested that we go out for dinner and to dance somewhere. But I told him you'd just have to take us as we are, first as well as later. Are you sorry?"

She could look about sixteen, especially in the apron. By that time she had bought one for me to wear, and the three of us would all go back to the kitchen and cook dinner. "We don't expect you to enjoy doing this any more than we do," she said. "It's because we are so poor. We're just an aviator."

"Well, Howard can fly well enough for two people," I said. "So that's all right, too."

"When he told me you were just a flyer too, I said, 'My Lord, a wing-walker? When you were choosing a family friend,' I said, 'why didn't you choose a man we could invite to dinner a week ahead and not only count on his being there, but on his taking us out and spending his money on us?' But he had to choose one that is as poor as we are." And once she said to Rogers: "We'll have to find Buck a girl, too. He's going to get tired of just us some day." You know how they say things like that: things that sound like they meant something until you look at them and find their eyes perfectly blank, until you wonder if they were even thinking about you, let alone talking about you.

Or maybe I'd have them out to dinner and a show. "Only I didn't mean that like it sounded," she said. "That wasn't a hint to take us out."

"Did you mean that about getting me a girl too?" I said.

Then she looked at me with that wide, blank, innocent look. That was when I would take them by my place for a cocktail—Rogers didn't drink, himself—and when I would come in that night I'd find traces of powder on my dresser or maybe her handkerchief or something, and I'd go to bed with the room smelling like she was still there. She said: "Do you want

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us to find you one?" But nothing more was ever said about it, and after a while, when there was a high step or any of those little things which men do for women that means touching them, she'd turn to me like it was me was her husband and not him; and one night a storm caught us downtown and we went to my place and she and Rogers slept in my bed and I slept in a chair in the sitting-room.

One evening I was dressing to go out there when the 'phone rang. It was Rogers. "I am ——" he said, then something cut him off. It was like somebody had put a hand on his mouth, and I could hear them talking, murmuring: her, rather. "Well, what ——" Rogers says. Then I could hear her breathing into the mouthpiece, and she said my name.

"Don't forget you're to come out tonight," she said.

"I hadn't," I said. "Or did I get the date wrong? If this is not the night ——"

"You come on out," she said. "Goodbye."

When I got there he met me. His face looked like it always did, but I didn't go in. "Come on in," he said.

"Maybe I got the date wrong," I said. "So if you'll just ——"

He swung the door back. "Come on in," he said.

She was lying on the divan, crying. I don't know what; something about money. "I just can't stick it," she said. "I've tried and I've tried, but I just can't stand it."

"You know what my insurance rates are," he said. "If something happened, where would you be?"

"Where am I, anyway? What tenement woman hasn't got more than I have?" She hadn't looked up, lying there on her face, with the apron twisted under her. "Why don't you quit and do something that you can get a decent insurance rate, like other men?"

"I must be getting along," I said. I didn't belong there. I just got out. He came down to the door with me, and then we were both looking back up the stairs toward the door where she was lying on her face on the couch.

"I've got a little stake," I said. "I guess because I've eaten so much of your grub I haven't had time to spend it. So if it's anything urgent . . ." We stood there, he holding the door open. "Of course, I wouldn't try to muscle in where I don't . . ."

"I wouldn't, if I were you," he said. He opened the door. "See you at the field tomorrow."

"Sure," I said. "See you at the field."

I didn't see her for almost a week, didn't hear from her. I saw him every day, and at last I said, "How's Mildred these days?"

"She's on a visit," he said. "At her mother's."

For the next two weeks I was with him every day. When I was out on top I'd look back at his face behind the goggles. But we never mentioned her name, until one day he told me she was home again and that I was invited out to dinner that night.

It was in the afternoon. He was busy all that day hopping passengers, so I was doing nothing, just killing time waiting for evening and thinking about her, wondering some, but mostly just thinking about her being home again, breathing the same smoke and soot I was breathing, when all of a sudden I decided to go out there. It was plain as a voice saying, "Go out there. Now, at once." So I went. I didn't even wait to change. She was alone, reading before the fire. It was like gasoline from a broken line blazing up around you.

III

It was funny. When I'd be out on top I'd look back at his face behind the windscreen, wondering what he knew. He must have known almost at once. Why, say, she didn't have any discretion at all. She'd say and do things, you know: insist on sitting close to me; touching me in that different way from when you hold an umbrella or a raincoat over them, and such that any man can tell at one look, when she thought he

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might not see: not when she knew he couldn't, but when she thought *maybe* he wouldn't. And when I'd unfasten my belt and crawl out I'd look back at his face and wonder what he was thinking, how much he knew or suspected.

I'd go out there in the afternoon when he was busy. I'd stall around until I saw that he would be lined up for the rest of the day, then I'd give some excuse and beat it. One afternoon I was all ready to go, waiting for him to take off, when he cut the gun and leaned out and beckoned me. "Don't go off," he said. "I want to see you."

So I knew he knew then, and I waited until he made the last hop and was taking off his monkey suit in the office. He looked at me and I looked at him. "Come out to dinner," he said.

When I came in they were waiting. She had on one of those little squashy dresses and she came and put her arms around me and kissed me with him watching.

"I'm going with you," she said. "We've talked it over and have both agreed that we couldn't love one another any more after this and that this is the only sensible thing to do. Then he can find a woman he can love, a woman that's not bad like I am."

He was looking at me, and she running her hands over my face and making a little moaning sound against my neck, and me like a stone or something. Do you know what I was thinking? I wasn't thinking about her at all. I was thinking that he and I were upstairs and me out on top and I had just found that he had thrown the stick away and was flying her on the rudder alone and that he knew that I knew the stick was gone and so it was all right now, whatever happened. So it was like a piece of wood with another piece of wood leaning against it, and she held back and looked at my face.

"Don't you love me any more?" she said, watching my face. "If you love me, say so. I have told him everything."

I wanted to be out of there. I wanted to run. I wasn't scared. It was because it was all kind of hot and dirty. I wanted to be away from her a little while, for Rogers and me to be out where it was cold and hard and quiet, to settle things.

"What do you want to do?" I said. "Will you give her a divorce?"

She was watching my face very closely. Then she let me go and she ran to the mantel and put her face into the bend of her arm, crying.

"You were lying to me," she said. "You didn't mean what you said. Oh God, what have I done?"

You know how it is. Like there is a right time for everything. Like nobody is anything in himself: like a woman, even when you love her, is a woman to you just a part of the time and the rest of the time she is just a person that don't look at things the same way a man has learned to. Don't have the same ideas about what is decent and what is not. So I went over and stood with my arms about her, thinking, "God damn it, if you'll just keep out of this for a little while! We're both trying our best to take care of you, so it won't hurt you."

Because I loved her, you see. Nothing can marry two people closer than a mutual sin in the world's eyes. And he had had his chance. If it had been me that knew her first and married her and he had been me, I would have had my chance. But it was him that had had it, so when she said, "Then say what you tell me when we are alone. I tell you I have told him everything," I said:

"Everything? Have you told him everything?" He was watching us. "Has she told you everything?" I said.

"It doesn't matter," he said. "Do you want her?" Then before I could speak, he said: "Do you love her? Will you be good to her?"

His face was gray-looking, like when you see a man again after a long time and you say, "Good God, is that Rogers?" When I finally got away the divorce was all settled.

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IV

So the next morning when I reached the field, Harris, the man who owned the flying circus, told me about the special job; I had forgotten it, I suppose. Anyway, he said he had told me about it. Finally I said I wouldn't fly with Rogers.

"Why not?" Harris said.

"Ask him," I said.

"If he agrees to fly you, will you go up?"

So I said yes. And then Rogers came out; he said that he would fly me. And so I believed that he had known about the job all the time and had laid for me, sucked me in. We waited until Harris went out. "So this is why you were so mealy-mouthed last night," I said. I cursed him. "You've got me now, haven't you?"

"Take the stick yourself," he said. "I'll do your trick."

"Have you ever done any work like this before?"

"No. But I can, as long as you fly her properly."

I cursed him. "You feel good," I said. "You've got me. Come on; grin on the outside of your face. Come on!"

He turned and went to the crate and began to get into the front seat. I went and caught his shoulder and jerked him back. We looked at one another.

"I won't hit you now," he said, "if that's what you want. Wait till we get down again."

"No," I said. "Because I want to hit back once."

We looked at one another; Harris was watching us from the office.

"All right," Rogers said. "Let me have your shoes, will you? I haven't got any rubber soles out here."

"Take your seat," I said. "What the hell does it matter? I guess I'd do the same thing in your place."

The job was over an amusement park, a carnival. There must have been twenty-five thousand of them down there, like colored ants. I took chances that day that I had never taken, chances you can't see from the ground. But every time the ship was right under me, balancing me against side pressure and all, like he and I were using the same mind. I thought he was playing with me, you see. I'd look back at his face, yelling at him: "Come on; now you've got me. Where are your guts?"

I was a little crazy, I guess. Anyway, when I think of the two of us up there, yelling back and forth at one another, and all the little bugs watching and waiting for the big show, the loop. He could hear me, but I couldn't hear him; I could just see his lips moving. "Come on," I'd yell; "shake the wing a little; I'll go off easy, see?"

I was a little crazy. You know how it is, how you want to rush into something you know is going to happen, no matter what it is. I guess lovers and suicides both know that feeling. I'd yell back at him: "You want it to look all right, eh? And to lose me off the level ship wouldn't look so good, would it? All right," I yelled, "let's go." I went back to the center section and cast the rope loose where it loops around the forward jury struts and I got set against it and looked back at him and gave him the signal.

I was a little crazy. I was still yelling at him; I don't know what I was yelling. I thought maybe I had already fallen off and was dead and didn't know it. The wires began to whine and I was looking straight down at the ground and the little colored dots. Then the wires were whistling proper and he gunned her and the ground began to slide back under the nose. I waited until it was gone and the horizon had slid back under too and I couldn't see anything but sky. Then I let go one end of the rope and jerked it out and threw it back at his head and held my arms out as she zoomed into the loop.

I wasn't trying to kill myself. I wasn't thinking about myself. I was thinking about him. Trying to show him up like he had shown me up. Give him something he must fail at like he had given me something I failed at. I was trying to break him.

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We were over the loop before he lost me. The ground had come back, with the little colored dots, and then the pressure went off my soles and I was falling. I made a half somersault and was just going into the first turn of a flat spin, with my face to the sky, when something banged me in the back. It knocked the wind out of me, and for a second I must have been completely out. Then I opened my eyes and I was lying on my back on the top wing, with my head hanging over the back edge.

I was too far down the slope of the camber to bend my knees over the leading edge, and I could feel the wing creeping under me. I didn't dare move. I knew that if I tried to sit up against the slip stream, I would go off backward. I could see by the tail and the horizon that we were upside now, in a shallow dive, and I could see Rogers standing up in his cockpit, unfastening his belt, and I could turn my head a little more and see that when I went off I would miss the fuselage altogether, or maybe hit it with my shoulder.

So I lay there with the wing creeping under me, feeling my shoulders beginning to hang over space, counting my backbones as they crept over the edge, watching Rogers crawl forward along the fuselage toward the front seat. I watched him for a long time, inching himself along against the pressure, his trouser-legs whipping. After a while I saw his legs slide into the front cockpit and then I felt his hands on me.

There was a fellow in my squadron. I didn't like him and he hated my guts. All right. One day he got me out of a tight jam when I was caught ten miles over the lines with a blowing valve. When we were down he said, "Don't think I was just digging you out. I was getting a Hun, and I got him." He cursed me, with his goggles cocked up and his hands on his hips, cursing me like he was smiling. But that's all right. You're each on a Camel; if you go out, that's too bad; if he goes out, it's just too bad. Not like when you're on the center section and he's at the stick, and just by stalling her for a second or muddering her a little at the top of the loop.

But I was young, then. Good Lord, I used to be young! I remember Armistice night in '18, and me chasing all over Amiens with a lousy prisoner we had brought down that morning on an Albatross, trying to keep the frog M.P.'s from getting him. He was a good guy, and those damned infantrymen wanting to stick him in a pen full of S. O. S. and ginned-up cooks and such. I felt sorry for the bastard, being so far from home and licked and all. I was sure young.

We were all young. I remember an Indian, a prince, an Oxford man, with his turban and his trick major's pips, that said we were all dead that fought in the war. "You will not know it," he said, "but you are all dead. With this difference: those out there"—jerking his arm toward where the front was—"do not care, and you do not know it." And something else he said, about breathing for a long time yet, some kind of walking funerals: catafalques and tombs and epitaphs of men that died on the fourth of August, 1914, without knowing that they had died, he said. He was a card, queer. A good little guy, too.

But I wasn't quite dead while I was lying on the top wing of that Standard and counting my backbones as they crawled over the edge like a string of ants, until Rogers grabbed me. And when he came to the station that night to say goodbye, he brought me a letter from her, the first I ever had. The handwriting looked exactly like her; I could almost smell the scent she used and feel her hands touching me. I tore it in two without opening it and threw the pieces down. But he picked them up and gave them back to me. "Don't be a fool," he said.

And that's all. They've got a kid now, a boy of six. Rogers wrote me; about six months afterward the letter caught up with me. I'm his godfather. Funny to have a godfather that's never seen you and that you'll never see, isn't it?

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V

So I said to Reinhardt: "Will one day be enough notice?"

"One minute will be enough," he said. He pressed the buzzer. Miss West came in. She is a good kid. Now and then, when I'd just have to blow off some steam, she and I would have lunch at the dairy place across the street, and I could tell her about them, about the women. They are the worst. You know; you get a call for a demonstration, and there'll be a whole car full of them waiting on the porch and we'd pile in and all go shopping. Me dodging around in the traffic, hunting a place to park, and her saying, "John insisted that I try this car. But what I tell him, it's foolish to buy a car that is as difficult to find parking space for as this one appears to be."

And them watching the back of my head with that bright, hard, suspicious way. God knows what they thought we had; maybe one that would fold up like a deck chair and lean against a fire plug. But hell, I couldn't sell hair straightener to the widow of a nigger railroad accident.

So Miss West comes in; she is a good kid, only somebody told her I had had three or four other jobs in a year without sticking, and that I used to be a war pilot, and she'd keep on after me about why I quit flying and why I didn't go back to it, now that crates were more general, since I wasn't much good at selling automobiles or at anything else, like women will. You know: urgent and sympathetic, and you can't shut them up like you could a man; she came in and Reinhardt says, "We are letting Mr. Monaghan go. Send him to the cashier."

"Don't bother," I said. "Keep it to buy yourself a hoop with."

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THE FLORIDA OF THE NORTH

BY DANE YORKE

ALMOST on the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, wherein the worthy Revolutionary fathers of New England died in stern resistance to the touring British soldiery, there was presented last year the amazing spectacle of the Governor of Massachusetts appearing as a radio star for the Standard Oil Company in order to broadcast to tourists everywhere a warm invitation to visit the old Bay State. If the bones of the Fathers stirred restlessly at the sight it may have allayed their unease somewhat to discover that the Governor was not alone in this novel and disquieting stunt. For on successive weeks the Standard Oil also "presented" over its national hook-up the Governors of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island (and even the Governor of New York!), and each great one, with more or less dignity, played the part of side-show barker for the tourist attractions of his State. To the thoughtful present-day observer the spectacle was vastly illuminating. Evidently the erstwhile infant tourist trade of New England has attained the dignity of long pants!

Certainly the child has grown. A national automobile association estimates that one million motor cars now tour New England every year, and the revenue derived from the occupants of those cars—for board, gasoline, hot dogs and other such essentials—is placed by zealous statisticians at the round sum of $240,000,000 per annum. Still other visitors come by train and steamer and for these another $100,000,000 is claimed, while the income from inter-State visiting among the Yankees themselves is placed by the boosters at $160,000,000, which makes the total tourist takings of New England half a billion dollars a year. Such a sum is certainly worth the attention even of Governors. It is eight times larger than the total combined debt of all the six New England States, and much in excess of the world's production of gold in any one year in the last half century. Fat, fascinating, luscious figures!

It is a little sad, though, to realize that their very lusciousness may spring from a watery content. Over them, indeed, the boosters have been quarreling of late, and with the usual enlightening effect. A native son of the Pacific Coast, perhaps envious of New England's claims, recently placed the tourist revenue of California at the very impressive total of $365,000,000 a year (or $366,000,000, I suppose, in leap years!), and this stung a Maine lad to remark with characteristic New England indirection that on the California basis of figuring "the tourist business of Maine would show a yearly value of $500,000,000," instead of the modest $115,000,000 now claimed. Whereupon a kibitzer statistician of Massachusetts cruelly pointed out that even Maine's modesty is based upon an estimated expenditure of $90.53 by each tourist, whereas similar figures of expenditure compiled by the United States Department of Commerce run as low as $14.70 and never higher than $50, thus rendering Maine's figures quite doubtful. So it's evident that there is water somewhere, and no statistician seems to mention the well-known tin-can tourist and his probable percentage of importance in

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the grand total of cars that yearly scatter dust and dollars and lunch débris over New England's roads.

But after all the question of whether the tourist spends $15 or $50 or $100 in each State is relatively unimportant. In spite of all the possible water in the boosters' figures, the spectacle of those Governors earnestly bidding over the radio for the tourist dollar remains quite impressive. There's certainly money in the tourist trade. Six New England Governors can't be wrong!

II

Their parade before the Standard Oil's microphone is interesting from still another aspect. The old-time Summer trade was based upon the Summer boarder, and that standby of the jokesmiths was relatively settled and dependable. He required comparatively little effort to attract him, and still less to hold him while his money was being extracted. But the present-day tourist is a flighty, irrational thing whose wings are wheels, and the business based upon his flittings has become highly capricious. Also highly competitive. More than 45,000,000 motorists are estimated to go touring in this country every year, and New England's yearning for the dollars they spend not only has to face the competition of California, the Shenandoah, the Rockies and the great Northwest, but is also sadly harassed by the pulling power of neighboring Canada, whose lure, by all Volsteadean standards, is grosslyunfair. For instance, in the small Canadian province of New Brunswick the Liquor Control Board has just reported that its 1929 sales of liquors totaled $4,511,365.10—"of which 65% went to tourists." Most of those tourists travelled by way of New England to reach that oasis, thus making their New Brunswick expenditures (and the even greater volume received by the Province of Quebec adjoining) money that New England actually failed to get.

The result of this competition for the tourist (and his money) has been to greatly intensify his natural caprice. Thus extraordinary stunts, such as the unbending of the Governors, are now necessary to attract his attention. The trade also requires greater and greater expenditures of money. The stunt of the Governors is estimated to have cost Socony $100,000 in radio tolls and other advertising costs, while the publicity done by the various States and communities of New England begins to approach the half-million mark each year. In addition, New England spent in 1929 more than $50,000,000 in improving her tourist roads, and her total expenditures, over the last few years, in highways and bridges made necessary by the tourist demand, run into huge figures that surely have no water in them. They represent cash actually spent.

The raising of such sums has cost the booster much breath and sweat. Particularly has he been annoyed by the question, "Cui bono?" Obviously the gasoline sellers benefit, and the hotels and roadside camps and Ye Olde Tyme Eatery. But who else? Desperately striving to make the Commonwealth share in the expense, the booster has been compelled to argue long and earnestly that the tourist is the source of all good things. But usually his own job depends upon the trade, and so his interest is as open to suspicion as the wild cheers with which a recent convention of hotel men greeted the announcement that their State legislature had just appropriated money for special tourist advertising, certain to help the hotel business . . . at the State's expense.

But such imputations pain the booster. His thought and speech are passionately concerned with the public welfare. Is the population of a State or community declining? Very well, then the tourist will increase it. Are taxes growing steadily more onerous? Then every tourist and Summer resident will add to the community wealth and so lessen the burden on the native. Is the farmer complaining? "But can't you see," cries the booster,

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impatiently, "that every visitor means an additional mouth to feed and a greater market for your crops?" Is there industrial and commercial depression? Then the remedy is to give the booster more money with which to draw tourists. "This tourist business," says a great national organization of professional optimists, "reflects to the advantage of every resident." It sounds like the old, old army game. "Everybody gets a prize!" shouts the booster.

III

Runs the old political saying, "As Maine goes, so goes the nation." Maine was the first New England State to engage in the great and benign industry of cajoling the tourist. Her efforts date back over seventy-five years, during which period there has been a steady growth that, by 1900, gave her a tourist income of importance, and by 1920 a tourist plant (*i.e.*, property used wholly for recreational purposes) valued at $50,000,000, although, curiously enough, this same plant admittedly paid taxes on a valuation of only $16,000,000. It drew about 500,000 Summer sojourners, whose spendings, in 1920, were estimated at $30,000,000.

In the last ten years the State of Maine has sought the tourist dollar with such method and intensity that what is called the Maine Plan has been approvingly studied, and urged upon other States for adoption, by even such super-publicists as those of California and Florida. Whether due to the Maine Plan, or to the Coolidge-Hoover bull market (of lamented memory), at any rate, in 1929, the total number of Summer visitors to Maine was placed at 1,250,000 and their spendings in the State at the very sweet figure of $115,000,000. Even discounting one-half there remains an impressive income for a State with a population of only 800,000.

But curiously enough, in spite of this annual tourist horde, Maine's population shows a steady relative decline. From 1910 to 1920 the births within her bounds exceeded the deaths by nearly 48,000, yet the census of 1920 showed a net population increase of only 25,643. Again, since 1920 and with the tourist trade at its very peak, the average excess of births over deaths has exceeded 6,000 per annum, so that the government census now being taken should reveal a gain of at least 60,000 inhabitants during the last decade. But it will not, and the most optimistic prediction of gain yet made public has not placed the possible increase at above 30,000.

It is the sea-coast counties of Maine which constitute the great Summer playground of the tourist, with a chain of noted resorts that begin with Bar Harbor and run to Ogunquit and York. Those playground counties in 1900 contained 49% of the State's population and 53% of its taxable estates. But in spite of the fact that they also include Maine's largest city, Portland (which alone has 10% of the State's inhabitants), those same counties in 1920 had only 46% of the population and barely 51% of the taxable estates.

The census of 1920 revealed five counties (out of Maine's total of sixteen) in which there had been an actual decline of population, ranging from 10% to 20%. All five were playground counties and one of them (showing a decrease of 18%) contained the great resort of Bar Harbor.

Lest these several declines be confused with the loss of sea-industry, there is the case of another famous Maine resort, quite inland, of which it was recently boasted that "there is almost no pursuit or industry in the town which is not directly or indirectly connected with catering to the Summer tourist," yet which was shown by the callous census-takers to have lost 15% of its population in spite of the tourist's beneficence.

But taxes! Says the booster: "In the last twenty years the non-resident valuation of Maine has increased 324% while the resident valuation has grown only 88%." This, he argues, shows that the non-resident—presumably a Summer sojourner—has greatly lessened the tax burden upon

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the resident native. But the figures are somewhat specious. With all the three-fold increase the non-resident valuation still represented only 24% of the State's total valuation. And how much of this credit belongs to the Summer visitor is very hard to determine because, included in the non-resident valuations, are great mill and other industrial properties, owned and operated by outside capital, which have no connection whatever with the tourist trade. If non-resident ownership of personal property (not real estate) be accepted as a truer index, then the non-resident property-holder of Maine pays about fifteen cents of each tax dollar.

Does it help the native? Well, in the same twenty years that non-resident valuations increased 324% it seems rather interesting that the State's rate of taxation also increased sharply—by 216%. In other words, for each tax dollar that the native paid to the State in 1908 he now pays $2.16. And county and community taxes have risen as well. The highest State tax in Maine's history was the eight mills imposed in 1864, during the Civil War. The next highest was seven and one-half mills in 1919, at the close of the World War. But in 1928 the rate had declined only one mill—to six and a half. Maine was still on a war basis . . . deeply engaged in the great war for the tourist dollar.

As for the tourist and the farmer, the booster has cause to be fretful. The three great money crops of Maine are, in the order of their value, potatoes, hay and oats. If each one of Maine's million tourists should carry away a bushel of potatoes it would still leave the farmer with the problem of marketing another twenty-four million bushels every year. The case, fortunately, is better with hay and oats. Here the tourists could really help. If each of them should kindly take away just one ton of hay and five bushels of oats, then both crops would be cleaned up nicely. But the great trouble is that the tourist—drat him!—betrays no proper interest in hay and oats.

The farmer, however, betrays a vast interest in the tourist. Listen to the wail of the Maine Commissioner of Agriculture: "Too many of our best farm locations are being perverted to such uses as the sale of gasoline and soft drinks, while our country roadsides everywhere grow hideous with a multiplicity of signs calling attention to non-essentials." It's true. Fertilized by the tourist dollar, the broad roadside acres which formerly grew foodstuffs are now sprouting hot-dog stands, overnight camps, filling-stations—even tea-rooms. Writes a clear-eyed observer: "Far from encouraging agriculture, the Summer business on the Maine coast is responsible for more abandoned farms than any other single factor."

IV

No one is going to stop the tourist. For better or worse nearly one-half of all America is now on wheels, "going places," each Summer. But when the solemn Babson places the tourist trade on a seeming parity with the iron and steel industry, and Governors bark for it, and the American Automobile Association makes the direct claim that "it [the motor-tourist business] means as much, possibly more, than if some gigantic industry with an annual payroll of over $150,000,000 was suddenly transplanted to New England" . . . well, it is then about time to scrutinize this pet of the booster's with eyes more disinterested than those of its sponsor. To such eyes the tourist trade has no more right to be called an industry than has the bucolic county fair. Both are amusement enterprises. Both are parasitic rather than productive.

The booster is obsessed with the ideal of playground Switzerland. "New England must be the Switzerland of America," is his war-cry. But he overlooks the fact that Switzerland's tourist income is derived wholly from foreigners, whereas in this country the touring foreigners are relatively unimportant. The result is that

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in America there is a strong resemblance between the pseudo-industry built upon the tourist, and the activity of those fabled islands whose inhabitants lived by taking in each other's washing. By the booster's own figures, in truth, more than one-third of New England's alleged tourist income is derived from inter-State visiting . . . from Yankees happily exchanging washings between themselves. Certainly no regional wealth is produced or added by that process. And over the nation the resemblance is even more striking. Not so long ago the boosters of Maine and Florida made a friendship pact, the basis of which was the slogan "Summer in Maine—Winter in Florida." Florida was to spend her money in Maine each Summer, and Maine was to travel South and spend hers in Florida each Winter! It was fine while it lasted—but it did not last long. How could it?

But there are other aspects. Wrote a thoughtful and traveled Governor of Maine, back in 1924:

> The seasonal business brought by Summer tourists is not conducive to normal, steady, all-the-year-round growth and prosperity. A community that is principally a Summer resort is abnormal. Its citizens must earn their twelve months' living in two or three months' time. They are inclined to do little or nothing during the long closed periods and to become mere caretakers of other persons' property.

And he added, significantly, "Maine must not, like Switzerland, be a servile state of caretakers and tip-seekers." One has only to study the permanent population of the various resort towns along the New England coast to see just what that Governor feared. Or it may be sufficient simply to listen to the high-school youths of Maine's coast counties as they look forward with eagerness each Spring to the pride and glory of a bellhop's livery and the servile tips of a Summer hotel's patrons.

The thing is not exaggerated. A little while ago a semi-public booster organization in a New England State sent about a solicitor to beg donations from the wealthy Summer residents. As each rich man graciously chipped in there was a glad chorus of praise from the newspapers and the editorial columns carefully echoed such crumbs of wisdom as the Diveses let fall. The remarks of two drew especial approval. A great industrial magnate and a great publisher both contributed most generously and both took occasion to criticize the advertising being done to draw visitors to the State. "It is too general," said they, "too much aimed at the average individual. What you need is to attract more men of wealth to build great estates whose erection and upkeep will give your people employment. You need more Bar Harbors." And the servile chorus echoed back: "Exactly! We need more Bar Harbors!"

Such snobbery, of course, is not peculiar to the New England trade. There is that *Saturday Evening Post* advertisement of the California boosters: "If you are succeeding where you are, then we should like to have you come here." And at the height of Florida's boom a prominent member of the Florida Chamber of Commerce gave all credit for the State's prosperity, not to the tourist or the climate or the soil, but to the fact that the State had particularly invited the wealthy by adopting a constitutional amendment prohibiting the levying of a State income or inheritance tax. And still Florida's boom collapsed, in spite of tourists and Winter residents.

The tourist and seasonal resident, in fact, is far from being an economic cure-all. His money in a community (the A. A. A. notwithstanding) has no value in any way comparable to the regular monthly payroll of a stable year-round industry. The real effect of the trade is that of a hectic boom with a resultant backwash of stagnation that is utterly demoralizing. In one tourist resort of which I have personal knowledge, a full 20% of the so-called permanent population moves out restlessly each Winter—unable to stand the between-seasons dullness. There is no communal pride, no communal life.

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And the rewards of the trade are curiously elusive. The tourist is followed in his seasonal flittings by a corps of specialists in catering—and extraction. The native gets only the leavings. Into one Maine town whose sole resource is the tourist there comes each Summer a golden stream that in two months amounts to nearly $2,000,000. Divided *pro rata* it would give each town voter an income for those two months of $3000. But the fact is that barely 10% can show a twelve months' income that even exceeds $2000. And there are many in that small town whose annual income does not top $1000. Yet every Summer each native endures a marked advance in every living cost. Food goes up over one-half, lighting bills double, and rents increase three- and four- and five-fold, even for the native. The excitement is so great, they are all so deep in the glad-glad game of trying to milk the tourist, that they absent-mindedly submit to being milked by one another.

The Summer inflation of wage scales drives out any local industry. It cannot compete for labor with a boom operation. This same inflation unsettles labor as much as any charity dole. Men calmly loaf all Winter—actually asking and accepting aid from the town's poor relief fund—rather than demean themselves by taking the work that is obtainable in the dull season, but not at Summer scales. In the playground area the number of inhabitants who "live on the town"—either the poor relief or some form of public work—is surprisingly large.

From such conditions the ambitious migrate. "My people," said a Maine college senior, "would be disappointed in me if I went home and settled down after graduation. They'd think I was a failure. I'll have to get out." He came from an old sea-coast town in the Maine playground. "You see," he went on, "there's so little to do. A fellow *could* work at fishing till he got enough money to buy a boat and take out Summer tourist parties. There's money in that. Or, if he was smart, he could even get to be captain of a rich man's yacht." This collegian was not sarcastic. The irony of that smart rise, to be a rich man's servant, had escaped him.

Where the playboy tourist is king, the old prides falter. New England's great glory has been her schools, her wide diffusion of, and insistence upon, thorough school training. But the subtle blight of the tourist is felt even here. The month of September happens to be one of New England's glorious weather months, an ideal month for touring. It happens, too, to be the month when the schools reopen, and every Labor Day chops off the tourist trade as sharply as an axe. "It's the school openings that do it," says the booster. "If they didn't open so soon the people would stay longer." And year by year in playground New England the agitation grows steadily for a shorter school year—for one that does not begin until October. "It would help the tourist business," cries the booster and his press.

Perhaps it would. And if the schools closed a month earlier, then the tourists could come that much sooner. And if only there were no schools anywhere, then the tourists might come all year. The logic is irresistible . . . to the booster.

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EDITORIALS

A Way of Escape

Some years back certain holy clerks of the Latin rite, having found that they were themselves greatly strengthened in virtue and confirmed in the faith by what are called retreats, concluded that it might be prudent to invite laymen to the same solemn exercises. The plan was an immediate and immense success, and today every monastery that provides retreats for laymen is crowded at every session; and has a long waiting list. Not only Catholics apply for bookings, but also Protestants, and now one of the great branches of the Protestant church, the Methodist Episcopal South, has gone into the retreat business too, though so far, I believe, it offers accommodations to clergymen only.

The idea of the retreat is simple and sound. For a week or two weeks or whatever the time may be the candidates for purgation retire to some quiet and untroubled spot, preferably a holy house, and there give themselves to plain living and high thinking. They are in charge of a pastor of worldly experience, and he sees to it that they get precisely the right dose. Aroused in the morning at cockcrow, they hear mass, and then proceed to a light breakfast. There follow walks in the garden, conversations under the trees, and spells of quiet reading. For dinner: honest ham and cabbage, the food of the holy martyrs. For supper: buttermilk and homemade bread. The pastor is on hand to hear troubles, settle doubts, soothe despairs. There are occasional discourses on pious themes. No golf. No women. No stock-market reports. No politics. Flagons of barley water, 2% bicarbonate of soda and 5% Glauber's salts are easily accessible. Tobacco is permitted, but no gin.

The most depraved and evil man, even a bank president or a United States Senator, emerges from that retirement visibly renovated and improved. Not only is his skin pinker than it was; his soul is pinker too. For the duration of his term he has been shielded from the temptations and seductions, the annoyances and irritations of his everyday life, and exposed to peaceful and elevating influences. No effort is made to scare him with the flames and fumes of Hell, but it is subtly suggested to him that Heaven must be a very pleasant place, and probably not much unlike the monastery garden where he walks. So his mind is diverted from the worship of his ordinary heroes—Owen D. Young, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Henry Ford, Andy Mellon, and their like—and he begins to suspect that there must have been some merit, too, in such fellows as St. Francis, St. Ignatius and the *doctor communis*, Thomas of Aquino. Maybe, in this direction, he gets no further than suspicion, but that is at least something. He returns to his office, as the phrase has it, a better man. He has been sober for a fortnight, he has eaten simple and hearty food, he has slept eight hours every night, and he has heard a variety of improving discourses, some of them sufficiently plausible. Thus the institution of the retreat justifies itself, and there are more customers for it every year.

What I have to propose is that it be borrowed from Holy Church and adapted to the needs of larger classes of men. After all, there are only ninety-six United States Senators in the country, and probably not more than 5000 bank presidents, and not many more judges, political bosses, newspaper editors, chain-store magnates and other such evil men. The great majority of us, lacking the temptation, are perforce

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more exemplary; our trouble, indeed, is not that we fall too often into sin, but that we are too often rammed, blackjacked and bludgeoned into virtue. In other words, we suffer damnably under a Christian *Kultur* which narrows the ground, year after year, of the Old Adam. It becomes not only an indecorum to yield to the natural tastes and instincts of normal men; it becomes a downright felony, with a spy at every knothole to see that the guilty shall not escape. There are laws, now, against doing almost everything that is pleasant by God's inscrutable will, from reading a naughty book to chucking a pretty girl under the chin, and from roaring from a soap-box to filling one's arteries with wine. What remains will be prohibited anon, and then life in the Republic will become completely antiseptic, and completely unendurable.

My proposal is that refuges be established to which Americans who sweat under all this flogging may escape at their will, and cool off. I project nothing grandly antinomian, but simply a modest retreat for men who tire of being unwilling Methodists. Let some experienced night-club hostess be put in charge of the place, and let her bring with her half a dozen girls for dancing, and a corps of waiters and bartenders for more serious work. Let a bootlegger be sent for, and have him arrange his wares on long tables in the general hall —the familiar open-shelf system—beginning with Rabelais and the Canterbury Tales and running down to "Lady Chatterley's Lover." Let there be a bar at each end of the hall, and five or six more in the garden. Let there be soap-boxes everywhere, with cops to protect the orators, and a pulpit to one side, with a cantor in it, intoning the Bill of Rights once an hour. And let there be portraits on the wall of all the great rebels and libertarians of the past—Thomas Jefferson, John Milton, Tom Paine, William Tell, Simon Bolívar, Sacco and Vanzetti, Geronimo, Paul Jones, Adolphus Busch, Pabst, Moerlein, Schlitz, *et al.*

The day unrolls itself. All up at 1 P.M. A couple of Manhattans, and then a hearty breakfast. A service of ribald song afterward, beginning with "Mademoiselle from Armentières" and ending with "Lydia Pinkham." Then a spell of oratory—communism, syndicalism, Socialism, atheism. Then readings, perhaps by an unfrocked bishop, from the Arabian Nights. Then a round of drinks. Then another. Then three cheers for Al Smith. Then some fancy dancing by the girls. Then dinner—nine courses, with wines. Then . . . But I need not go on. The scheme, I take it, is plain enough. I believe it would do a lot of good to multitudes of suffering men. I believe it would do quite as much good as the scheme of Holy Church. But whether it would do any good or not, it would certainly be a lot of fun.

Bigger and Better Research

There can be no doubt of the *bona fides* of the Hon. William Julius Harris, LL.B., Senator in Congress from the great State of Georgia; nevertheless, his scheme to solve the cancer problem by passing a law and making an appropriation is probably as full of holes as the somewhat analogous scheme of the late Mr. Volstead. If a million dollars were available for the business tomorrow, or even five millions or fifty millions, we'd be precisely where we are today, which is to say, nowhere. All that mere money can accomplish in studying the causes and cure of cancer has been accomplished already, either at home or abroad. It amounts, practically speaking, to nothing. If a cancer is discovered in time, and has sent forth no branches, and happens to be in a conveniently tough, accessible and non-vital part of the body, it may be got rid of by cutting it out and throwing it away, or by burning it with radium or the *x*-rays, or by some other such crude and desperate device. But that is no more curing it than it would be cur-

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ing a barked shin to amputate the patient's leg. Here medicine is completely bankrupt. No one knows (though many guess) how a cancer is produced, and no one knows (though many hope) how to cure it. The facts lie tantalizingly before every pathologist, and there is plenty of money at hand, even without Senator Harris's appropriation, to arrange them in order, and break them to the uses of wisdom. What is lacking is simply the necessary brains.

That the problem will be solved eventually, and maybe very soon, is most likely. It is not, in its essentials, a complicated one, despite all the difficulties that vain effort and empty theorizing have got into it. Let some one find out how the body manages to keep legs from growing six feet long and noses from covering whole faces, and the answer will be in sight. This question is obviously fundamental in physiology, but so far it remains unanswered. What happens is known in immense detail, but why it happens is as mysterious as the way of a man with a maid. It may be that the ductless glands have a say in the matter. If so, then it remains to be discovered how the ductless glands themselves are run. When that discovery is made, physiology will make a new start, and become a genuine science at last, and the conquest of cancer will be an easy and relatively trivial by-product of the process. For when it is known how normal cells are kept in order, then it will be known how *ab*normal cells run amok, and getting them back on the track will be a simple matter of medical engineering.

My guess is that the discovery will be made, when it comes at last, by some obscure fellow in a home-made laboratory, as austere in its equipment as Robert Koch's. The history of medical research offers plenty of support for that notion. The great laboratories that millionaires endow, though they multiply everywhere, seem to offer little effective competition to independent investigators. Many of them have produced nothing whatever save useless masses of scientific pedantry, and even those that have accomplished respectable work have scarcely justified their immense waste of money. Practically everything the workers attached to them have done might have been done just as well in any ordinary hospital, and by pathologists on board wages. Here mere money does not seem to attract promising talents; on the contrary, it tends to attract men whose work is done. Thus the great foundations are full of eminentissimos who shine at medical banquets and are at ease in refined society, but most of the really hard and useful work is done outside, by such modest fellows as Banting and Minot, with no swarms of *Diener* to leap as they whistle. It would be interesting to figure out how much the really important medical discoveries have cost. My guess is that the average would be well below $500.

So there is no reason to believe that Senator Harris will get anywhere with his plan to crack the cancer nut by sheer weight of money, though eminent pathologists appear to be giving him some support. A million dollars would simply result in an elaborate restatement of what is already known, which, as I have hinted, is substantially nothing. There might be some improvement in cancer statistics, but that is all. What is really needed in cancer research, as in all other departments of medical research, is not money but inspiration. Thus I incline to believe that Senator Harris, who is a professing Christian, would do well to shelve his bill and call a day of prayer.

Searching Holy Writ

If one is to believe what one hears, the Bible is the corner-stone of the Constitution and the sole guide and excuse for being of the Republic. As the Supreme Court has put it, this is a Christian nation. The laws, alas, bear out that disquieting theory: in all their moral aspects they lean most heavily, not upon the needs of man but

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upon the supposed desires of God. If all this be true—and I am certainly not one to dispute it—then it becomes a marvel that the Book which rules us all is so imperfectly studied. Not a single theologian of the first class has appeared in the United States for a century past, nor is there a native school of exegetes of any appreciable dignity or authority. To imagine American Bible scholars producing a work as sound and searching as "Christianity in the Light of Modern Knowledge" by the Archbishop of York and his associates, would strain the psyche almost as much as to imagine the Supreme Court making an intelligent contribution to the science of jurisprudence. Our typical theologian is not a scholar at all, but a politician, and our Bible schools are almost unanimously in the hands of fools.

Those who, by reason of their loose lives, are unfamiliar with the matter, would do well to get a set of the International Sunday-school Lessons, say for the current year, and one or two of the popular commentaries thereon. These Sunday-school Lessons are taught every week in practically all of the Protestant Sunday-schools of the land, always with the aid of one of the commentaries. The latter reduce a rich and noble literature to the level of a series of flabby tracts. The two Jahvehs —the bellicose and salty old barbarian of the Old Testament and the metaphysical but amiable Greek of the New—are alike transformed into a sort of amalgam of Federal judge, reformed rabbi, and Presbyterian investment securities banker. The voluptuous strophes of the Song of Solomon, perhaps the most fleshly hymn to love ever written, become arguments in favor of Clean Living, the Sermon on the Mount is squeezed into the Methodist Book of Discipline, and the magnificent twelfth chapter of Romans is butchered to make a Prohibitionist holiday. Vandalism could scarcely go further, and yet it is only after such curry-combing and boiling in mercurochrome that the Bible is laid before the Protestant infantry of the land.

This seems a sad state of affairs, and every American of decent tastes and feelings must deplore it. For the Bible, despite all its contradictions and absurdities, its barbarisms and obscenities, remains grand and gaudy stuff, and so it deserves careful study and enlightened exposition. It is not only lovely in phrase; it is also rich in ideas, many of them far from foolish. One somehow gathers the notion that it was written from end to end by honest men—inspired, perhaps, but nevertheless honest. When they had anything to say they said it plainly, whether it was counsel that enemies be slain or counsel that enemies be kissed. They knew how to tell a story, and how to sing a song, and how to swathe a dubious argument in specious and disarming words. They were privy to all the tricks of poets, orators, evangelists, politicians, historians, college presidents, insurance solicitors, executive secretaries. They had everything except humor, and maybe they had humor too, as I have often suspected after reading II Kings II, 23–24, and Matthew I, 1–16. No secular authors have ever surpassed them in cunning and address, not even Shakespeare, not even Homer, not even Dr. Henry van Dyke, or Edgar A. Guest, or Dr. Irving Babbitt. Seeking to save the world from Hell, they failed; but they at least gave it a superb literature.

This literature is now taught to the young by a corps of solemn and unintelligent pedagogues of both sexes, themselves dependent for light upon glosses composed by theological eunuchs. It is an absurdity almost without parallel in human history. The Bible deserves to be taught by teachers who are not afraid of it, and have actually read it. It deserves to be set before the young, not as a bugaboo for enforcing the moral ideas of nit-wits, but as the rich storehouse of human wisdom and folly, strength and weakness, hope and despair that it really is. But where are the teachers for the job? How are they to be recruited and trained? Once more I can only advise a resort to prayer. H. L. M.

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AN ADVENTURE IN AUTOCRACY

BY J. FREDERICK ESSARY

WHEN the wise men of Congress, in 1874, abolished the territorial government of the District of Columbia, disfranchised its 250,000 citizens, legislated Boss Shepherd, then Governor, out of office, and put the administration of the capital into the hands of three supercommissioners appointed by and responsible only to the will of the President—when they had made that radical change, they probably thought that they had launched a Noble Experiment in municipal government. It may have been undemocratic and un-American. It may have violated our fundamental formula that there shall be no rule without the consent of the governed. But that did not matter. For here was an opportunity to apply a measure of practical idealism to an important though helpless community, to prove the soundness of a Utopian theory; in short, to make a splendid dream come true.

As a theory it was beyond challenge. On form it seemed to be perfect. Here was to be a city government of purest merit, of the surest Service. It would be free from all petty politics and scheming politicians. The executive commission would yield nothing to either. The power it would exercise would descend to it from above; not come up to it from below. The commissioners might take orders from an exalted and disinterested President, but they would not be compelled to deal or dicker with ward bosses or any other local potentates.

Having no vote, the people of the District would have no power to punish or reward their governors. There would be no elections, no political upheavals, no battles between the ins and the outs for party spoils, no violent changes of administration at the City Hall, no raids upon the civil service, no friends to satisfy, and no enemies to cast out.

A commission form of government for the capital had been tried before, it is true, but it was a failure. For the commission had little or no power. It was the body that supervised the removal of the seat of government from the banks of the Delaware to the banks of the Potomac. That body and its successors floundered through many long years of feebleness, inefficiency, land gambling, scandal and grief. Under it and them Washington for half a century merely sprawled, a raw and unsightly village. It had nothing to mitigate its hideousness save a charming setting.

For decades the capital remained in that state of arrested development. During the period two-fifths of its entire area actually was ceded back to Virginia, a colossal and unbelievable blunder. It was stigmatized by a phrase—the City of Magnificent Distances. As late as 1860, Pennsylvania avenue was a "slough of mud in Winter and a Sahara of dust in Summer." The place was without an adequate water supply, without sewers, and without means of transportation. Hogs served as scavengers and cows kept the wild grass cropped in the parks. Foreigners came, looked about, and went away to mock. So Washington, for more than sixty years, remained a joke among the capitals of the world. Is it any wonder that with the Civil War over a strong movement was organized to transplant the seat of government to St. Louis?

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Then, in 1871, Congress in a spasm of virtue overhauled the old rickety order. And it was not only rickety, but rotten to the core. Trouble was ahead. Many scandals were exposed and others were threatened. Senator John Sherman and his brother, the General, were caught pressing for appropriations to help along their real estate speculations. Something decisive needed to be done. And something was done.

The Territory of the District of Columbia was created and a full-panoplied territorial government set up. John D. Cook, brother of the celebrated Jay Cook, was made Governor, and Alexander R. Shepherd, a dynamic, ruthless, but withal an honest ex-plumber, was made Vice-Governor.

Almost immediately Shepherd seized all the power vested in the new order and began transforming the capital. There are a thousand tales of his drastic methods. He ignored or defied court injunctions. He commanded gangs of men to tear down ramshackle old eyesores between dark and dawn. He uprooted the tracks of a railroad which crossed Pennsylvania avenue, leaving a locomotive stranded, steam up. He cut through new streets. He spent money like water on paving, sewers, bridges, parks, tree planting, whatnot.

In four years, first as Vice-Governor and then as Governor, he went far toward modernizing Washington and even further toward bankrupting the territorial treasury. Although his days were comparatively few and ended in penniless exile, he became a local hero. He is the only purely Washington personage to have a statue in the city—such as it is.

With the territorialized District heavily in debt, with citizen suffrage discredited, with the local land barons howling wildly against Shepherd's "outrages," with unanswered charges of graft on every hand and with municipal affairs generally in a lamentable mess, Congress somersaulted again. It solemnly pronounced the territorial system a failure. The four-year adventure in self-government went upon the scrap-heap. In its place the scheme of a super-commission was hatched—a commission that would subserve no special interest, tolerate no abuses, listen to no political clamor.

II

For more than fifty years the present régime has endured. Under it the capital has emerged from the stark crudeness that long damned it. It has become a city of more than 600,000 people. It has taken on a degree of urban charm that stirs the patriot's pride. Regardless of the wretched architecture found in the human warehouses on every hand, its patchwork development, its thousands of miserable shacks where no shacks ought to be, and its abominable approaches, the city gives promise of that beauty and splendor which L'Enfant dreamed of.

But these things have not come because of the city's government. They have come in spite of it. They are not the result of an efficient, constructive, far-seeing administration of the capital's affairs. For there has been no such administration. Every man or woman who has lived in Washington longer than an Easter holiday or the period of a tourist's stopover must know that to be true.

It is difficult, in fact, to conceive of a more execrable municipal government than that now imposed upon the inhabitants of the District of Columbia. In theory, let it be said again, the system is as near perfection as anything governmental can be. It is unfettered, unpolitical, unselfish, incorruptible, and driving toward disinterested ends. But in practice it has become an oppressive and an unconscionable autocracy, without a tempering degree of benevolence. It is contemptuously unresponsive to the wrongs and needs of the individual citizen. Much of this arrogance might be forgiven if it were competent, but its utter incapacity to govern is manifest to any student of municipal affairs who bothers to examine the record.

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Instead of being free of plaguing politics and independent of grasping politicians, this government is at the mercy of both. It is a veritable football for them. Not the politicians of the community which the government serves, but the more than five hundred professionals who compose the House and Senate of the United States—the actual governors of the District. The whole system is based upon paternalism. The voteless citizens are mere wards of the Federal government. They must submit to guardianship, whether it pleases them or not. They are in the same class as convicted felons, hopeless lunatics, or Negroes in the South. They have just as much voice in the power that rules them.

On its very face the District government is an anachronism. Here you have the President of the United States for mayor, an official who of necessity devotes practically all of his time, his thought and his energies to national and international affairs. It could not be otherwise. The District government to him is a thing of incidental concern only. Again, you have the Congress of the United States for a City Council. Every piece of legislation for the District, whether an ordinance licensing lap dogs or the annual budget, must be passed by a House composed of 435 men and a Senate of 98, every one of whom maintains a voting residence elsewhere and every one of whom thinks, on 364 days of every year, of other things than this municipality.

Serving as the agents of the President and of Congress and accountable to them only are the three District Commissioners, the triumvirate that is presumed to run the works. Under the organic law of the District one of these Commissioners must be an engineer officer of the Army. He may be ordered from Hawaii, Manila or Panama to Washington. His part in the scheme is to supervise all District engineering operations—streets, sewers, bridges, water, and the rest. The other two Commissioners are presumed to be civilians who must have resided in the District for three years before their appointment. One of them deals with purely fiscal affairs and the other with fire and police protection.

Perhaps if these three men were first-class in every instance, if they were paid enough, and if they were able to run the city with no interference whatever, the autocracy might be a success. But as a matter of fact, none of these things is true of them. Rarely have the Commissioners been first-rate men. They are paid only $9,000 a year. They are interfered with by other officials at every turn of the road. And what is infinitely worse, the power that is supposed to inhere in them has been identically divided and sub-divided.

To borrow an international phrase, it is a five-power system that functions in the District. In the first place, the Commission has virtually no control over its own budget. It may work out a hundred projects for municipal improvement. It may decide that fifty streets need resurfacing, that ten new pieces of fire apparatus should be bought, that the jail should be enlarged, that another thousand automatic traffic lights should be installed, or that ten boxes of paper clips are required, but if the Director of the Budget vetoes any or all of these expenditures they go out of the window.

The Budget Director is as much the budget dictator for the District of Columbia as he is for the rest of the government's executive establishment. He decides to a penny how much money is to be allocated to each of perhaps 200,000 items in an annual four-billion-dollar expenditure before the estimates can go to Congress. With him, as with the President, the District of Columbia is a mere detail. And as a detail it is disposed of.

Again, the District Commission has no jurisdiction over the public parks of the capital. These parks, little and big—and they are the pride of the town—are under the superintendence of the Director of Public Buildings and Parks, another Army officer who reports directly to the Secretary of War and through him to the President.

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Once more, the Commission has nothing whatever to do with the public school system. That system is administered by an independent Board of Education, not appointed by the President. Nor by the Commissioners. Believe it or not, it is appointed by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia!

Then, too, the District Commissioners have control of only a part of the Washington police force. Incredible as it may seem, there are four separate and distinct forces policing the District, each under the command of an officer wholly independent of the other three. The Commission organizes and commands the Metropolitan Police, the force that patrols the streets of the city. The Director of Public Buildings and Parks commands the Park Police, a force of seventy-one men. The chief of the Secret Service commands an independent precinct force of forty-three men who stand guard at the White House. And the Architect of the Capitol, together with the sergeants-at-arms of the House and Senate, command another precinct force of ninety men who patrol the Capitol and its environs.

Superimposed upon all this is the corps of Prohibition agents, another corps of Department of Justice agents, and a corps of Treasury Secret Service operatives, with every man authorized to exercise in the District of Columbia some degree of police power. Furthermore, there is a force of Marines stationed at all times in Washington, a force of United States sailors at the Washington Navy Yard, and an even larger force of United States troops in the barracks at Fort Myer. All of these men may be called into police service when needed, as, for example, in the case of the race riots of twelve years ago. No other community, domestic or foreign, I venture to say, is so overwhelmingly policed as is the capital of this free Republic.

Finally, the District Commission has now lost its power over the Public utilities of the capital. A separate public Utilities Commission, at present headed by another Army officer, was set up in 1926 to relieve the Commission of the burden of supervising the operation, financing and general service of the street car companies, omnibus lines, gas companies, the electric light and the telephone companies. Perhaps it was an act of wisdom to transfer this supervisory power, formerly exercised by the District Commission, to an independent body. But whether for better or for worse, it was done, and so an entirely new regulatory agency was created.

And how it regulates! It is, indeed, in the utilities field that the District government bogs to the hubs. It both bogs and stalls. The control of the capital utilities may be measurably effective in matters of minor importance: that may be fairly conceded. Rate increases may be delayed, if not defeated. Service here and there may be jacked up. But in major matters, this control breaks down completely. Where else in a modern American city can one find two street car lines, each practically duplicating the service of the other? Where else would one think of looking for four car tracks paralleling each other on a single street, as in the case of Fourteenth street, N. W., at New York avenue? Where else would one such company be allowed to refuse junction transfers to the passengers of the other without extra fare?

For decades they have quarreled in Washington over the consolidation of the street car lines. They are still quarreling. Again and again merger plans have been worked out, and argued before the successive commissions and the committees of Congress. But they never come to anything. Some obstacle—watered stock or the obstinacy of salaried officers wishing to hold their jobs or something else—is always raised. And the riding public continues to pay in cash and in inconvenience.

But that is not all. It is hard to believe that anywhere else in the country two gas companies will be found serving the population of a single community. But it is so in Washington. More than that, the two companies are owned by the same interests. But they have separate operating organiza-

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tions, separate overhead generally, and in a sense separate rate scales. As in the case of the street car companies, merger plans have been discussed for years. But always some legal or technical or economic reason is found why one of these companies cannot absorb the other.

Such conditions as are created by these anomalies would not, of course, be tolerated by any self-governing people. They are resented in Washington—bitterly resented—but there is nothing the people can do about it. They may scream at the local government or bawl at Congress, but neither the warring governmental agencies nor the hard-boiled utility magnates pay any attention. They do not need to. The Washingtonian is a political orphan and must take or leave what the indifferent or callous or fatuous powers that rule or rob him may offer.

III

Although it is true that the Public Utilities Commission regulates the rates and service of the utility companies, authority over them is divided again. For it is the District Commission which has most to do with the physical use by them of the streets. To that body they must go for permits to upturn the paving in a given section or dig yawning ditches here, there or elsewhere.

The indifference of the companies, abetted by the government, to public convenience is typical of the whole attitude of public officials in Washington toward the inhabitants. At the moment this is being written, for instance, the Capital Traction Company has been for seven weeks monkeying with its tracks on Connecticut avenue, west of Rock Creek bridge. That avenue is by far the busiest thoroughfare outside downtown Washington. But instead of spending a few days at such a job, this company, unhindered by the Engineer Commissioner, has had débris and machinery piled in the center of the street for nearly two months, forcing thousands of motorists day and night to thread their precarious way around it. Nor is that an isolated instance. Not by any means. Much the same thing may be observed in any part of the city in any week in the year.

It is obvious to any observer in the District that most of the griefs of the community are chargeable to the interlocking of the local and Federal organisms. For some of this, there is no easy escape, inasmuch as the Constitution itself provides that Congress "shall exercise exclusive legislation . . . over the District of Columbia." But instead of delegating its powers to some board as was done in the case of the Interstate Commerce Commission, with a mandate to run the District as it ought to be run, or handing the government over to the people themselves, Congress exercises those powers itself.

It would be ridiculous, of course, to expect the whole congressional membership to concern itself directly with the District. It does not. What it does is to create District Committees in each house which, in effect, do the legislating for the capital. District committeemen with rare exceptions are of the lowest order of parliamentary timber. Practically no member either of the House or the Senate wants such an assignment. It means nothing politically to him, or financially to his constituency. So men who might have something to contribute, if interested—those for instance, representing large city districts—dodge District committee work. This leaves the business largely to country members with little vision and less acumen.

Congress taxes the District property owners as it pleases. It dishes out the appropriations, again, as it pleases. Because of the stupendous investment of the Federal government in Washington, it was long a matter of policy for the Treasury to match every dollar collected from the taxpayers to meet the cost of government. About twelve years ago, however, this fifty-fifty arrangement was junked and a sixty-forty plan substituted, the major sum to come from local taxes. More recently

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still, Congress has fixed $9,000,000 a year as its total contribution to the maintenance of the District government, leaving the balance of $36,000,000, as in the case of the 1930 budget, to come from the taxpayers.

No property owner of Washington has any right of appeal from that policy. With him, it is literally a case of taxation without representation. If Congress, as it is now preparing to do, commits the District government to a $16,000,000 park improvement programme over and above the budget, or to a $2,500,000 outlay for a municipal airport, also outside the budget, there is no recourse. It is proposed to "lend" these particular sums to the District to be repaid on such terms as Congress shall dictate. It is not a case of take it or leave it. Whatever Congress, in the wisdom of some thirty legislators from backward States, ordains, the District must pay for.

Congress is pledged to a $200,000,000 building programme within the District—that is, to the construction of ten and perhaps twelve monumental piles in which to house the executive departments and independent commissions. Nothing like it, either in size or ultimate cost, can be recalled in the history of this or any other country. The District, as such, will bear no part of this cost, but an illuminating fact may be cited in connection with it.

More than half of the new buildings will be located in the great triangle south of Pennsylvania avenue and between Fifth and Fifteenth streets. For twelve years before his death a decade ago, Senator Heyburn of Idaho thundered in season and out for an appropriation of $15,000,000 with which to buy the privately owned property in the area. Like most intelligent people, he foresaw the time when the Chinese laundries, cheap boarding-houses and other trash in that section would have to go. But his bills were consistently voted down. Now the Federal government is paying approximately $75,000,000 for properties which it could have had then for one-fifth of the amount!

With its grip upon the money of the District and the last word upon all else materially affecting the community, Congress is forever meddling with the processes of government. Every member of that body assumes that he is in a privileged class. He must have a special license tag for his automobile, which he counts upon to give his car immunity from ordinary traffic regulations. If he wants a street improved near his own home he demands it as a right. If he wants a section opened up in which he may have made an investment, he does not supplicate; he demands.

A shining example of this congressional drag was afforded by the Klingle Valley incident of some years ago. This valley is located in Northwest Washington. It is a beautiful wooded area. Actually it is an arm of Rock Creek Park, the most glorious single asset with which nature has endowed the capital. Connecticut avenue crosses the valley over a bridge. For a long time the land was owned by the Chevy Chase Land Company or one of its subsidiaries.

That company also owned a barren hill sloping toward the valley, a hill through which Connecticut avenue had been cut. The late Senator Francis G. Newlands of Nevada, organizer and money genius of the company, proposed to level the hill by literally dumping it into the valley; in other words, to turn a rare beauty spot into a ghastly red clay desert!

And Newlands was in a fair way to put his scheme into execution when a few irate citizens intervened. A supine District Commission made no move toward interference. The valley was privately owned, as was the mountain of mud. Newlands readily convinced the Commission that there was nothing that body could do about it. Beside, he was one of the largest real estate owners in the city, and a powerful and dangerous man.

But the project was defeated. A newspaper correspondent living near the valley sought the assistance of the late Senator John Walter Smith of Maryland, then

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chairman of the Senate District Committee. The Marylander went to see the place. He was outraged. He decided to fight, and there was no better fighter in the Senate in his day.

Senator Smith had but one recourse. Before the valley could be filled, a great culvert had to be built to provide for drainage. Permission to build such a culvert could only be given by act of Congress. The Commission recommended all that Newlands asked for and the House passed the bill. But Smith stood in its way. He spent two full days on the Senate floor obstructing the measure before Newlands surrendered. The valley was saved. It has since been acquired as a part of the park system. It is an enduring monument to John Walter Smith.

IV

Weakened by loss of power and hamstrung by congressional politicians, the District Commission as a governing body is almost a laughing stock. Realizing its limitations in the higher brackets, so to speak, it is inevitable that the Commission should practice its petty tyrannies upon the defenseless lesser citizens of the capital. But there is no possible excuse for some of the follies of which it has been guilty—stupid follies which no other community would endure for twenty-four hours.

Let a few of them be cited. A survey made by the Washington *Post* on September 23, 1928, showed that practically every arterial highway in the District had been closed all at one time, and for long distances, while street repairs were under way. This forced almost the whole motor traffic of the city to battle its way through a bewildering maze of closed-street and detour signs.

More recently it was found that almost as soon as the District government had spent a large sum of money resurfacing a Washington street, along would come water or sewer or drainage gangs who churned up the new paving, laid their pipes, then patched up the holes they had made. The outcry against this brought about the appointment of a coördinator whose business it is to see that all piping or other conduit work is done before the resurfacing of a given section begins.

The glory of Washington is its trees. Often foreigners, seeing the capital for the first time, exclaim that the city appears to have been planted in a virgin forest. Incomprehensible as it may seem, for more than two years the District government has been chopping down hundreds of these trees. The answer given is that certain streets must be widened. Already Connecticut avenue has been denuded of its trees for nearly two miles. The same is true of Eleventh, Thirteenth and E streets, Northwest. And to deprive the pestiferous starlings of a roost along Pennsylvania avenue its Lombardy poplars, planted by Jefferson, have been trimmed until they look as if a cyclone had passed over them.

About a year ago the District engineers decided to reduce the grade on Tennyson street, Chevy Chase, beyond Thirty-Third street. In doing this they left the home of Frederick W. Swanson, a government clerk, stranded upon a high embankment. It mattered not at all to the local government that this damage had been done to a piece of private property. It cost Swanson $1500 to erect a retaining wall to keep his front yard from sliding into the street. Not a cent of that expense was assumed by the government.

Oscar Ricketts was an insurance man who lived in Newark street, Cleveland Park. One morning two years ago he found a gang of men burrowing into the street in front of his house. By nightfall the gang had blocked his driveway and the sidewalk leading to his house. He protested to the foreman. The foreman passed the buck to the contractor. The contractor knew of nothing he could do about it. By the next day tons of earth and stone had been piled high upon the Ricketts lawn. The District Engineer was appealed to. He sent an inspector out, who reported that the incon-

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venience of a family barricaded from its own home could not be avoided. It was more than a week before the blockade was lifted.

Another resident of Cleveland Park occupying a modest house there for nineteen years had an annual water bill which at no time had exceeded $10 a year. In 1929, however, it suddenly jumped approximately 300%, and for no known reason. He protested loudly and insisted there had been no plumbing leaks. Moreover, his house had been unoccupied for many weeks during the year. It was of no use. He was warned to pay his water bill or his supply would be cut off. He paid.

A month later, however, the news burst upon the city that there were thousands of defective water meters in every section—news that was soon confirmed by reluctant officials. A local newspaper had exposed the fact. The meter readers, of course, had been simply guessing at the water consumption of citizens in whose houses the meters were out of order. But nothing was done to rectify the bills of those who had been mulcted. All the District government did was to announce a 40% horizontal increase in the water rates and to ask for a large appropriation to make a survey of the volume of water wasted each year.

There followed a grim joke at the expense of the paying consumer. Plans were announced for a new House Office Building, to be erected in order that each Congressman might have a private office. They provided for an elaborate system of ventilation. It was a complicated scientific affair involving the washing of the atmosphere to be breathed by the statesmen. To do this washing called for the use of 1,300,000 gallons of fresh water every twenty-four hours, all of it to be supplied free of charge by the District water department!

Potomac Park and Rock Creek Park provide delightful drives, bridle paths and foot paths for the Washingtonian. They are separated by less than a mile. Rock Creek itself flows through the one to the very edge of the other. For fully ten years the people of the city have clamored for a driveway along this stream which would connect the two parks. Every year this connection is promised but it is still to be made.

Calvert street bridge and Klingle Valley bridge, among the oldest and narrowest in the District, more than once have been declared by experts to be unsafe. There is heavy street car as well as vehicular traffic over both structures. But instead of condemning these bridges outright and replacing them, the municipal government tightens a few bolts and leaves the rest to paint brushes.

Such instances of the way the District despots deal with both private rights and the public convenience could be multiplied a hundred-fold. But it is infinitely easier to tell the story than to construct a remedy. This much, however, is plain to any observer with half an eye: If the people of the District are never again to have a voice in their domestic affairs, if they are to go on forever subject to the rule or misrule of an autocracy, the hydra-headed affair that now harasses them should give way to a single governing body. All agencies of municipal government should be placed under some responsible and commanding figure, with ample power to afford the capital an intelligent and decent administration.

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GOD'S STEPSON

BY THOMAS F. HEALY

THE American populace is the victim of many curious delusions about life in a Catholic ecclesiastical seminary, as a result not only of ignorance but also of erroneous information, whether gleaned from the extreme of devotional diffusions about it or of Ku Klux Klan cabalarums.

In the higher circles of Nordic enlightenment no less than in the barbarian byways of this broad land I have come across some strange beliefs: for example, that in the seminary priests grow horns, that their aversion to marriage comes from having nuns as mistresses, and that between their purple hours they drill in secret with Roman carbines for the Pope's impending invasion. And in the yokel State of Kansas I once met with the horrible report that all who enter are first emasculated, and with other reports unspeakable.

Let me offer assurance, as one who has been a seminarist, that all these notions are false. The same sort of motley crowd enters a seminary as enters the average one-horse seat of learning anywhere, excluding the company of the co-eds; but of course a different crowd comes out. There is no secret to life there, as any layman can find out if he wants to. The most Pope-hating kluxer or bumptious Baptist, if he spent a day or a week behind the walls, would come forth minus most of his hobgoblins.

"How do they get fellows to go to the seminary?" is a question that I have often been asked. That I can best answer by citing my own case, for it is probably typical of nine out of ten. I was educated for it *ab infantia*, picked by my pastor when I was six years old. "Get them young," is the clerical monition, "and the church will take care of the rest of it." Though God, you are told, calls you apart, it is the parish priest who actually singles you out. And while it is all for the glory of Mother Church, he works in the interests of his own school or order, much as an old graduate seeks likely football players for his *alma mater*. The more boys he gets, the more the favor he receives from his bishop, to whom their "vocations" are accredited. A better parish is the coveted reward. Should parents object there are ways and means of bringing them around.

Modern America is alarmingly short on "giving vocations," a state of affairs which causes no little concern to the hierarchy here, who last year authorized a nation-wide recruiting campaign through the Catholic press and pulpit and the founding of burses or free scholarships for poor children likely to become pillars of the church. There are, remember, 100,000,000 Yankees still outside the fold, not to mention the growing number of fallen-aways, and the nation has not yet produced a single saint or martyr. Thus many seminarians and priests are imported from Europe—from France, Germany, Poland, and of course Ireland, the church's ancient recruiting ground, which, though thick itself with monks and nuns, annually sends out boatloads of missioners to jungle and prairie, and is building monasteries and nunneries in all quarters of the globe.

As a child, therefore, I renounced the world, the flesh and the Devil. I recall the day when my mother announced the pastor's discovery of my vocation: I denied it

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vigorously, for I was beginning to contemplate becoming an admiral with telescope, braid and cocked hat. But reminded sufficiently that we had two archbishops in the family, I soon concluded that it might not be so bad to be a prelate in a palace, to wear red and purple robes, and have people bow to me. In any case, my private yearnings were not considered. The pastor took me under his wing, made me chief altar boy, and taught me Latin thrice a week. Thus he guided my life until I was twelve years, when came the time of my actual entrance into the seminary. I made a last protest, to be sure, for I wanted to go to the lay academy where my elder brothers had gone, but when the pastor told me of the pains of Hell awaiting bad boys I yielded.

II

The first day I was ushered into the rules and regulations of the seminary—rules drawn up by the Council of Trent in the Sixteenth Century.

Before the time of Martin Luther the clergy were untrained, and when the Council met to "extirpate heresy and reform morals," the seminary was made the vanguard in the comeback. The system remains one of daily living formulated to counteract caprice and is divided into regular periods of prayer, study, work and recreation. It determines what one must do at every hour of the day, with no room for the whims of individual fancy. To bolster it up, in the seminary I frequented, there was a police force of six assistant superiors and a dozen prefects, who snooped around most of the day and night over the 200 of us. We were not plaster saints, however, nor could the fathers scratch out with their pens the bright undulancy of our youthful natures.

Many things I learned in due course. How to stay abed until two minutes before the bell rang for chapel, how to stay up after ten by stuffing the cracks in my room, how to play sick and get to the infirmary for a rest from classes, how to receive uncensored letters with money to keep, how to sneak in secular magazines, how to get lost in a crowd when walking with a prefect and turn up at the right moment, how to doze in chapel as if in meditation, how to cart tidbits from the table, how to make confessions easy, how to give warning by various signals of a superior in the offing, how to freeze out a snitcher or tattler, how to steal a smoke, how to give the right alibi from the repertory when caught, and a thousand and one evasions for which the fathers handed down no antidotes. Penances for infringements comprised such penalties as going without dessert for a period, spending the recreation hour on one's knees, or memorizing the Latin prayers of the early Fathers.

Many were fired and as many more quit. Save in the case of a glaring offense of which the whole school knew, we were never told of such events, but despite that concealment we knew all about them before we missed the absent ones from their accustomed places in chapel, classroom and refectory. In notorious cases, it was politic to announce that this or that bad boy was gone, as one "unworthy to be among us who had vocations." We lost on the average six out of every ten, a better record than that of the Benedictines, or Bennies, or of the Dominicans, or Dominicks. The Jesuits seldom hold more than one in every ten. Superior and aloof, these Jebbies, as they are called, are envied by other orders for their romantic history. In Rome, too, they have their own head, vested with "the fullness of administrative power and spiritual authority." We called him the Black Pope.

Expulsions and desertions of priests also occur, a family matter of which the world is not supposed to hear. Three quit in my time and were subjected to the formal ceremony of being unfrocked by secret rite in which seminarians are not allowed to participate. One was sent away somewhere for his unorthodox tendencies—to a monastery, we heard—to perform a ten years'

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penance. Another ran off, we heard, with an actress in a burlesque show, and then, for reasons known only to his confessor, left her flat. He renounced his sin and was taken back. He was regarded as a valuable agent for our order, chiefly for "getting vocations." Every effort was made to keep such scandals from us, to no avail. Though some happened outside, full details leaked in by way of grapevine channels, whereby we also learned of many other events in the world.

One of the most difficult problems of the fathers was that of breaking up certain friendships. We were ordered daily to mix. If the superior noted that you kept your distance from Tom Smith, he saw to it that in chapel, refectory and classroom you were placed next to Mr. Smith. To this end our places were changed every quarter; a bright boy next to a plugger, an æsthete next to a dumb-bell. The results were often laughable as well as pathetic, for this mingling of saints and sinners sometimes corrupted the saints. Kindred spirits sought and found means of communication; some fine friendships were formed and flourished surreptitiously. As in the world, each found his own level.

The boys were in the main recruited from the lower middle class. All entered before their teens, save for a few in their twenties who seemed to have fled the world for the security of three squares a day and a bed at night for the rest of their lives. Mostly defeatists, these elder fellows were timid about standing on their own legs. One of them in my class was a convert, a man of the lighter type of inquisitive mind who had been attracted to the church by her devotional language and liturgy. He befriended me and often told me of the little agonies he suffered to find the faith, but none of us, from the superior down, really trusted him, in accordance with the traditional belief that "converts never really turn." He was regarded as a falcon among the ducks, and, sensing our suspicion, he too quit. It was better for him, for converts are mistrusted till death silences them, and, though often meriting high offices, they are rarely promoted.

We staged some good fights, for though we wore cassocks we had not yet reached the petticoat stage of sanctity. Stripped of our natural emotions, our nationalities would now and then crop out, with an Irishman punching a Sassenach on the jaw or a German pouncing on a Pole. Our manners were on the whole uncouth; indeed, our elaborated etiquette of morality did not stress good manners, as they were thought to pertain to worldly grace. Whenever the lights went out in the refectory the boys would indulge in a barrage of doughballs and other hunks of edibles. We were supposed to hear reading in silence at every meal according to the rule of the fathers, but here we were fortunate, for our superior liked to talk with his meals. He too had his human attributes; many were the ways of getting in good with him, resulting in special privileges for those who took the trouble. Choice edibles from parents, presents or gifts of money made him coo as softly as any sucking dove. We called it playing politics.

The popular ruse was a rest in the infirmary, to which end we conjured up all sorts of ailments. In one Winter we fell victims to a virtual epidemic, with the addition of a young and very beautiful nun to one of the wards. As yet very human, she appealed to the moods of convalescence; the older sisters, with their faces of antique pity, cured us by the old rote, not so much for ourselves as for the love of God. The more wicked of us found a fund of humor in the fact that one of the superiors, usually very healthy, was himself taken down that Winter with a protracted siege of complications.

What we regarded as our social life consisted in the main of fortnightly gatherings at which we recited and orated on the saints and martyrs, or held debates on their respective degrees of sanctity. For example, *Resolved*, that the Little Flower won more souls for Heaven by her prayers than St. Francis Xavier did by his missions. On

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special occasions we presented religious plays, all quite harmless and bloodless things, passed by the superior's board of censors. We printed a monthly magazine replete with pale poetic effusions on the Sacred Heart and a profusion of verses about the Virgin Mary, extolling the abstract virtues of the cloister—above all, the theme of celibacy, for our bridal bed was to be Mother Church. We also held a regular weekly convocation, a sort of religious Rotary meeting, at which we talked shop and gave one another mean and moral little slaps in the face.

Of the world (a term not undisdainfully applied to all the unelect without the gates) we had a peculiar idea. It was full, we thought, of "sinful pleasures." Daily we were made to thank God and His saints that we were not part of it, since its happiness was evil and immaterial. We were to be "in the world but not of it"; purity and piety were our watchwords; the virtues of the earth pertained to the diabolical. That the Protestant clergy should take wives was to us the height of impurity. Most horrible of all was the ancient Judaic, and to an extent the Druidic, law of transmitting the priesthood by heredity and natural generation. Though they adopted many Judaic traditions, the Popes refused that one.

III

The real secret of seminary life lies in the teaching on divine grace, which, with sin and redemption, is one of the three fundamentals laid down by the Council of Trent. It is the basis of molding the mind. Grace is in general a supernatural gift, ordained of Heaven to lead men there, and without which "God dwelleth in light inaccessible." In the early days of the church, before intricate rituals were elaborated, it meant simply help from above, but the theologians have today complicated it into a mysterious dogma, fraught with controversy, and still a bone of contention between Thomists, Molinists and Congruists.

The chief channels through which grace is introduced into the soul are the seven sacraments, to all of which, except matrimony, we were eligible. It is secured automatically, but the more the fervor the more the grace. Beside being a spiritual cathartic, confession is the common channel. We went twice a week, and learned to approach the sacrament in a most euphemistic frame of mind, with much rivalry for the last place in line, for by that time the confessor would be tired and make the ordeal short and easy. We were taught the formal way of beginning, "Bless me, father, for I have sinned," following by our sins.

One forms a regular method. "I missed private morning prayers once, I nodded at mass, was distraught at meditation." "Anything else? Go on!" "I had an immodest thought, once, no twice, I mean. No, well . . . no, I don't think I took pleasure in it . . . Yes, it was a girl's picture. . . . No, father, she was dressed. . . ." And so on. It depends on the confessor's mood at the time whether he picks you up on a point and drags the matter out. The truth is that some are easy, others hard. One confessor became too popular, with the result that he was deprived of his faculties of hearing confession, though allowed to keep those of the mass. Our sins seemed small indeed compared with the great mystery of purging them. With absolution, we recited our ready-made act of contrition memorized years before (the same prayer for all), and thus another confession was over.

An easier form of gaining grace consisted in visits to chapel on days set aside by Rome, when we secured the grace of plenary indulgences. A plenary indulgence, applied to a soul in Purgatory, obtains its release into Heaven. The number of souls saved depends on the number of prayers said. The doctrine of indulgence is that "while it does not remove the guilt of sin, it removes the penalty thereof"—in which skeptics see a paradox and those of faith a miracle. I placed all my kith and kin in

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bliss, then my friends, and then my heroes of history—Napoleon, Wellington, Emmet, Washington, etc. There were also partial indulgences, whereby one could lop off from 500 days upward from Purgatory. But indulgences are not applicable to the lifers, or poor unfortunates in Hell; for them there is no redemption.

Prayer before the relics was another avenue to grace. Every seminary holds one or more relics, including often a bit of the True Cross. Ours had a fragment of the bones of an old saint with a bit of his blood-stained hair-shirt, reclining in a case worn with innumerable kisses. It had a strange effect on us, that poor perished remnant of a human body. To be frank, the thought of it more often gave me the creeps along my spine than grace in my soul.

A delightful form of grace came from the benediction of the Pope, who occasionally suffixed his seal to an apostolic blessing in which all were supposed equally to share as his "dearest children." Such a blessing is not frequently given in the world; it is a premium. A layman giving heavily to the church usually gets one, but ours was free.

IV

Lent was our bacchanalian banquet of grace. Each year the superior opened the season with a sermon on the carnival in New Orleans, which precedes the holy period. He denounced the carnival as a riot of sin and lust and exhorted us to make a balance with prayer and thus ameliorate the deific anger or sadness. Annually we thus saved the Louisianians from heavenly ambuscades. Seminary Lenten services are highly symbolic and are not understood by the laity. They mark the high points of the liturgy, and have been refined from age to age by monks who specialized in that business.

This teaching had the intended effect in that it merged our individual desires into a form of easy worship, which in its perfunctory performance grew with the days to be a matter of reflex action and lazy habit. All our ceremonies we shared out of pure conformity; it was unity, but not with ourselves individually. We were simply fowl of one feather following the head gander; none had any sense of personal wholeness. Nor did it ever occur to us that such a formal administration of grace was not necessarily the dispensation of truth. Our own direct impressions of things we could not trust. To ratify our ideas we needed the pledge of our superiors' assents, and that to which our hearts might throb or our souls awaken was not good but evil if their hearts and souls were not likewise moved. Our souls were passive—spiritual vats for graces galore.

It culminated in the deadly routine of group or crowd piety, and that was the ideal. In the world it is evinced by societies such as the Holy Name and the Children of Mary, whose members must take the sacraments *en masse* whenever the pastor deems it necessary; he must guard the unprotected piety of his flock, gauging the moment when the results of the last grace have worn off and then issuing another call. On such group days collections are made and the faithful must come with pence as well as penitence. With this distinction, ours, like that of our less fortunate brethren outside, was an impersonal faith, a lip-service, sanctity by hearsay, and touching neither the virtues nor the vices of our souls.

Save for a personal loss nothing troubled the tacit observance of our little days; we knew nothing, really, of the joys and tears behind the shadows of the world. Long before we were born our spiritual areas had been explored and surveyed, with all the far horizons wiped out by the sponge of scholasticism, to paraphrase Nietzsche's great outcry. Daily we meditated on the warning words, "I am going to die," and repeated them interiorly; the accent of our lives was on the afterbeat, which gave us a devout imagination of an inbred and unhealthy kind. Boys with natures richly

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endowed with sensuous as well as spiritual aptitudes quit; for us that remained whatever heroism of the heart we had was wasted in the vague revery and speculation of saving it to spend in Heaven. It was a narrow perfection based on one-sided and remote ideals, often intense but never complete. We were the greatest collection of yes-men in the world.

It was in such a state of grace that I came to my most memorable moment in the seminary, when in my sixth year there I came upon a girl sitting in the woods where I was sciving a smoke one Spring morning. She was the first woman of the world I had ever encountered. About my own age, and of a dark, piquant and not unthoughtful beauty, she instantly put to rout all my *a priori* ideas of womanhood, gathered from observations of the nuns and illicit studies of the synthetic blonde beauties of the *Saturday Evening Post*. So we spoke to each other, though I stuttered like a lout, instinctively ashamed at my ill-grace. "Maybe she is a sinner," I thought, and then added quickly, "but she is very real."

This was my most serious sin, but I did not confess it. Time and again we were warned to have nothing to do with girls, in the spirit or the flesh. "Shun women," read the rule, "and if they approach to accost you, recommend them to God!" We were taught that our bodies were base and that the desire for womankind gratified that baseness. Did not the saints flee them? Did not our holiest example, St. Anthony, scourge a woman for revealing her body in gossamy garments, and, conquering every temptation, beseech Heaven to send him more to try his soul? Some of us were bad apostles of gynphobia for we refused to believe that our humanity was as base as all that.

The system of education in a seminary I can define no better than to say that it is a masterpiece of pedagogic methodology. One showing exceptional talent goes for post-graduate work to Rome, for which honor there is frequently a deadly rivalry, for in Rome all the ends of the world meet, and one may follow to one's heart's content all the moldy ways of theological lore.

The system is medieval in character, devoid of modern elements, and with no room for those increasing accretions of knowledge found in the research of the past three centuries. With Latin and Greek, we took Christian Doctrine, the Bulls, Church History inclusive of the history of nations, Martyrology, Sacred Scriptures, the Sciences in relation to religion, Literature, and Philosophy. In class we learned that individual thought was not wanted; it was, in fact, prohibited. We learned what the whole class learned, no more, no less, and were guarded "from the novelties of modern thought, the new paganisms condemned by Holy Mother Church as liable to undermine faith and morals."

V

Philosophy introduced us to the arcana of Thomas Aquinas. We first were told of the extreme privilege of reading him, since he is the Inspired of God, the Angelic Doctor, canonized by the church for his teachings, which are as irrefutable and irrevocable as the Four Gospels. Hence we could refute nothing, though we often felt in our own hearts that we were not bound to receive implicitly every conclusion, refutable or not, or to accept without question every denial of our own timid opinions. All started from "authority," a method which first claimed our unquestioning assent to doctrine, and then let our teachers make the deductions and inferences we were to learn.

Thomas Aquinas is a clarification and development of Aristotle, who, by juggling and disguising the true nature of things, supplanted Plato with the old Schoolmen, of whom our professors were the spiritual heirs. Perforce, we were Aristotelians as opposed to Platonists, since Aristotle held reason to be but an attribute, while Plato held it a power or faculty, and that ideas were in themselves constitutive things.

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Our textbooks were in Latin and so were most of our discussions, though in some intricate problem the professors would condescend to use English, often to the extent of letting out a good round theological oath at some potential infidel who asked "unnecessary questions." Were any unwise enough to push an argument, the two magic words of "faith and miracle" ended any possible controversy. "There, my son, reason ends and faith begins!" Only an atheist would continue after that. Withal there were some sparks of the hidden power and daring of the mind that troubled our masters, and any potential Titan, not to speak of an Olympian, was ousted at the first sign of mental independence. The church takes no chances on "dangerous minds."

I must admit that differences were allowed us, but these were nothing more than distinctions invented 700 years before by St. Thomas and the Schoolmen. One I cite as typical: it led to an intellectual debauch which took two days; to wit, whether there is a real or a logical distinction between the essence and existence of pure spirits such as the angels. Such finical and frivolous hair-splitting formed the pabulum when we drank deep of the Dead Sea of Learning. Philosophy was taught from a purely theological standpoint; it was used as a prop of dogma, and determined in all its phases by our faith. Since our dogma was infallible, all philosophies at variance with the Thomistic conclusions were *ipso facto* "false and full of error," and despite our reactions to the intrinsic evidence of things, we were bound by the "one authority" that was the sole and special custodian of truth, divinely revealed—Mother Church.

Other philosophers were not tolerated. Such thinkers as Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Schelling, Spinoza, Leibniz, Schopenhauer, Taine, James, Bernhardi and Rousseau were anathema. A humanist like Dewey was too pragmatic, and non-academic to boot. Each of these men was dismissed with a wave of the hand. "Kant," according to my notes, "Kant began with a false premiss of nonnoumena and nine situations, and *ergo*, all his conclusions are false and so declared by Holy Church." Though not specializing, I was a faithful student of philosophy and got second place with my thesis, "Morality in Art." Briefly, my premiss was that all art, to be good, must wear clothes. Else why had the Pope painted pants on the nude angels of Michaelangelo in the Vatican?

Modern intellectual criticism played no part in our history course, since many viewpoints accepted by mankind at large have been explicitly condemned by the Popes. To study it with mental liberty was therefore impossible, as we should have been forced to ignore the dogma of infallibility, which, though decreed as applying only to faith and morals, is also applicable, it appeared, to mundane matters. For example, I cite the major defense of that renegade, Pope Alexander VI, by Pastor, his champion: "An imperfect setting does not affect the intrinsic worth of a jewel; the treasures of the church, her divine character, holiness, revelations, grace and authority, are not dependent on the moral character of the agents and officers of the church." This argument is the trump defense of the papacy; a Pope's personal morals do not affect his divine revelations on faith and morals. The Bulls were naturally important. One sample shows the tone of all the others. I quote from the Bull *Unam Sanctam* of Boniface VIII: "We hereby declare, say, define and pronounce that every human being born into this world should be subject to the Roman Pontiff." And this is "an article of necessary faith!"

Our Sacred Scripture course taught us the marvellous coincidence of contraries. We believed that Joshua stopped the sun without causing any ructions in the solar system (the while he butchered the Amorites and raped their virgins), that Noah had two of every species in his ark with peace and sanitation provided from on high, that Jonah did a Houdini through the

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mouth of a whale, and though travelling far and observing nothing was yet aware of a great miracle. Though our texts were stated to be inspired, they were interpreted for us with ready-made explanations formulated at Rome. Once, finding fault with what seemed a loose Greek construction, I was told that it was not impossible that the Holy Ghost may have thus dictated it to the writer, the more to confound the learned and humble the pride of man. I was to regard it as a test of my faith.

The study of literature was curious. We were forbidden, of course, to read any of the books on the Index Prohibitorum (not the Index Expurgatorius, as non-Catholics incorrectly term it), as well as all the "immoral books" in contemporary literature banned by the local board. To us the Index was a thing of terror, and it probably remains the chief reason why no Catholic, clerical or lay, has produced a piece of literature worth a tinker's damn since the Reformation: those who wanted to write had to become renegades, from Voltaire to Dreiser. Many are the "lost souls" who, as Anatole France (himself indexed in Roman capitals) once said, "enjoy the honors of the Index." Here are just a few of those we were forbidden to read, taken from but one section of "Modernism":

France: Balzac, Battifol, Bois, de Bonnefoy, Bureau, Descartes, Dimnet, Dolonne, Duchesne, Dumas *père et fils*, Fénelon, Ferrière, Flaubert, Laberthonniere, Lacaze, La Fontaine, Lamartine, Montaigne, Morin, Murger, Loisy, Loriaux, Montesquieu, Renan, Rousseau, Saintyves, Sand, Voltaire, Vrai, Zola.

Germany: Dollinger, Frohschammer, Graf, Heine, Herzog, Holzhey, Kant, Koch, Wecker, Müller, Pufendorf, Ranke, Rohling, Saltzmann, Schell, Stendhal, Strauss, Weise, Zenner.

Italy: Buonaiuti, Bruno, D'Annunzio, Fogazzaro, Manaresi, Murri, Russo.

Ireland: Scotus Erigena, Duns Scotus, Goldsmith, Berkeley, Sterne, Wilde, Steele, Moore, Yeats, Joyce.

Oddly enough, Luther's name is omitted from the Index, as is that of Rabelais. No American is mentioned, even in the 1930 issue; Rome has been too busy with the infidels at her own doorstep. It is also possible that she fears the publicity that ribald publishers here might wrest out of her very condemnation. But of course America's offenders have been spotted and in time will be formally denounced before the Congregation of the Holy Office and pronounced anathema for all the ages. For that matter, they are already being condemned by the Catholic press and pulpit of the land.

If one may call the purpose of education the rousing of men's minds, the troubling, so to speak, of the deeps of human thought, we surely fell far short of it. That sort of education is not permitted even our lay student co-religionists, much less our seminarists. All must don mental bridle and spiritual blinkers to follow the one road, with every byway closed. Knowledge, which some infidel has called a progress from the known to the unknown, was by us used as a means more to vindicate tradition than to discover truth itself, since what was good enough for the Fathers was thought to be good enough for us. Before such borrowed wisdom all our own ideas were termed "original nonsense." In its ultimate sense the system was for all practical purposes as futile as froth on a glass of near-beer; the sole ideal was "dying in the odor of sanctity."

VI

I shall never forget one Summer's evening in the chapel. The fresh air came in the open windows against the sweet, heady incense and stale odors of the sacristy, the sun dimmed the pale candles, the breath of field flowers smothered the sickly scent of the cold, funereal altar-lilies, and the far-off sounds of the countryside mingled with the chanting monotone of the superior; but in those windows crept something else, the specter of doubt, most terrible of all evils for the seminarist. The church was dim, as if appeasing in our souls a certain appetite for darkness, a very prelude to

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darkness, and the statues grinned like gargoyles. The superior walks to the altar. Does all that he touches with his fat fingers thereby become beatified? Could he not in another age and with garlands on his angelic brow just as pompously have sacrificed a billy-goat to Bacchus? His very cocksureness is enough to make one doubt the hypothesis of that unseen Heaven of which, as our immediate pontiff, he is the symbol incarnate; and beneath all his humble offices looms the haughty pride of Mother Church and her thick substratum of pagan sentiment and appeal.

"*Ad maiorem Dei gloriam*," we intone. What does the glory of God mean? To do things for a reward in Heaven—to drink Him as wine in a golden chalice and clad in golden garments, to sit on a throne in a marble church and lisp in a strange tongue before the awed, untonsured laity from home and hovel, to purge their sins? Perhaps it was a girl walking in the woods, the cry of a homing bird, the opening of a flower to the sun, all the golden threads and gorgeous coloring of life, which I was beginning dimly to apprehend.

In my illicit readings I had come across some strange beliefs—that spires were not religious symbols; that Christ was born in natural wedlock, with brothers and sisters; that the Virgin was but a subsidiary female deity, a sterilized edition of the Greek Venus, the mother-goddess appropriated from the Egyptian mythology; that the teeming throng of saints with reverence to them was but a hangover of the lares and penates; that the Bible contained not a single argument for the celibacy of the clergy; that martyrs, for all their agonizing deaths, were but stupid people of single-track minds willing to die for a fiction of Heaven but not for a principle of humanity that offered no reward.

Such thoughts disturbed my mind; I began to ask myself questions. Could a man do nothing good or noble without motives alloyed with the fear of Hell? Could not a man be a gentleman? Must truth be isolated like this, to be doled out by bulls, pastorals, and whisperings in the confessional? Must it germinate in chancel, crypt and catacomb? Is it in cells only that are felt the pulse beats of humanity? May there not be more than one road to the right place, despite the theologians? Is it only what men shall do and not what men shall be? Can any dogma, however traditionally indispensable, forever prevent the progress to that ideal of being which has been forming itself in the heart of man through the ages, apart from the puerile bickerings of creeds and the vulgar rivalry for saving souls?

It is a terrible thing for a seminarist to lose his faith, for the Fathers wisely postulate that the higher you are the further is your fall. Yet my faith was imposed on me and was not a thing of my own will, while my integrity of intellect was of my own will. But what other religion? Surely not Protestantism; as a learned Frenchman once said, one may lose one's faith but not one's reason. Protestantism lacked imagination; it levelled life to a matter of prosaic trades and bad manners. Behold its apotheosis in the Englishman, who fears the Devil, loves only his belly, and breeds barnyard philosophers. Withal, all Christian creeds are fundamentally the same, their Gods and their Bibles. They narrow religion to their own image. One must judge religion, not like a scholastic, but as a whole, and in that lies the hope for every majestic movement of mankind forward to the future.

For me, the seminarist, all such unorthodox thoughts were rank heresy, but being euphemistically inclined, I lost some of my fear of Hell by learning to call it the golden heresy of truth.

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AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

NOTE on Law Enforcement in this great State from a roving correspondent of the eminent New York *Times*:

> The quotations on Ozark moonshine have been declining intermittently for the past three years. The post-Volstead days of exorbitant prices appear to be over and moonshining is reaching a competitive level. Seven or eight years ago a mediocre product frequently sold for as much as $10 a quart. Now the highest quality can be bought for $10 a gallon, and a knowing person who will venture far back into the hills can buy a very good grade in quantities at $5 a gallon, and in some instances for as little as $4.
>
> Standards of moonshine craftsmanship are steadily improving. During the days of the first great drought a gallon of respectable liquor was frequently made to do service for two or three gallons by the simple method of diluting it with water and adding lye and washing powder to provide the conventional bead and bite.
>
> The indications are that legal interference with moonshining is growing steadily less. During the past year Ozark moonshiners have operated with an obviousness that five years ago would have been suicidal. Recently an old-school moonshiner decided to leave Arkansas and test conditions in the Far West. He announced that on a given day he would sell at public auction his entire stock of liquor and all his stills and equipment. The sale was attended by more than three hundred people, among them leading townsmen, wholly respectable farmers and bootleggers and dealers from several adjoining States. Two stills complete and more than six hundred gallons of liquor were sold, treats were served, and a good time was had by all.

CALIFORNIA

How the Kingdom is spread in Santa Rosa, as revealed by the illustrious *Press-Democrat*:

> Five scientific facts proving that Christ now lives will be presented Saturday night at the Bible class in the Farrar Mattress Works. A challenge is hurled forth to infidels and unbelievers to witness for themselves these indisputable facts, which Evangelist Hutchens will introduce to the audience. This is not a lecture or a sermon, but an actual presentation of facts which will be visible to the eye. A lively song service will be conducted by Herbert Farrar, Jr., and special music will feature the evening.

SOCIAL news from Oakland:

> Alleging he is permanently crippled as a result of an initiation into Oakland Lodge, No. 103, Knights of Pythias, last October, George M. Dever, Oakland barber, yesterday filed suit for $101,800 damages in the Superior Court. Charging that he was handled in a negligent manner, Dever lists his injuries as follows: Both knees broken, crushed and ligaments torn loose; pelvis bones crushed, dislocated, strained, broken and torn; spine dislocated, and body otherwise crushed, broken, torn, lacerated and contused. Stating he was confined for months in Providence Hospital, Oakland, Dever asks for $800 for time lost, $1000 for medical attention and $100,000 for his injuries.

THE recreations of the judiciary in San Francisco, as reported by the *Call-Bulletin*:

> Three thousand members of San Francisco Lodge, Loyal Order of Moose, are expected to be present Wednesday evening at the lodge's annual Dinty Moore Corned Beef and Cabbage Dinner. Police Judge George J. Steiger will speak on "The Significance of Corned Beef." A programme of entertainment will be given under the direction of Superior Judge Thomas F. Graham and Edmund P. Mogan. Max Nossen will be master of ceremonies.

DEEP stuff from a reader of the Hollywood *News*:

> In your Saturday *News* I read that Rudolph Valentino's hill home was leased by Harry Carey, and that it had been unoccupied all these years because it was haunted by Valentino's ghost. Now first, Valentino was and is a beautiful soul and we should not call him a ghost, which means something which scares everyone; instead we all should be

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pleased to meet him again. You see, he suffered a great deal, worked too hard, until he reached the height of his career; then he was at once taken away, unexpectedly, before he was ready with this earthly life. So what wonder if he visits his home? Let him do so, it does not harm anybody.

As soon as he comes to a higher understanding of spirit life and laws, he will gladly give up all his earthly things, and go on and on and on to the higher spheres, where he will find a heavenly Falcon Lair with all that ever belonged to him. It will be given to him if he has the wish to use it for a good purpose to help other souls, so he will find his happiness, and perfect freedom, which he cannot find on the earth-plane, but in the heavenly spheres. Some day, it will not be long, he will send us a wireless, or speak on the radio. So please let us not call Valentino a ghost, as we know he is a most lovely soul.

E. R. Saal.

COLORADO

Headline in the celebrated Boulder *News-Herald*:

GEORGE H. SHAW LAUDS CHRIST IN ROTARY TALK

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Intellectual recreation of the cream of American journalists:

NATIONAL PRESS CLUB

Members of the Senate, House and the Press will participate in a

SPELLING BEE

which is to be held in the Club Auditorium on Saturday, 8:00 p. m.

For Members and Their Ladies

The programme will be broadcast by the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System (non-resident members tune in at 8:30, Eastern Standard time).

Open House from six o'clock on.

Entertainment Committee.

GEORGIA

A Christian reader of Atlanta *Life* spots another instance of godlessness in America:

It would be interesting to know how those who revere the Bible are going to reconcile their consciences with obedience to the provisions of the Federal census, in view of the fact that the Bible says (II Samuel, xxiv, repeated in I Chronicles, xxi) that God disapproved of King David's census of the people of Israel and inflicted a pestilence upon the people on account of it.

Lovers of the Bible will not be able to get around this history by saying that conditions in our day are different; for if the Bible is not good for our times, then we ought to discard it, and have nothing to do with it. But Paul said, referring to things said in the Old Testament: "Now all these things happened to them for examples, and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come." Evidently Paul thought that the Bible is good for all times.

Although the Bible does not give the reason why God disapproved of the census taken of the people of Israel, there must have been some good reason. That reason probably holds good today. It may be as follows: For a variety of reasons, people resent questions about their private lives. They will not voluntarily or willingly answer such questions truthfully. The penalties attached to untruthful answers to census enumerators will not make people answer truthfully for they know there is not enough money in the United States Treasury to hire officials to check up on data furnished to census enumerators.

The trouble with the Federal census is that all the information gathered from it is made the basis of serious political, economic and social studies. But what value have such studies when based upon a large amount of false data? The conclusions drawn from such studies are bound to be misleading, if not actually erroneous and false.

What does it matter just how many people there are in the United States, or what they weigh, or whether they are married or unmarried? Let us lay aside childishness and turn to the important matters of life.

D. L. Little.

Atlanta, Ga.

IOWA

How the Kingdom is spread in the lovely town of Hamburg, as broadcast to the nation by the Associated Press:

When members of the Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church decided to raise money for their treasury they bought a pair of overalls and conducted a sewing circle. Each member brought a patch for the denim garment, sewed it on, but before completing her stitching placed a bill or coin beneath the patch. When the women finished their

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task, the Rev. F. G. Pfaltzgraff, pastor, was asked to don the garment. When the patches were jerked loose, one by one, the total reached $204 as the last patch was removed.

MARYLAND

SOCIAL news in the celebrated Sykesville *Herald-Messenger*:

Our new printer does not drink, so the bootleggers have lost a customer.

THE failure of the Noble Experiment in this ancient Commonwealth, as revealed by an advertisement in the Baltimore *Sunpaper*:

Springer Sanitarium (Dr. N. A. Springer, Mgr.). Past 30 years treating your Alcoholic and Drug friends—phone Towson 996, at Lutherville, opposite M. E. Church.

MINNESOTA

PUBLIC notice in the celebrated *Wright County Press*:

Albertville, Community and Neighboring towns:

Alvira and I have been gone for five weeks. We sure heard some news since. I wish you would tell the truth, then you would have enough to say.

It sure is surprising what people can talk (usually) it is judging others by themselves.

When it comes to proving things no one wants to be connected with the affairs, but otherwise they all say their share.

I think each and every one has enough in their own families especially taking a young girl's good name, when there is no truth in it. Hoping this will be the last of it.

You can tell when you meet people that they are guilty of some talk.

Furthermore, if you have anything to say, come to us and find out.

A fine farewell?

MARY AND ALVIRA GILLES.

PRINTED form letter from a live-wire business man of Minneapolis:

BEN, THE DEALER
THE LARGEST SECOND-HAND CLOTHING DEALER IN THE NORTHWEST
1618 Thomas Place N.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Hyland 4941

Dear People:

Having noticed in the paper that you have suffered a bereavement in your family, I desire to call your attention to the fact that I buy *men's used clothing*, suits, coats, hats, shirts, shoes, and leather bags.

It is much better to dispose of these garments *now*, rather than to have them lay around to become moth-eaten and worthless.

We call all over the Twin Cities promptly, and pay the *highest prices* for *men's used clothing*. I feel assured that my prices will meet with your approval.

Call BEN, THE DEALER,
Hyland 4941.

MISSISSIPPI

WHAT it means to be a pedagogue at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of this great State, as set forth in a circular distributed among the faculty by the Hon. Buz M. Walker, B.Sc., M.Sc., Ph.D., the president thereof:

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
A. and M. College, Miss.

TO HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS:

Gentlemen:

I am in receipt of a communication from Governor Bilbo in which he states that:

"I have been sending out a letter to a great many of my friends in an effort to raise funds to help the people of my old home community to rebuild their church.

"You will note from this letter, that in the vestibule I am going to erect a large bronze tablet upon which will be inscribed the name and address of every man, woman, and child who donates to this church.

"I want to make this tablet something like a memory tablet, therefore, I am making an effort to get a donation either small or great from every man and woman employé working for the State or any of its institutions or departments during my administration."

You will please give every employé in your department an opportunity to make such free will offering as might be deemed wise and best for this most worthy cause. Of course, this has reference to white employés only.

Please hand the contributions to me with a list, typewritten, of the names and addresses of all parties making contributions and the amount in each case, and I will send one check to Governor Bilbo to cover the amount sent in from each department and will enclose the list with the names and addresses furnished me by you. The reason I wish it in typewritten form is that no mistake will be made. He desires to acknowledge receipt, personally, with thanks for the contribution, and also to have the name and address correctly inscribed on the bronze tablet.

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I have personally made a contribution of twenty-five dollars for this purpose. Please appreciate that it is a free will offering from the employés of the institution to this cause. It is my impression that the contributions run from one dollar to twenty-five dollars. If you will give this matter your personal attention, I will greatly appreciate it.

Yours very truly,
B. M. WALKER,
President.

CONTRIBUTION to the American language by the Okolowa *Messenger*:

Adlai Lyles is now in the M. & F. Bank Building and S. C. Jones is *officing* out at his residence.

NEBRASKA

How they get into tune with the Infinite in Lincoln, the old home of William Jennings Bryan, as described by the eminent *State Journal*:

Under the slogan "Give Your Auto a Ride to Church" the Boosters' Club of the Second Presbyterian Church is featuring an automobile day Sunday. A committee headed by Fred Hall will meet all cars arriving at the church or Sunday-school and arrange for parking facilities. A survey has been made of the number of cars among the families of the congregation and invitations have been extended to others. Special mention will be made of the car coming the longest distance, the shortest distance, the car bringing the largest load of people, the oldest model, the most disreputable looking car, and the newest car.

NEW YORK

A READER of the celebrated Schenectady *Union-Star* protests against an injustice done him by that paper:

I noticed you printed George W. Herath as being fined $1,000 and 45 days in jail for selling intoxicating liquors at my place of business, 111 Washington avenue. The $1,000 fine was true but the 45 days was not. It is hard enough to keep one's character clean in my business without being misquoted in the newspapers. So please instruct your editor to check articles more carefully.

Very truly yours,
GEORGE W. HERATH.

LITERARY news item in the Albany *Evening News*:

A meeting of the Rensselaer Shakespearean Society will take place this afternoon at the home of Mrs. Lewis D. Combs. Following the business session, an entertainment programme will be offered. It will include a talk on "Mountains and Mines," by Mrs. Walter A. Cooley; "Transportation," by Mrs. Clinton T. Jackson, and "The Future of Mexico," by Mrs. James D. Henderson.

THE eminent *World* gives space to a novel contribution to ghostly science:

Dr. Jesse H. Holmes, professor of philosophy at Swarthmore, speaking yesterday in Columbia University's symposium on religion as the representative of Quakerism, urged scrapping the pastoral definition of God contained in the psalmist's verse, "The Lord is my shepherd," as meaningless today because modern city dwellers cannot be expected to know anything about sheep.

In its place, he said, should be substituted concepts less out of date and more personal, but yet containing the idea of protection and help which was expressed by the pastoral folk of thirty centuries ago in the figure of the shepherd. He suggested as modern psalms to express this same reverence and faith:

"The Lord is my automobile's low gear to help me in climbing hard hills.

"The Lord is my antiseptic in times of dangerous epidemics.

"The Lord is my dynamo to charge my run-down batteries.

"The Lord is sunlight in my room, bringing me the health of ultra-violet rays."

THE intellectual life at Colgate, as reported by the Syracuse *Journal-American*:

Andy Kerr, head football coach at Colgate, is conducting a young men's Bible class every Sunday morning in the Hamilton Baptist Church. Most of the members of the class are from the university, well interspersed with football players, it is imagined. He believes that in addition to building football teams, the coach should attempt to mould character, both on and off the gridiron. Some interesting discussions come up in Kerr's class, including this one, "What Would Christ Do if He Were a Student at Colgate? Would He Wear a Freshman Lid; Would He Join a Fraternity; Would He Go Out for Football?"

NORTH CAROLINA

THE Rev. Cyclone Mack, D.D., an eminent Tarheel divine, pays his devoirs to a fellow ecclesiastic of the Wesleyan rite:

There is a presiding elder in the Conference whom I consider the most colossal beau-ideal

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jackass who ever stood in a pulpit or brayed over a Bible, who received a letter from one of his preachers conveying to him the information that old Ananias as a liar would pale into insignificance in comparison to himself, and this preacher with real character and backbone also told his eldership that there were things spawned under a barn and kicking fleas off their umbilicus with their hind legs who were brobdingnagians of probity in contrast to his perfidious self. And yet this microscopic insectivorous incognita or microbean was elected to go to the General Conference to help guide the destinies of this great denomination that was raised up to spread scriptural holiness over the world. Let us all take an emetic.

ECCLESIASTICAL and hygienic intelligence from the Greenwood correspondent of the Mocksville *Enterprise:*

There was a foot-washing at No Creek Church on Sunday, one month ahead of time. They usually have it the fourth Sunday in May and November.

OHIO

CONTRIBUTION to biological science by the editor of the *Catholic Universe Bulletin* of Cleveland:

If a person should lose a member of his body, by accident or medical operation, could God create a new one to take its place?

Without any doubt, or rather, He could restore the one that is lost in perfect condition. It is useless, however, to think about such a possibility, since God does not do this except in extremely rare cases upon the intercession of some saint.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE Hon. Lenox Chew, speaking before the Doylestown Rotary Club, as reported by the eminent *Daily Intelligencer* of the same town:

Rotarian Chew expressed the opinion that if alive today Lincoln would be a good Rotarian. In spirit, he said, Lincoln was one long before the service club was ever considered. He practised its ideals. He was intensely interested in the welfare of youth. He "never planted a thorn where a flower would grow."

As he drew his talk to its conclusion the speaker suggested that the club recommend to Rotary International that Lincoln be posthumously made an honorary member of Rotary. This suggestion was embodied in a motion and will be conveyed to Rotary International.

GENERAL

HAND-OUT issued to the eager lads of the press during the late orgies of the D. A. R. in Washington:

CHAIRMAN WILL PRESENT SOUVENIRS FROM NOTED FILM PRODUCTIONS TO ENERGETIC CHAIRMEN IN SIX DISTRICTS

Mrs. Richard Russel, national chairman of the Better Films Committee for the Daughters of the American Revolution, will announce, during the Continental Congress, the names of those seven fortunate chairmen whose outstanding work for Better Films has merited those coveted prizes which are now being displayed. A souvenir that may become an heirloom is each of these gifts, presented through the courtesy of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America in Hollywood.

The *whip* used through "The Taming of the Shrew" by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks—the gift of these stars.

A silken-blue *blotter* writing pad used by Gloria Swanson in "The Trespasser"—United Artists Studios.

A delicately wrought *brooch* especially designed for Universal's production of "Les Misérables," worn by Laura La Plante.

A silver *cigarette case* used by Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade."

A *corsage* of lovely flowers worn by Mary Brian in "Only the Brave"—Paramount Studios.

The heavy pewter *goblet* used in "The Rogue Song" by Lawrence Tibbett, the gift of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Delectable *earrings* of marcasite and jade worn by Armida in "General Crack"—presented by Warner Bros. Studios.

With the assistance of the D. A. R. Reviewing Committee, Mrs. Russel sends out bimonthly grade reviews of preview pictures to nearly two thousand chairmen.

Each of the six divisions under the national vice-chairman will have a souvenir awarded to an energetic chairman, and there will be one award-at-large, for the best State press book or the best individual letter reflecting local taste in films or comment upon recent films.

These souvenirs were presented to Mrs. Russel for D. A. R. chairmen by Col. Jason S. Joy on behalf of the Motion Picture Producers.

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JUPITER IN WALL STREET

BY MAX LERNER

THAT he should have been born so pat in a panic year, 1837, when bad business faith and financial mismanagement hung darkly over the country, was already something of a happy omen. It was like a benign promise from the gods. This snuffling livid little bundle would some day put an end to all that. He was to become the redoubtable J. Pierpont Morgan.

Against that day the boy grew older on the spacious Farmington avenue homestead in Hartford, surrounded by a hundred Morgan acres. There were two generations of wealth behind him, enough to make most boys soft. His grandfather, Joseph Morgan, had made a fortune in the early days of the Ætna Fire Insurance Company; his father, Junius Spencer Morgan, was later to use that fortune as a partner of George Peabody, the London banker, and become one of the substantial capitalists of the world. But there were other ingredients in the compound that were less softening. There was the blood and tradition of grandfather John Pierpont—insurgent clergyman and poet, fighter for temperance and abolition, a man who had been placed on trial before a Unitarian council for "preaching on exciting topics."

It will be a temptation to attribute whatever was unconventional in Morgan to the Pierpont strain. Was it the sap of grandfather Pierpont stirring in him that made him for a time dabble in poetry? What verses he rhymed out in the Farmington avenue house or in the Boston house where the family moved when he was fourteen, the record does not disclose. It is doubtful whether anyone ever saw them. He was not a communicative lad. At Hartford he spent hours fishing in Hog creek; at the English High-school in Boston, where his father's wealth might have opened a pleasant social life for him, he went his own way serenely. He was strangely old and self-sufficient for a boy. Youth is supposed to be the time of ambitions and enthusiasms: were there deep currents within him which would swirl out one day overwhelmingly? The surface of this lad did not disclose them. You could not have told that he was later to be regarded as a dynamo of energy. The most seasoned student of character might have said that here was only the passiveness of a third generation of wealth.

Junius Spencer Morgan's solicitude about his son Pierpont attached to his manners rather than his mind. He felt it sorely that the lad grew more gruff and abrupt with the years. Pierpont did not seem to get his sharp corners worn off him. He coiled in upon himself too much. Perhaps it was due to his health, which had become a cause of alarm while he was at high-school. So he was sent off to the Azores for a year, and from there to Switzerland, and finally to Göttingen in Germany, where he could attend the university and take mud-baths.

At twenty the Grand Tour was over. The four years that it consumed may well have been important ones for him, though we know very little about them. Did he drink beer in Germany and examine curios and get a glimpse of paintings? Or did he only study differential calculus and acquire a distaste for metaphysics? A Göttingen professor told him much later that the world in gaining a financier had lost a first-rate mathematician. But he must have learned

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much more than mathematics in those years when body and character were being built up. Under the surly exterior his self-confidence was becoming ever firmer, and a passion was developing for the expensive tastes of the grand European gentleman.

II

Junius Spencer Morgan was frankly worried. "I don't know what in the world I am going to do with Pierpont." All the rich fathers of all the undetermined sons in the history of Western capitalism found expression in that remark. The premiss was that something had to be done with him: a Morgan cannot remain merely decorative. This tall well-knit young man of twenty could not be allowed to wander from one health resort to another, picking up scraps of German *Kultur*. So he came to London to the counting-house of George Peabody & Company, in which his father was a partner, to learn about invoices and bills of lading.

Morgan took to them. His energies, which had become taut with the indecision and sullenness of his boyhood, were suddenly released. From London he went to New York as the representative of his father's firm; then he started a firm of his own. He applied himself heroically to mastering the details of his business. He learned accounting, the key to the formal secrets of financial status. He threw the power of his will around bills of credit and gold quotations. That Göttingen professor, if he had godlike dreamt of fashioning young Morgan in the image of his professorial self, was playing a losing hand. He could not compete with the lure of tangibilities.

But at twenty there is more in life than ledgers and tills, even for a young man grown suddenly earnest. Amidst the dry narrative of business transactions and the diffuse anecdotes which cumber the semi-official account of his early career there is an incident which gleams and flashes and is gone. It reveals for a moment a Morgan curiously made up of sentiment, almost of poetic proportions. Somehow the sullen, self-contained young man had fallen in love. Miss Amelia Sturges was of a New York family, but, possibly because of the consumption which was making inroads upon her, she spent much of her time in France. At twenty-two, leaving behind him a business career fairly started, Morgan sailed from New York for Paris and marriage.

There was of course the matter of that consumption, but it was a small matter in the face of his insistence, and the marriage took place. Consumption was merely an obstacle. Its defeat was to be compassed like the mastery of accounting. He would drop his business, pour out money, take his wife the world over in quest of sunlight and recovery. There is an incredible epic confidence about the whole affair. The young dictator showed swagger and steel, but death was an old hand at that kind of fight and was not appalled. It was a formidable enemy to meet so early in one's career. Three months later death was amazingly the victor. The disease which had wasted Keats did not spare even the wife of an American millionaire.

What his wife's death did to him immediately the recorded facts do little to illumine. Life went on. He came back to New York; there were rides in Central Park in the morning, business during the day, and a friend or two in the evening. It was during these years that he started his career as connoisseur and Mæcenas. He paid fifteen hundred dollars at the Sanitary Commission Fair for an oil painting, the portrait of a delicate young woman.

Perhaps it was fortunate for him that the country was tremulous with the excitement of Lincoln's election and the approaching secession of the South. New firms in Wall Street needed some very narrow watching at a time when even inveterate senior partners looked grave. And during the Civil War the problems multiplied, absorbing his attention. Perhaps that was just as well; a mind might

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be much worse brooding on other matters. At the end of the war the surge of returning prosperity caught him up. He buried himself deeper and more deeply in his business. He was on the threshold of his thirties. There was a second marriage and children; the Morgans established themselves at 227 Madison Avenue. With his six-foot stature and his nigh two hundred pounds there was no mistaking him, either in Wall Street or in London, whither he went frequently to discuss business with his father. He was now the substantial citizen, the captain of money.

III

Thus began a career which was to mount on a crescendo of half a century to the topmost pitch of Western capitalism. But it would be an error to call it a brilliant career; no amount of retelling of the story can conceal a distinguished sanity about it which, in comparison with others in American annals, suggests mediocrity. Morgan was not of the darlings of fortune—the precocious few who devour a technique with facility and at thirty find no further worlds to subjugate. To the extent that he ever mastered the great technique of finance—that of causing other people's money to throw off, amoeba-like, money for oneself—the mastery came very slowly and was never securely held.

The man who, even at the height of his career, could make colossal mistakes in strategy and judgment was not at twenty-five or thirty an Alexander of finance. Though he started far ahead of scratch, with financial backing and social prestige, it was not until his middle fifties that he attracted widespread and consistent national attention. Between those two points lay thirty-five years of assiduous work. They represent a rugged business career in which he displayed those qualities which have since come to be regarded as solid and substantial. There was a fire in those qualities for the Wall Street imagination, though it was a fire which in those days of buccaneering finance caught and spread but slowly. His reputation and his fortune mounted with the same dogged ascension.

At the threshold of his career however, in his early twenties, we find him somehow associated with an unsavoury though ingenious transaction which all the perfumes of his later rectitude were unable to sweeten: "Those confounded Hall's carbines" was the way in which one cynical gentleman, annoyed by the public clamor over the incident, referred to it. The Hall's carbines had been condemned by the government at the beginning of the Civil War as unfit for use. Morgan advanced money to two speculators of questionable character who bought five thousand of the condemned weapons from the government at the New York arsenal at $3.50 apiece and then resold them to General Frémont, commanding at St. Louis, at $22, making a profit of almost $100,000. The carbines proved unusable, and some of them shot off the thumbs of the soldiers on the wrong side of the battle-line, but Morgan sued the government for the amount still outstanding—and won his claim. Whatever his legal rights or moral intentions in the matter—and neither the commission appointed by the Secretary of War nor the records of the Court of Claims are enlightening on the latter—the affair was immensely discreditable and dogged him the rest of his life.

Now and again he showed flashes of financial strategy in the style of the buccaneers themselves. At thirty-two he fought Fisk and Gould for control of the Albany & Susquehanna. He fought them with their own weapons: with false stock issues and injunctions, with trickery, with dummy-directors'-meetings, with East Side toughs, with actual pitched battles between the opposing armies on the railroad tracks. And he won. Never inventive himself, he was developing the capacity to pick up the methods of others and, by his brusqueness and aggressive thoroughness, to carry them to their extreme logical possibilities. But in general the methods that he adopted

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are now known as conservative. And when at thirty-four he became a partner of the great Drexel firm, the white marble building which the new organization erected at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets had something portentous in its chaste substantiality.

Even in those early years Morgan began to think in dictatorial terms, in terms of what the general business situation needed and what he could do to set it right. He was a king in his own eyes before his regality was acclaimed by others. He had a chance to indulge himself to the extreme of his bent in the current railroad situation. Some ingenious spirits, seeing a railroad well-established and earning profits, would conceive the idea of building another paralleling the first, in order to be bought out at their own price. This was a highly engaging form of piracy, but it distressed Morgan, even in the rôle of spectator. Like all dictators he had become pacifistic, requiring peace—of his own imposing. "I made up my mind," he said afterward, "that something should be done." It was as simple as that. Rarely has a dictator prefixed a manifesto so devoid of the ornate to an achievement so exacting.

And he did succeed in doing something. By pressure, entreaty, diplomacy, browbeating, he invariably brought the presidents of the two parallel roads to an amicable agreement, instead of watching them fight it out to their mutual extinction. Often he had to resort to amusing expedients; once he kept William Vanderbilt and George Roberts on board his yacht, the *Corsair*, while it steamed all day between Sandy Hook and West Point. Roberts was irate, Chauncey Depew was eloquent and persuasive, Morgan sat smoking cigars and breaking his silence only long enough to reënforce Depew's points. At seven o'clock Roberts agreed to the Morgan plan of conciliation and the boat docked.

These efforts at peacemaking were followed by an even more important participation in the railroad turmoils of the time. The gravest problem of the 'eighties, from the standpoint of the owners at least, was that of cutthroat competition between the roads. For the consumer temporarily it meant low rates, but in the realm of dividends it represented the worst possible form of feudal warfare, which could lead only to mutual destruction. Morgan, generally slow at scanning the horizon, finally perceived the danger that lay here. What was to become of the dictator's dream of financial order? The efforts of shrewd men like Simon Stern who had organized pools and hit upon the idea of gentlemen's agreements had been unavailing. But Morgan stirred himself. If the railroad men could not solve the problem for themselves the bankers must do it for them.

From the corner of Broad and Wall Streets there issued an invitation to the heads of all the large railroad systems to a parley of peace in the Morgan library. There amidst first editions and oil paintings and delicate knickknacks picked up in every corner of Europe the tremendous figure of the financier leaned threateningly toward the magnates. He was speaking as a banker for his fellow bankers. He had at heart the interests not of any single railroad nor even of all the railroads but of the entire business structure of the country. They must see the situation in a broad statesmanlike way. The rate wars must cease, and the idea of a community of interest between all railroads must be substituted for that of ruinous competition. The sentences came now suavely, now savagely, and the huge figure swayed a little as particular words were emphasized. Of course the ultimatum won the day.

But what, we ask ourselves, did he gain from his voluntary rôle of peacemaker? In purely pecuniary terms the results were large, for the reputation that he built up as a sound financial man made him much sought after as a reorganizer of bankrupt railroads; and for the trouble of reorganization the banker generally keeps a large block of the new shares for himself. Even

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more important, however, was the motive that he himself assigned, that the English railroad investors whose American agent he was were disgusted with the barbaric methods of American railway finance and that he owed it to them to set things right. And here we approach perhaps the central fact of Morgan's activity, as strong in him as the merely acquisitive instincts were in other financiers—a feeling that was growing in him of impatience with any financially wasteful situation that he could dictatorially remedy.

Such a feeling is a matter of artistry rather than of money. It came as close to a sense of workmanship as it is possible to come in the case of men who, like financiers, deal not with the shape and the structure of things but with their shadows and symbols. Morgan's mind, never complex or subtle, was logical enough to demand logical consistency in any situation with which he dealt. Like the mind of Burke, like that of any adherent of the Old School, it could not tolerate a muddle.

Such a passion for order is a statesmanlike quality. Morgan had during those tense hours in his library acted more in the manner of a statesman than the Street had ever seen one of its kind do before, and it recognized the fact. The regal demeanour of the man was infectious; he became an unofficial king; each year the building at the corner of Broad and Wall looked grayer and prouder. When President Cleveland needed someone to stop the alarming drain of gold from the country he appealed to Morgan and the famous Gold Syndicate operation was arranged. For a time Morgan and Cleveland had more notoriety and abuse than they desired. The country had learned what Wall Street had known for a decade—that a portentous power had arisen which was not governmental but could make and save governments; that this power was personified in the shape of a huge bull-necked, large-nosed man; that it dwarfed even the power of the huge bull-necked man in the White House.

And then in a flash Morgan emerged into world prominence. As if to usher in properly the Twentieth Century he organized the United States Steel Corporation, *the first billion-dollar trust.* Wall Street hummed, newspapers headlined, economists were dazed, village philosophers viewed with alarm. The country and the world had waited for a tangible sign of his greatness, and now a billion-dollar corporation was tangible enough. At sixty-two Morgan found himself the idol of the market-place.

He never receded from that white light. After the Steel episode he stands like a Colossus astride the American business world while the bustle of Wall Street passes on under his shadow. Consolidation followed consolidation, sponsored by the Morgan firm and by others. Only once was there serious danger: in 1903 the International Mercantile Marine, a Morgan venture, collapsed and the Steel Corporation tottered. Many of those who dislike the arrogance of Thunderers rubbed their hands with expectancy. But aside from a real misjudgment in the matter of the Marine consolidation Morgan had evidently builded well and he survived the danger.

He, and along with him the whole Street, had an even greater crisis to pass through. In the panic of 1907 the climax of his career was reached when Wall Street turned to him as the only man who could avert extreme catastrophe. Even his enemies put their funds at his disposal, like atheists who do not parley with their principles but call for the sacrament at the last moment. The financial district was a field of war and Morgan's library was converted into an allied headquarters in which a burly generalissimo sat receiving communiques from the battlefield.

IV

Fame did nothing to impair the massiveness of his character. There were trumpets that blared and cameras that clicked but he sat at his squat desk much as he had in the years before he became good copy.

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He gave the rabble no aid in its appraisal of him but showed that lofty indifference which may be even more exasperating than an oriental jealousy of person. He granted no interviews and forbade them to his partners. He despised the newspapers as—perhaps because—he despised the people.

Did all this point to snobbishness or to integrity of character? It may be that the manner in which a man bears up under a glory which he has strenuously achieved and suddenly attained is a real test of granite character. At any rate it would be difficult to conceive of a personality more self-sufficient than the Morgan who dominated the first decade of the century. He cultivated indifference as some men cultivate sociability. He lacked utterly the handshaking unction of Babbitt or Marco Millions. He has been accused of snobbishness toward the man on the street but he was equally frigid to the man on the Street. Fame did not lead him to extend his small social circle, scarcely larger than his immediate family. Rarely did he make cronies of his business associates, for imbedded deeply in his mind was a severe dissociation between his business life and his social life. He was not a neighborly sort. Though fond of a fine dinner, and a judge of wines and cigars, he preferred to enjoy them at home. With his family away for the summer he stayed at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he smoked his cigar in silence and had a special word of praise for his waiter on the subject of the Spanish mackerel.

But on some scores he was fearfully sensitive, with the sensitiveness of most men of cockney confidence. You could touch him to the quick if you misspelt his name Pierpont in any way that suggested a distorting purpose. He was conscious that every small boy who passed him on the street was gazing with wonder at his enormous nose. A man in public life must learn to regard journalistic attacks and caricatures with a certain detachment, but Morgan always felt them to be personal insults. If you stripped away one after another the husks of his outer indifference you might find eventually a temper sensitive and self-conscious.

Surrounding his personal relations was the simplicity of a child or an old man. His emotions were all compact and unified as in one of Ben Jonson's characters—unchanging through the course of five acts. "His friendships and hates," wrote a contemporary journalist, "are intense. He has never been known to forgive an affront or forget a favor. He has never sold out his friends nor parleyed with his enemies." When he found a man genuinely to his liking that man's business career was assured, and in token thereof Morgan gave him a collie dog from his country kennels. Young men—handsome, clean-cut young men—found a ready path to his heart. Whenever he went on a trip to Europe the members of the House of Morgan prayed that no personable young man, erstwhile a football captain and now looking for a business career, would cross his path on the ship. When their prayers went unanswered another partner was added to the firm. And often as not such a partner—a Robert Bacon, say—was more successful as a young god with the hostesses in Madison avenue than in the treacherous and exacting atmosphere of financial intrigue in Wall Street. There is a story of how the Harriman-Kuhn-Loeb forces waited until Morgan was in Europe before they attacked, and how Bacon, left in charge, was outwitted and outgeneralled until the commander-in-chief hurried back to stem the rout.

On this occasion as on others there was no doubt that Morgan was the suzerain of his dominions. The detailed work of the firm was subinfeudated to the various partners: Griscom attended to steamships, Perkins to finance, Coster and after him Baer and Mellen to railroads, Davison and Morrow were useful everywhere. But there was never any doubt that the important decisions would be made by the old man. A cable arriving from him when he was away in Europe made the partners jump

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to his bidding. A newspaper man who was once permitted to sketch him in his office showed his burly form filling a swivel chair at a low desk, his whole manner betokening command, while around him several younger men (probably his partners) stood listening attentively. Morgan knew everything that went on in the office. He strode through the outer rooms among the messengers, he glanced over the shoulders of the clerks at their books. The business was his. To the end he refused to have it incorporated, lest his personal mastery over it be impaired. He was the last of the old captains.

But he was also the first of the great modern capitalist-promoters. Like them he knew nothing of the tangibilities with which industry worked—of rails and locomotives and steamships and looms and steel furnaces and human labor. This always means an alienation from the sources of effort and imparts to business activity a derivative character. But it means also that the banker, with his sight less obstructed by the details of any particular enterprise, has a chance to respond to the larger demands of business. He is thus, as contrasted with the specialized railroad magnate or oil king, the broad humanist among business men. He is mobile, and fights on every front; he is catholic, and embraces every profit.

To be thus disengaged from provincial interests gave Morgan a wide sweep of action and a ruthless pursuit of purpose. "Do something big," he said once to the trustees of Columbia University. "Don't stay buried in a corner." He himself always operated on a grand scale. The most serious reverse that his way of doing things ever suffered—the collapse of the New Haven railroad in 1912–13—showed clearly that the Morgan sins, if any, were the sins of magnificence. There is little doubt that the real power in the New Haven directorate was Morgan, and that Mellen, nominally president, was "proud to be Morgan's man." Morgan's way, once he had decided to achieve a transportation monopoly in New England, was to buy up every railroad, steamship and interurban trolley line in sight, and hang the cost! He had a knack for keeping his eye on the main chance. He wanted the Westchester road and bought it—at an absurd price. He called up Mellen one day and announced that he had acquired a trolley line in Massachusetts at a figure that brought forth from Mellen an involuntary "Jerusalem!" This magnificence had a touch of genius about it; at times it was merely the absurd extravagance of a man whom the continuous possession of power had rendered abnormal. But it was never paltry.

The sort of mind he had could not move if cluttered with details. It was a leaping mind. It leaped through the correspondence, it knew what your proposition was before your words were half uttered, it leaped at conclusions. Nothing about him showed the tardiness of laborious processes; his decisions were so quick as to seem intuitive. There was no palavering at the Morgan office. Business was dispatched with an economy of effort which the best business men share with the great artists. Three months after he heard Schwab talk on steel at the University Club he organized the Steel Corporation. He was a man of action, not of words or even of imagination. He mistrusted the imagination, the intellect, all forms of subtlety and craft. He trusted the deed, and the brief word which promised the deed. He cared little for the written word and transacted his business within the four walls of his office as he carried his plans within the four walls of his brain.

These traits must have made the day in the office a reign of terror. Each transaction that he disposed with his gruff brevity marked another step in the fashioning of a dictator. He was already master of the whole vocabulary of command, he had compassed the imperative mood. To be surrounded by people who trembled at his shifting humors made ever deeper the passion for precision and the peremptory impulse more insistent.

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His domination extended beyond his offices. As he walked down the stairs of the gray building to his carriage with his massive yet nervously alert figure, there was a hushed whisper on the Street. "There goes the Old Man." It was as if Jupiter had come to Wall Street. Men with only the scrawniest knowledge of the Greek theogony felt a fitness in referring to him as Jupiter Morgan. He was the bogey of the Street. Everyone who spoke of him had to be assured that it would go no farther, as if he were committing a sort of treason. The physical bulk of the man, even in his seventies, was of itself imposing, for it seemed to substantiate the belief that he was the prop of the American business structure. Morgan himself shared this belief. When Count Witte hazarded the opinion that a German doctor trained in the new surgery of Berlin could improve his dreadful nose, Morgan answered, "Everybody knows my nose. It would be impossible for me to appear on the streets of New York without it." His nose, he felt, was part of the American business structure.

He was right, in a wider sense perhaps than he suspected. For he took the imagination of the American business world, and he has left a deeper impress upon the character of the business man than any other figure in our history. The more he shunned the polluted herd, the more was he studied and aped. Everything about him became invested with a certain permanence in American business *mores*. A visitor to Morgan must state his business in the fewest words, and Morgan makes his decision and conveys it in even fewer ("Time is money"). He puts very little into writing ("His word is as good as gold"). In the office he refuses to speak of anything but business, and outside it business is anathema ("Leave your office behind you"). His position as a patron of the arts has become traditional with our plutocrats. And while he was probably not responsible for the corpulence of American bankers he did much to make it respectable.

Every man who saw him walk down the stairs to his carriage longed secretly to be like him—to be able to speak tersely and move worlds. And as the carriage rolled smoothly away it passed the new constructions that were going up, where steel and cement were being turned into skyscrapers. These day-laborers and steeplejacks were the sinews of the great industrial body of which Morgan was, if not the brain, certainly the will and the energy. More than a model of personal success, he had become a symbol of the national greatness. We had emerged from the position of a pioneer country to the economic leadership of the world, and looking about us for a tangible figure to objectify the transition we saw Morgan massive and masterly, organizing a Steel Trust, organizing a Money Trust, reorganizing railroads, conferring with Presidents, riveting the eyes of Europe.

In 1901 on a vacation jaunt to England, where he felt more at home in the aristocratic atmosphere of his country seat than he did in New York, his purchase of the Leyland Line of thirty-eight steamships was made in an offhand manner, as though it were the incident of a holiday. And brokers in Threadneedle street who had invested heavily in American securities insured his life with Lloyd's, paying thirty pounds per thousand for three months. Morgan was a world figure, and our response to the condescension of foreigners on other scores was to thrust him to the foreground of our consciousness.

The little Jewish dry-goods peddler, talking to his neighbor on a New York subway, said, "Now, take J. P. Morgan—" when he sought the ultimate symbol of American financial success. The mid-Western farmer, when the price of grain dropped, said "Morgan" and thought he had summed up the sinister plutocracy of the East. And in Wall Street itself "the Old Man is behind it," when spoken of some new merger, clapped on it the imprimatur of financial opinion. There can be no doubt of Morgan's leadership, but what qualities in him established it? Harriman was abler, Carnegie was shrewder,

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Rockefeller knew more about making money. But none of them combined the financial mobility of a banker with the eminently successful and the eminently respectable. Morgan's "resolute faith in the future of American industry" voiced the credo of every property-owner, merchant, and stock-investor from the country cross-roads to Times Square. "No man," he said, "ever made any money by betting against the American people."

At a time when each successive business magnitude was dimmed by the next one, the thing to do was to have faith and hold tight. There was no room for the doubter, or even for the thinker. The leader needed was a man who said little and did things, and him the swift current of industrial advance was strong enough to carry to the fore. At such a time Morgan's business sanity and civic substantiality were equivalent to genius. Yet he possessed in addition a colorful presence and a thunderous manner that captured the interest. In anyone else the intensity of his indifference to opinion would have been thought an enormity. Few men have as much sanction, however, for being eccentric as one who can flout our folkways from his secure position on top of a heap of money.

V

But no man can become the symbol of Big Business in a democracy without paying the price for it. The mounting tide of popular resentment which had begun in 1896 with the rolling periods of the Boy Orator from the Platte and had received incremental force from T. R.'s trustbusting and Wilson's pleas for a New Freedom reached its high point in 1912 in the investigation of the Money Trust conducted by the Pujo Committee. There is no doubt that Morgan, whose career had been continuously connected with the movement toward trusts, consolidations and communities of interest, was the principal target aimed at in this investigation. It was, of course, somewhat disappointing that the central figure in so sinister an entanglement of financial interests should in his own dealings offer so little that was vulnerable. But however immaculate Morgan might seem, it was at the time inevitable in the whole framework of things that he should be suspect. The very appearance of outward personal honesty was damning, for it argued that the baleful influence which he undoubtedly exercised could come only from deep and widespread financial intrigue.

Morgan arrived in Washington on December 18, 1912, and came straight to the committee room where Samuel Untermyer, counsel for the committee, was torturing witnesses. The old financier, now seventy-five, was visibly tired as he submitted to an hour's questioning. The next day, however, he was fresher and came through his five-hour ordeal with spirit. He did not lose his temper but the committee learned nothing from him. In the colloquy between Untermyer and Morgan each vied with the other in suavity and stubbornness. The counsel pressed the banker to admit that he had tried to create a group in Wall Street which would control money. The old banker could conceive of any sort of a trust but not a money trust. Beside, the essential thing was not the control of money but the possession of credit, and there your financial connections did not count for as much as your character. There were some men who couldn't get any credit from him "on all the bonds in Christendom." The gray eyes still shone out from under the bushy brows. Sally after sally was received with laughter, in which the witness joined.

Mr. Untermyer grew more specific. Was it true that as a definite policy the witness had joined with Mr. Stillman and Mr. Baker in their financial transactions? No, answered Morgan, he had no definite policy. He handled each item of business on its own merits. Was it true that the witness had bought certain stock to the value of many millions to hold for Mr. Baker and Mr. Stillman? No, he had

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bought the stock for himself. But the dividend yield was very small, was it not? Witness finally had to concede that it was. Then why did he buy it? Because he thought it was a good thing to do. That was the only explanation the witness had to offer? The witness averred that it was.

The witness would not be pushed any further. When counsel politely suggested that Mr. Morgan might be tired and offered to call a recess in the examination, Mr. Morgan refused, said he was ready to keep right on, and stopped now and then only to take a throat lozenge from his daughter, Mrs. Herbert Satterlee. At the end he stepped on the rostrum, shook the hand of each member of the committee, expressed his thanks for the courtesy accorded him, and declared he had enjoyed it all.

No better example of acting can be found in Morgan's whole career. What raging and roaring were going on underneath the suave exterior and the handshaking no one will ever know. It is certain that soon after, when he fell ill, the rumor was current that the strain of the questioning had broken his health. In fact, when he died Dr. M. Allen Starr of New York, who had been called in for consultation, attributed his death to the emotion caused by the Pujo investigation. Allowing for the overstatement natural at so highly charged a moment, there may have been some truth in Dr. Starr's remark. Morgan could scarcely have enjoyed the proceedings of the committee.

For there had never been a meeting of the minds between him and his critics. They started from opposite poles of thought and arrived at a bristling antagonism. While to them a business career was a form of brigandage, to him it was an adventure in statesmanship. This Tory-to-the-bone, who regarded even the Conservatives in England as radical and feared Lloyd George as a "Socialist menace," must have been harrowed at the spectacle of a meddling governmental inquiry engineered by La Follette, the Tribune of the People. It is in the nature of the aristagogue to hate his brother the demagogue, but Morgan extended his hatred to include all politics, politicians and newspapers. The Pujo inquiry was premised on legislative action and unflagging publicity. Coming as the climax of a decade of agitation in which every act in his personal history had been distorted and every motive questioned, it undoubtedly gave rise to emotions in Morgan which remained unexpressed after all the handshaking and courteous speeches.

No one doubted when he sailed for Egypt on January 7 that it was in quest of health. When a month later the Italian specialist, Bastianelli, was summoned to Cairo by a letter which, the papers said, enclosed a draft for £20,000, even the Morgan partners could not deny that his health was broken. Certainly the illness was serious enough for Senator and Mrs. Nelson Aldrich to call off a large dinner party they were giving at Cairo, at which the guests of honor were to have been Morgan and Lord Kitchener. Morgan longed to get back to his home in London, but the journey was considered too strenuous. He crossed instead to Naples and by special train went on to Rome. The newspapers did not fail to report that he had chartered eight staterooms on the *Adriatic* for the crossing, at a cost of $25,000, and that he was attended by a numerous retinue of valets, guides and couriers.

At Rome the party put up at the Grand Hotel and were promptly besieged by art dealers, antiquaries and everyone who had old family trinkets to sell. American gold gleamed in the Roman sun and the hearts of the children of the Renaissance ached at the sight of it. But Morgan sat behind impenetrable doors, playing Patience and smoking a cigar. He sallied forth only to drive to the Janiculum, where Prof. Carter, largely with Morgan money, was putting up a new building for the American Academy. "Hurry them on as fast as you can," said Morgan. But it was his last trip.

As he entered on his final illness he reached the most dramatic stage of his life.

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It was a supreme irony that he who in his life had hated the newspaper as the most despicable of democratic institutions should in his death become a staple of its sensational headlines. On the newsstands of New York his name was mingled with all the other phenomena of a democracy and of a world in which the democratic forces were causing the disintegration of the older order. Whitman, the headlines said, was exposing graft in New York and Governor Sulzer was waging a war with Tammany. George I of Greece had been assassinated at the height of his glory after the successful termination of the Balkan War. A republic had been proclaimed in China. A cyclone had hit the Southern and Western States, and was followed several days later by a flood; the Red Cross and the government were coming to the relief of the sufferers. Mexico was again the scene of political murders. The English prison authorities were resorting to forcible feeding of Mrs. Pankhurst. J. P. Morgan, the great American banker, was dying in a hotel in Rome.

The doctors had put him on a diet of barley soup and chopped meat and had limited his cigars. But on Sunday, March 23, he was forced to take to his bed. On Wednesday he began to refuse food and lose strength. His intelligence remained normal until Easter Sunday, then his mind collapsed and he could no longer recognize anyone. Just once those who watched saw him open his eyes, take in the whole situation in a final look of command, and sink back. Delirium set in and the temperature rose, due probably to lesions in the brain. On March 31 Morgan's illness crowded out even the flood news and at 12:05 in the afternoon of that day he died.

The American colony in Rome was thrown into confusion, and invitations to balls were cancelled or postponed. Messages of condolence came pouring in by the thousands. "He was a great and good man," said Pope Pius, not knowing perhaps that he was affixing his papal imprimatur to an entire civilization. The captains and the kings hastened to pay tribute to him. In America ex-President Taft spoke of his patriotism, Cardinal Gibbons of his piety, Nicholas Murray Butler of his faith in the American people. President Wilson was wisely silent. The flag on the gray building at the corner of Wall and Broad was lowered to half-mast and immediately it was answered by the appearance of scores of other flags along the hushed Street.

There was for a time great fear of the effect that the death would have on Wall Street securities, but there was a drop of only half a point in the leaders. Wall Street learned, if it had not known it before, that the captain of industry on whom the whole financial structure depended had become an anachronism, and that even the passing of a great financier was but an incident in the onward march of American prosperity. But this integrity of American finance was exactly Morgan's greatest heritage to the American people, more important than the art treasures he left for their "instruction and pleasure," more important than the House of Morgan that was his creation. And the fifteen hundred—the possessors of the earth—who presented their cards of admission for the funeral ceremonies could have paid him no greater tribute than to sit there as the Bishops of New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut intoned the services, and listen with their minds undisturbed by fears about the prices of stocks and bonds.

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CHILDREN OF MY BLOOD, BE HARDY!

BY EDITH HART DUNNE

What kind of grandmother will I make?
I who hate lace and daintiness?
I, who care nothing at all
For a dooryard garden of homesick flowers?

I have had hills and open plains
And long untraveled trails!

Children of my blood—
When I dream by the fire,
Twitching in remembrance
Like an old dog;
When my eyes are dimmed for distance
And my ears no longer hear
The first bird-calls of Spring;
And I eat your food;—
Children of my blood, be hardy!

Take me and put me to sit under a cedar tree
Where I can see some fearless peaks
Pointing the way;
Set some bread and a jug of water beside me,
Leave me
And forget the place!

Children of my blood, be hardy!
Do this for me!

And I shall not be alone.
The sun will love me
As my fading light begins to set;
The mountains will not stand round and weep
As my body melts down to its own,
And the trees will not sob at my passing:
Changes mean no sadness here.

Dying must be like this for me!

Ah, some day you will say,
With a sweep of the hand
Across this wind-washed land,
Children of my blood,
You will say:

This is my grandmother's grave!
How beautiful! How silent and serene!

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DOCKWALLOPERS

BY PAUL PETERS

EARLY in February they finished the tracks out to the edge of Wharf No. 11. Two of us checkers were assigned to the first shipload of redwood logs sent from the Pacific Coast to New Orleans, destined for the mills at Bogalusa. We worked night and day, counting logs, weigh-tagging and routing flatcars, fighting with the yardmaster for pulls and empties. There wasn't time for meals. We took turns chasing out to the poolroom beyond the ferry for sandwiches and coffee in a milk-bottle.

We worked twenty-four hours at a shift. Then we had eight hours off for the long way home, wash, sleep, get up, eat, and be back on duty. Then another twenty-four hours; maybe, if we were lucky, only sixteen. After five days our eyes were swollen and red, and the skin twitched on our faces.

The nights were bitterly cold. Once the sun went down, a mist rose from the Mississippi. All night long the winches ground and squealed, and logs pounded out of the hatch and dropped with a whoom on the cars. All night long we dodged under swinging booms, hopping up and down the flats, searching in the dim light for numbers, tares, lengths, capacities.

Now and then a giant log would splinter out of its hooks and come roaring death down on the wharf. Everybody yelped and plunged for cover. Once a cable snapped while they were snaking a log out of the lower hatch. It whipped across the winchman's face, slicing it open between the eyes. Another time a falling log sent a cant-hook flying like a spear. It struck a dockwalloper a slanting blow on the head and laid him cold. We carried him in a sagging heap to the tiny switch-office on No. 12 and telephoned for an ambulance. None of us ever heard of him again.

Our thumbs grew blistered from pushing tacks, our voices hoarse from bellowing over the roar. After midnight the hours were interminable. Before daybreak some of the hatch crews would knock off. Then, huddled on an inverted nail-keg in the switch-office, we would grab at half an hour's sleep, our feet steaming in a circle around the stove.

Through the stupor of fatigue came the drone of the grizzled old watchman gabbing about Los Angeles and his rich Mexican wife and all the real estate he used to own at Juarez. Erich, the German steamship agent, lay wormed along the plank desk, awakening only now and then to yell a peevish "Bull!" to the watchman's gab. There was a tightwad old railroad agent, a character out of Dickens, naïve as a baby, yet with a moldy charm about his celluloid collar, his wheezing air, his prim walk, his ready-made five-and-ten-cent-store tie. He was always moping over the naked women tacked up in rows from half a decade of art magazines. Their breasts were important and he compared them at great length. Outside the foreman stood on the *Pitcairn's* bridge, roaring filth at a few lingering, weary Negroes. Christ, would the day never come!

Down the river the sky began to fade. We lurched out into the wet of the morning: cold went through us like a spear. A ferry swam across in fog. In the shifting gray light the railroad yard wriggled like a bed of snakes: endless rows of boxcars

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and freezers, dingy reds, dingy yellows. Here were the entrails of the South.

Once a wind swept the smell of the nearby marsh upon us. Then I remembered all my childhood, all the early fascination and mystery of railroad tracks, the river and boats. Now here I was among them, twenty-four hours a day, with leaden legs and blistered thumbs and swollen eyes. There was nothing romantic about them now.

We broke into crazy hilarity the morning the *Pitcairn* slipped her hawsers and was sucked away in the current.

Back to the eight-hour shift and our gangs of familiar Negroes. Back to cotton and sugar and jute and bones and soda. Back to the routine stench and dust and noise, the snarling fights, the bickering, the scurry and bark of ratty foremen. I used to think: "This is a madhouse. You've had enough of it. You can't stand it! That yapping old fool, the next time he comes weaseling around here——The next time he comes, man, you won't do anything. He's your *boss*. Your bread and butter depend on him: yes, him, with that face like chipped beef and that brain like a withered peanut. Why don't you hit the road, get the hell out of here!"

But it was Winter. The need of bread tamed me like many another man.

II

The Negroes helped a lot. How vital they were, how much fire and strength they had! Vigor poured out of their broad faces and the movements of their bodies like a bright and visible stream. To hear them laugh, to see them trucking along the wharf, flinging their heads back to lash each other with their wit: that made you ashamed of your grumbling, ashamed of your weakness. What had you to whine about, anyhow? Suppose, like them, you had to heave that stuff instead of checking it? Suppose, like them, at the end of the day you were burned out, caked with sweat and grime, lame in every muscle?

My happiest days were those when I was stuck away with a gang in some corner of the wharf where for eight hours I never saw a white man. We didn't kill ourselves, but we worked. For eight hours we had a kind of burly, boisterous peace. Those were rare days.

In time they almost forgot I was "white folks." Not entirely: the South never lets them forget that entirely. With rope and faggot, terror and contempt, above all with the whip of poverty, the South has taught the Negro that the white man is a god. He may be a stupid god, a cheap, sleazy, nasty-minded, foul-mouthed, feeble little god; but he's a god just the same. He lays down the law. He has automatic right of way. Before him, right or wrong, the black man must bow: "Yassuh, boss," "Nawsuh, cap'n," "Thank you, white folks!"

That's what you call a "good nigger."

"A good nigger is just a scared nigger, dat's all," Yallah Celestine would say. "He's a nigger dat don't see and don't hyear and don't think and don't do nothing 'cept what de white folks tells him to." At best, the black man can shrug his shoulders and laugh—after the little god has turned his back. "Dat don't mean nothing," Blacksnake Johnson, the gang captain, would tell his men. "Dat just de same old bull. Don't you know he can't hold no job, dat white man, if'n he don't give de nigger no bull like dat?"

So most of them are good niggers. What else can they be? "He acts like he was white folks," Joe Crump used to complain of Yallah. "And I don't have to take nothing from him. He black, just de same as me."

In other parts of the country I've heard men say: "If anybody thinks he's superior, let him prove it." Down South they don't take any chances.

Next to being social-minded, the highest virtue any man can have, to my mind, is that he be vital and courageous. That's why I hate offices, business, most business men. They have a surface bustle, but under-

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neath they're dead. Most of them smell of rot. I've travelled over nearly all of America. Tell me where I can find men with more drive and life than the wharf Negroes in New Orleans: men like Blacksnake Johnson and Sam Oxley, Fag Williams and Yallah Celestine, Tom Veal and Mose Venable. Most of them are not, in the conventional sense, good men or good citizens. They are not "cultured." They do not read the best literature written for the housekeeping magazines by Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge. They do not drive the latest model cars. They own no property. Yet I never met a bunch of men who lived so high on so little, or who squeezed so much out of the miserly scraps of life that rich America tosses them.

This is not so because they are black men. Smart magazines for the new-bored have printed volumes of tripe about the "elemental joy of the African." There is no magic about a black skin that makes a man joyous. I've met Negro business men: they're just as flat, just as asinine as the white species; Negro professionals just as full of wind. The wharf nigger is the vital person he is because he is the poorest and humblest of working men. He is outside the pale of our stuffy, hypocritical society. He doesn't have to wrap himself up in our putrid national lies of prosperity, smartness, respectability. Here is one man forced to be himself.

That is why the black men on the wharf were better men than the white. You could be lynched for saying that. Be a thief; be a pimp or a rotter; but don't be a nigger-lover. Lower than that no man can sink: to be a nigger-lover! Yet after talking for six months to the white men on the wharf I would sicken at the sight of some of them. Their minds made you think of puddles of green mold. The old men were fossils. The young men were dance-hall sheiks. All of them were cheap and small; and the older they got, the fussier they got. Fussy little souls, puttering around with bills of lading; running up a fever over two ham burnt-cork comedians called Amos and Andy (for the real Negro wit everywhere about them they had no ear); getting fleeced day after day by race-track crooks.

These were the supreme white men.

The white men were working men too. Oh, yes, but with a difference! They wore collars, even if those collars were not always white. A more-or-less-white-collar is a badge of superiority. It lifts you out of *hoi polloi*. It allies you with the boss. He wears a white collar too. The boss pays you fifty or seventy-five cents more a day; he lets you wear a white collar on the job; and thereby you become his whip, his nigger-driver. It is excellent strategy, this elevation of a few workers to the exalted status of the white collar. It makes you feel important; it makes you drive your fellow workers beneath you; it rolls in the profits for the boss.

In the steel-mill where I am now working as a laborer I see day after day a band of ignorant little straw-bosses (pushers, we call them) worry themselves sick, bawl themselves hoarse, drive their men to exhaustion—for seventy cents more a day! Give a man $1.05 more and he becomes a super-straw-boss with an importance correspondingly inflated. His business is to worry the straw-boss by yelping louder and pushing harder.

The mill from top to bottom is riddled with this dog-eat-dog policy. That is what you call Efficiency. What happens to us, the great mass of mill-workers at the bottom, nobody knows and nobody cares. We—as human beings—we don't count in the efficiency programme. We're just labor: there's plenty of it walking the streets. Efficiency means only piling up dividends for the U. S. Steel.

III

It was the same way on the wharf, except that to the white collar distinction there was added the white skin distinction. The black men did the work and the white men snarled at them to do more. If you

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refused to snarl, you were a nigger-lover, a traitor to your race. I've heard a lot about a man's natural race prejudices, but all that is moonshine. White children play with black children and never dream of race prejudice till some grown-up imbecile teaches them "to stay away from niggers." During the Civil War the 8% of Southerners who owned slaves taught the remaining 92% (many of them poor whites, themselves as impoverished and enslaved as the Negroes) to spill their blood for the glory of "keeping *our* nigger slaves." Most of the 8% stayed at home.

Today the 8% who control the steamships, the wharves, the plantations, and the property of the South (most of them live up North), herd their white workers into lynching mobs "to keep the nigger in his place." For these white owners there is indeed a Black Peril. If Negroes were educated and organized they would cease to be cheap labor. If race prejudice were allowed to die out profits would shrink. And since, as our Presidents proclaim, the business of America is business, what could be more fatal than that?

I can still remember Old Boozy whining at me: "And I says to him, I says: 'Do I look like a nigger? I ax you, do I look like a nigger?' " Old Boozy—that was the only name we knew him by—shriveled up, with a pinched face and a paralyzed brain: hell, he wasn't half man enough to look like a nigger. It would take ten Old Boozies together to approach the vigor and agility of any single Negro on the wharf.

But Old Boozy knew he was superior. Wasn't he white?

During the Winter we ate lunch at Pete's. Pete's was the first pool-shack across the viaduct. Its squalor was reserved "strictly for white." Here at noon we sopped up warmth and a mammoth fifteen-cent plate of beans and rice. Clerks dribbled in from the freight yards. There was Scioneau, a mountain of flabby flesh, forever squirting tobacco juice through the gaps in his teeth. There was Old Man Riley, his skin like tobacco leaf, his voice a rattle in a tinpan, his pants hanging in folds at the bottom of spindle legs. Big Joe would drop in from the warehouse, a lumpy monster with a paunch, good-natured, ugly beyond description. That fresh kid Sporr would be shooting craps: he was just out of school, with never a thought in his head except to be a real he-man sport. Loussade would sing in that cracked voice of his: he looked like a half-wit and often acted like one, but he would give you the shirt off his back. Old Teddy Callahan would sit, as usual, in his corner, silent and dour, hiding his crippled legs, his fine Irish face full of disdain.

Their talk, their songs, the groove and goal of their lives: how is a man to tell you about these? If you can think of something without light or shadow: interminably gray, interminably flat: something like flakes of ash blown helter-skelter down a dead canyon: that's the way these men lived.

One man was different: Bill Whitehead, foreman of the dock. Short, stocky, compact as a high-powered motor; on his head a mat of russet curls; his face a piece of raw meat; his mouth the trap of a pike. He walked with an elephantine stride. He spoke in a high-pitched roar. You could hear him coming at the far end of the wharf, bellowing, shrieking, cursing.

Men hated him, feared him, ridiculed him, but nobody denied his power. They called him the Wildcat. He reveled in the name. "This is me, Whitehead the Wildcat," he would scream into the telephone.

You could not ask him a question. You could not answer his questions. He was forever unreasonable. He wanted you to hurry when you went slow and to slow down when you hurried. When he lumbered into sight frenzy settled on the wharf. Everything went wrong. He snatched tools out of your hand. I have seen him dance with rage. I have seen him hop up and down and kick his legs in the air. "Do what I say!" "When I'm wrong, I'm

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right!" "Don't talk, do something!" "Stop! Say something! Yes or no! Your name is Peters. This is Whitehead the Wildcat!"

The Negroes obeyed him, but they laughed at him too. Steamship agents hastened away when they saw him. "Here comes the brainstorm. Now we'll never get through." The white men said he was daft. One man told of seeing him stand on his head because he had a headache. There was only one way to communicate with him: you must roar at him, as he roared.

Somewhere in this iron man ran a streak of kindness. Twice I saw him give his lunch to Negroes on the wharf. He liked Negroes but he was ashamed of it. "Don't you know they call me a nigger-lover?" he would shout, half-mocking, half-defiant. And he knew his work. When he stamped roaring up that dock, there was nothing he did not see. He even invented appliances which the company used without paying him a nickel: a device for hoisting logs on dollies; ingenious dumping buckets; a swinging derrick for loading spiegel iron.

He works from six in the morning till seven at night. Sunday, holiday, Winter rain and Summer heat find him bellowing into his telephone or ranting over the wharf. For this he gets $50 a week. For $50 a week he gnaws his life away in a cubbyhole office, on a slimy wharf. For $50 a week he betrayed his clerks when they struck and fired the black men who formed a union. For $50 a week he has turned the wharf into a place where ignorant, spiteful men, pressed from above, cover their ignorance with noise and stab each other with treachery. The Wildcat sets the pace. Because of him sense or reason does not count on the dock. The man with the toughest lungs is ace.

Now he is forty-eight—and getting old. He is short-winded now. He says his spine hurts him too. Once, they tell me, a derrick snapped and struck him on the head. He has never been the same since. His wife died, his children left him. "Yes, yes," he puffed one day as I followed him up the wharf, "I'm beginning to feel it now. I ain't the man I used to be."

Soon the company will have squeezed him dry. His prodigious strength gone, they will turn him out. The company wants a steel whip for this job. You can get lots of steel whips for $50 a week: young men, remorseless drivers, men with a lash in their throats, men without feeling or pity or any thought beyond driving, driving. Bill Whitehead isn't the man he used to be. He knows it. And now a fear begins to haunt him: during the night: sometimes when he halts in his frenzy beside the river. He's afraid for his job.

IV

When Spring came I ate and ran from Pete's. Then I would lie in the sun on the wharf-apron. Negroes were sprawled on sacks and boxes all about me. Pie men, sandwich men, sweet-water men shuffled across the wharf singing. Down between the planks you could see the river pushing its mud to the sea. Sun played on the white bridges of freighters. You could pick out their names in gold: the *Tilthorn* from Kjøbenhavn, the *Clan Matheson* from Glasgow, the *Regina Eleanora* from Napoli. What smells were in the air! Burned spice of Cuban sugar, bite of German sulphate, musty pungence of sisal from Argentine and jute from India.

How good it was to be out in the open, out in the sun and the smell and the jangle of river traffic!

Blacksnake Johnson begins to sing. He is a big Negro with bulging eyes. On a warm day he strips to the waist, and there is something like an eel about his body. In his twangy drawl he keeps up a perpetual bickering. At first you think he is hard-boiled. This is only his mask: at bottom he is amazingly gentle.

"Shoo, call dat a Blacksnake!" laughs Yallah Celestine. "Dat big nigger aint nothing mo' 'n a li'll garter snake."

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Now he breaks out suddenly with all the rush of his massive lungs. His voice weaves up and down in trills and loops. It curdles in a weird nasal timbre, primitive, untamed:

"Ah put mah baby's pi'ture
In a pi'ture fra-a-ame;
De glass done broke
And mah baby aint de sa-a-ame.
Oh, Lawdy, no,
Mah baby aint de sa-a-ame. . . ."

Angrum picks up where he leaves off. Negroes are seldom given to habitual melancholy. Angrum is. Small, shuffling, helpless, wistful, he is often sick. When he cannot truck cotton or swing soda, the gang captain lets him patch torn sacks or sweep up boxcars. Now, thinking of the heaven in Detroit he forever yearns to reach, he croons:

"Ah been sick,
A-layin' in a bed,
Aint-a had nobody
For to hold up my head.
De road am rocky,
And de sun am hot,
Oh, mah La-a-a-awdy,
What pain Ah got!"

Tom Veal lies beside me dreaming of the Summer time. He is an older man, gaunt, with a cavernous face and calculated movements. Something about him suggests a fire burned down: now there are only coals and a quiet blue flame. In the Summer time he frees himself. Free from the stink of the wharf, free from the long hours of grinding labor, free from the obscene yap of the foremen. In the Summer time he swings behind his two-wheeled cart and goes ambling down the Negro alleys, singing:

"Buy from Uncle Tom
And you can't go wrong.
Look 'em over once or twice,
Aint dey nice. . . .
Lady [*very quietly, very politely*], aint dem rosy peaches sweet and nice?
[*Now exultant*] Oh, lookit, lookit, lookit!
De lady say dey nice.
Buy from Uncle Tom
And you can't go wrong. . . ."

Fag Williams makes up his own songs. His face has been cut criss-cross a dozen times with knives and when he smiles a dozen mouths seem smiling. I tell you you don't know what joy is till you've heard Fag Williams laugh. But he can be vicious too. In a quarrel his head jerks on a wire neck and words rattle out like hail. Then you think of a furious little black monkey scolding in a tree top. Now he is at peace.

"Oh, Ah aint nobody,
And Ah aint got nothing,
And Ah don't want nothing,
And dar aint nothing on mah mi-i-i-ind.
Oh, listen to me, La-a-a-a-awdy,
Dar aint nothing on mah mi-i-i-ind."

How they love to talk! And what talk it is! You can't imagine with what gusto they tell about their "womens," their fights, their gambles, their weird adventures in weird places. They have a raciness all their own. I've heard salty language before, but none so pat and vivid and funny as this.

You should have seen Yallah Celestine's face the day he told about going into that tough dance-joint "back o' town," and how the old customers shoved their jowls up flush with his, suspicion flickering in their eyes. Yallah enacted every gesture: how the whole gang attacked him, how he sunk his teeth in the leader's throat and bit his way to freedom. Here he bared his lips and his great white teeth clicked like metal in the sun.

Yallah was nobody's fool. He had a sharp mind and he knew it. His wit was famous the length of the wharves. "Black man," he would say, "what does yo' all know about gambling? I lost mo' money gambling dan it took to raise you." Mose Venable, the preacher—pious, pompous old Mose, a man of property (didn't he own a battered Ford?)—Mose called Yallah a godless man.

"I'se godless," Yallah boasted. "I'se godless, sho' 'nough. Good eats and good clothes and loving womens: dem's my principles. What else de wharf nigger got to live fo'?"

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The younger men echoed him with a yip. "Now you talking, Yallah!" "Dem's mine, too, baby!" "Specially de loving womens!"

A man has to live for something.

Long before seven they would line up in the fog at the edge of the wharf. Soon Whitehead would be bellowing on the track below them: "Sam Oxley! Are you here, or aint you? . . . Brook Ross! Come forward and let me see you." He would stamp his foot and hurl his hat on the ground.

When the whistle blew the men were rattling their trucks over the wet planks. If there was no work, Whitehead shipped them home. There is nothing sure about a dockwalloper's job. Each day he has to go job-hunting anew.

Cotton: all day long "breaking out," wheeling the 500-pound bales down the shed, sometimes swinging them two high. I have seen the whole dock from one end to the other packed two high with cotton bales. They take their time on cotton. "There's two things you can't hurry," wheezes Old Boozy, "a lazy nigger and a lazy mule." Why should a man hurry? What do you get for hurrying? Forty cents an hour, slow or fast. Why should a man burn himself out on cotton?

It's different with soda. A gang of seven gets a cent and a half a sack for soda. There's something to work for now. You can earn four dollars a day, maybe four and a half or five on soda. Strip to the waist, boys! Soon the black bodies will be steaming in the raw morning fog. Trucks go rumbling through the underfoot muck. Sacks go sailing through the air. Damn that soda anyhow! It is wet and cold and slippery. It bites into your fingers. It creeps in white frost through your shoes, up your pants. Soon they will rot and fall apart. "Watch yo'self, white folks!" "Git out de way dar, white boy, fo' we run you down." Run, run! A cent and a half a sack, boys! "If yo' burned out, nigger, go on home!" Nobody talks about lazy niggers now.

Cuban sugar weighs three hundred pounds a sack. Seven men truck it from the ship to the boxcar. Seven men in the car swing the sacks headhigh as fast as they come: "On you, on me, on yo' wing, on my wing, in de hole!" Twenty-two hundred sacks, eight cars, make a day. They work for time now. Whoom! whoom! 740 sacks packed tidily in a car. But the talk never stops. The laughter and the quarreling boils over the plash of truck-wheels in the thickening black syrup on the wharf. Shovel it up, men! Sure, that's sugar too. Shovel up the muck and dump it in the car.

Once these dockwallopers had a union. It protected them. It set a human limit to the load a man need wheel upon a truck. It regulated hours. It fought against piece work, at which the men invariably lose. It minimized delays deducted from the dockwalloper's time. In those days it took a week to unload a ship. In those days everybody had plenty of work: the white men too, clerks, agents, railroad men.

But it was a thorn in the side of the steamship companies, this black man's brotherhood. It geared down the machinery of business. It cut income. High-salaried executives had to stop and think about men—when everybody knows the only thing high-salaried executives ever should think about is profits.

So they smashed the union. The white workmen, though it was cutting their own throats, sold the black men out. "Keep the nigger in his place!" The courts, as usual, thundered in defense of Americanism, Southern ideals, even, I suppose, the traditional purity of Southern womanhood. That was some years ago, but you can still see the faded injunctions plastered on the iron sheds.

Now Americanism is safe. Black Bolshevism lies groveling in the dust. Southern womanhood once more shines immaculate. "Pile up that truck, you black ——!" "This ship's got to be cleaned out by tomorrow night. Don't quit till you're through." "We aint got no work for you

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now, boys—but stick around. Maybe this afternoon. And listen, you nigger ——, if you go home now, you needn't come around begging for a job tomorrow!"

Yes, Southern ideals have triumphed. That means wages of a dollar or two a day. That means raising a family on $10 or $12 a week.

"Aw, give those niggers more money and they wouldn't know what to do with it. They'd just get drunk oftener."

And the next minute: "Well, look at them. Look at their homes. Look at the way they live. Look at their religion and their superstitions. They're just ignorant children, I tell you. You can't make civilized people out of a race that lives like that."

What do you expect on $10 a week? Why do you rob a man and then make poverty the crime of crimes?

V

Bumming again in the late Spring: both an agony and a luxury: long straight dusty roads through Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois. It was in Chicago that I met the inevitable Southern gentlewoman from the grand old Louisiana plantation.

I want to laugh as I look back at that meeting now. I mentioned that New Orleans was a filthy swamp with open sewerage ditches fifteen minutes from its main street; that Mississippi was a waste of desolate dust-smothered villages and hovels for cottonfield peons.

How surprised, how pained this pampered woman was! She peddled to me again all those ancient Southern myths: Southern chivalry, Southern hospitality, Southern culture, Southern magnanimity toward the benighted heathen whom God had bestowed upon them as body servants.

"Oh, but we love our Negroes. That's what you don't understand. That's what none of you understands up here. We love our Negroes and they love us."

What's the use of arguing with a waxy little hothouse plant that insists there's no such thing as Winter?

But I thought of the tumbledown Negro schoolhouses. I thought of the boy near Yazoo City who answered: "Oh, I'se Mistah John's nigger." I thought of the signs, "No negroes or dogs allowed." I thought of the juicy accounts of lynching bees in that otherwise dull and pompous rag, the *Times-Picayune*, whose policy it is never to run the picture of a black man. I thought of old Jerry Brown, the Stevedore King, preaching at his Baptist church every night during Holy Week; by day taking the hide off his dockwallopers. I thought of the Jackson, Miss., paper that went into convulsions of type at the "vision of gentle, lovely, refined white women in Washington, many of them daughters of the South, using the same towel and soap and working side by side with greasy, impudent black negroes"—because Mr. Hoover had tipped his hat to a "nigger wench" and called her Missus. I thought of all the braying Southern Congressmen who rose with cries of moral horror and "hung their heads in shame" because a lone black woman crossed the front sill of the White House and sipped a cup of tea in the parlor.

And suddenly it seemed to me that the "love" of the South for the Negro was the love of a sot for his faithful dog: "Get down, Fido! Stand on your hind legs and beg. Now pray! Aw, aint that cute? Eat out of my hand. There aint much meat on this bone, but you're happy, aint you, Fido? You love me, don't you, Fido? Damn you, don't you bite. Take that! I'll learn you. . . .

"Sure, I love my dog. But he's only a dog. You don't expect me to treat him like he was human, do you?"

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THE FUTURE OF THE LARGE CITY

BY WARREN S. THOMPSON

One cannot tell with any degree of certainty what form the large city of the future will assume; but some speculation on this matter may not be altogether amiss in view of the growing uncertainty regarding the relative merits of cities of different sizes for different purposes. In any case, we must not forget that in the future a larger and larger proportion of our population will work at non-agricultural occupations and will live in some kind of urban community. This is practically certain to happen because the increasing efficiency of farming is steadily releasing men for other occupations and there is every indication that this will continue for some time. The very nature of the demand for agricultural products insures a continued cityward movement.

It is very easy to see that the demand for most of them is quite inelastic as compared with the demand for non-agricultural products. The average person does not care for a great deal more to eat than he needs to keep strong and healthy, nor does he want a surplus of clothes which he cannot wear. On the other hand, there appears to be no limit to his desires for many types of manufactured goods and for services of various kinds. His actual consumption of these is limited only by his ability to purchase; at least, this is the case for 95% or more of the population. It is only reasonable, therefore, to expect a continued increase in the proportion of people living in cities. It is not at all improbable that we shall find from three-fourths to four-fifths of our whole population living in some kind of urban community fifty years hence.

In what kind of cities will these people live? No doubt all of us have seen sketches of the future city with hundred-story buildings and two or more levels of streets, moving sidewalks, and several levels of tracks for trolleys and trains. If all Manhattan were built up in this fashion, it could no doubt house from one-third to one-half of the present population of the whole country, and the engineer would have proved his prowess. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether the human race could survive under such conditions, and it is also doubtful whether many people would want to, even if they could. The building of such a city would probably prove a catastrophe to man, just as Frankenstein's monster proved his undoing. That such cities will be built is not at all probable until some radical change in man's nature makes of him a quite different creature. Furthermore, as I have shown in a previous paper dealing with the economic advantages and disadvantages of the city, it is extremely probable that the present large city is not the most efficient type of economic organization, and to multiply its drawbacks can scarcely add to its efficiency. This conception of the future skyscraper city is mentioned merely to show the fantastic forms to which the mechanical possibilities of the age stir the imaginations of those who apparently believe that man was made to be the slave of his machines.

It is interesting to note, however, that even the engineers are beginning to question the mechanical possibilities of building ever more and larger structures on a limited area and of providing the cliff-

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dwellers with sure and satisfactory service. Of course, there are very few, if any, acres of land, even on Manhattan, that are carrying the largest buildings that might be built and serviced with our present knowledge; but it is quite probable that Mr. Stuart Chase is correct in holding that the problem of servicing the modern great city is becoming so complex that real catastrophe due to its breakdown is by no means an impossibility.

But to my mind this is not the most serious phase of life in the great city. The congestion of human beings in them has already reached the point where the larger human values in living are utterly impossible of attainment for the vast majority of the people. Then, too, as Mr. Chase says, we should not entirely ignore the havoc a few bombing airplanes could produce in any large city. Beside, think what it would mean if the aqueducts bringing water to a great city were dynamited, or if disease germs were judiciously scattered among the people during the rush hours some evening, or if the gas supply should be shut off for a few days because of labor troubles or a crippling explosion.

We should not forget that the more complex and delicate any organization becomes the less power of adaptability it has and the more danger there is that it will succumb at a time of crisis. One cannot help wondering whether the modern great city is not fast approaching the degree of complexity which will render it readily liable to sudden and overwhelming catastrophe.

II

Most of us do not realize how the use of steam as the direct motive power in industry and communication has not only determined the present form of our economic system as a whole, but also given us the modern mono-nucleated large city. The fact is that our present economic and social order has been shaped in large measure by the direct use of steam and the form of organization thus engendered continues to flourish today in spite of the fact that we might now substitute electricity for most operations where steam has been used directly.

It is not particularly strange that this should be the case, for it is only about twenty years since the significance of electricity for industry and communication began to be realized, and it is only now that we are beginning to understand how it may contribute to the enrichment of life for the masses of the people.

Let me contrast very briefly the qualities of steam and electricity before undertaking to point out the possibilities inherent in the wider use of the latter for the improvement of human living.

1. Steam, if used directly, must be used quite close to the place where it is produced. On the other hand, electricity need not be used at or near the source of production, for it can be distributed at comparatively small cost over considerable distances.

2. Steam can be made and used most economically in relatively large units. Therefore its direct use encourages the development of large factories, shops, and so forth on the spot where it is made. Electricity, too, can be generated more cheaply in relatively large amounts, but as I have just said, it need not be used at the source as steam must be; nor need it be applied in large units at any point, either near or remote, in order to be used efficiently. Consequently, considerations of efficiency do not necessarily demand the same type of industrial and commercial organization where electricity is used for power as where steam is used directly.

3. As a means of communication, the steam-engine was, of course, a vast improvement over the stage-coach and the sailing vessel; but as compared with the electric motor it is extremely slow and cumbersome. This point needs no elaboration.

4. In transportation, steam holds its own better than in power application to machinery and to communication, but is, of course, far less satisfactory than electricity for street railways and in regions of dense traffic; and is far less flexible than the internal combustion engine for highway traffic.

Bearing in mind these differences between steam and electricity (with which I would class the gas-engine), let us turn to some of the possibilities of these newer types of

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power in affecting a reorganization of our manner of life.

The very nature of steam power made it inevitable that economy and great size in an undertaking should come to be closely associated in the minds of men in the early days of the Industrial Revolution; the more successful enterprisers, those who were able to make most economical use of steam, the new source of power, were naturally the ones who enlarged their plants most frequently. Beside, since steam must be used on the spot where it is made, it was found to the advantage of a man to have his business concentrated in one group of buildings under his immediate direction. This led to the development of larger and larger plants and larger and larger cities almost before it was realized what was happening. Is it any wonder, then, that large size and efficiency came to be thought of as one and the same thing? that it was believed that there was some causal relationship between the two?

As long as steam was the direct motive power used in industry and commerce there probably was a close correlation between efficiency and bigness, although it is likely that, even then, it was more frequently efficiency of management and labor which led to bigness than it was bigness which produced efficiency. With the increasing use of electricity it is quite probable that mere bigness of plant and office will come to have less and less connection with the general efficiency of a business. If we add to the use of electricity in the plant the flexibility of transportation resulting from the use of the automobile, the truck, and the airplane, and the rapidity and cheapness of communication by electricity, it seems not improbable that we have the basis for a complete reorganization of our economic system which will in turn result in a redistribution of our non-agricultural population.

It is therefore my belief that the economic justification of the large city, and, to a certain extent, of the large factory also, is passing with the passing of the direct use of steam for the running of machinery and with the development of electric communication. I believe that the use of the electric motor, the internal combustion engine, and the telephone opens possibilities of decentralizing our economic life which are only now beginning to become apparent. A single power station, advantageously located, may supply power to industries within a fairly large radius at rates which make almost no discrimination in costs between the small plant using a few thousand units a day and the large plant using tens of thousands of units daily, or between the plant next door to the power station and the one twenty-five or thirty miles away. Thus the large factory with its own power plant loses much of the advantage of lower power costs which it formerly possessed. Beside, this ability to buy cheap power from a central station saves the man who may want to establish a small factory the capital expense of installing a power plant of his own.

But perhaps of greater significance than the equalizing of power costs between the small and the large producer is the fact that the large producer can now break up his factory into smaller units and place them at strategic points as determined by other considerations than power costs, for example, by nearness to markets or raw materials, by the relation of size of plant to cost of management and to the ease of securing good managers, by the efficiency of workmen living under different conditions, by rentals, by wages, by ease of access to satisfactory transport facilities, and by many other factors which may be of prime importance in the successful operation of particular industries. In other words, the use of electric power and the internal combustion engine has increased the potential mobility and the flexibility of industry within the last twenty years, as much as the introduction of steam power increased these same qualities in the industry of 1750.

This same easy distribution of electricity also makes it much easier for even the

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small plant to avail itself of the best and most up-to-date manufacturing processes and to keep improving its processes without undue cost. One need only mention the improved methods in the heat treatment of steel which have recently made it possible to carry out these processes in comparatively small units in the most economical manner, or the flexibility in machine construction which the individual electric motor renders possible, to make it clear that both the use of labor and the form of factory organization in the small plant can be more readily adapted to economical production than was formerly the case. These and many other changes in which electricity plays the major rôle tend to place small scattered producing units in direct competition with the larger plant built around a central steam plant.

The development of transportation through the use of the gas-engine should not be overlooked when we are considering the possibilities of a redistribution of industry in this present age. It is now possible for factories located in small communities having only a single railway line to avail themselves of the railway facilities in neighboring towns and cities at no greater cost than the factories in these cities. Five, ten, or even fifteen miles of driving over paved roads in the country may cost no more than driving as many blocks in the large city, with its congestion and consequent delays.

Already the truck has largely supplanted the railway for certain kinds of traffic—for example, local freights and the hauling of live stock—and has thus robbed the large city of the advantages of superior railway facilities in these fields. There can scarcely be any doubt that still other kinds of traffic will take to the truck as time goes on. Thus some of the transportation subsidies enjoyed by our larger cities because of our present freight rate structure will be removed and the smaller places will be in a position to compete with them more purely on a basis of efficiency than they have been in the past.

In discussing the effects of more flexible transportation upon the redistribution of industry, we must also take account of the airplane. There is little doubt that both passenger and freight service by air are going to increase rapidly in the future. The nearness of landing fields to the factory may become a matter of great importance in freight traffic by air and in this respect the factory in the small city and even in the village will have obvious advantages over the factory in the city, once plane-load lots become common. Whether these advantages will be sufficient to weigh much in the location of new factories or in the establishment of branches cannot now be told. Different types of industries will, of course, be affected in varying degrees by their need for easy access to airplane service. Naturally, for many types of such service, the large city will for some time have advantages over smaller communities, just as it has in its railway service. But the differences in the nature of the two types of service (by rail and by air) are so great that the large city may not retain its advantages in air service as long as it has its advantages in rail service.

III

Just as we now have, in the electric motor and the gas-engine, the basis for a redistribution of productive industry, we also have the basis in swifter and cheaper communication for a general decentralization of the office end of business. Communication by telegraph and telephone and their various modifications is steadily becoming cheaper, quicker, and more satisfactory. It is a much easier and cheaper task for a central office to keep in touch with branches than was the case only a few years ago. The long-distance telephone business has grown immensely, and it seems likely that for some time to come every improvement in service and decrease in rates will result in increased net incomes for the telephone companies. The same is true of the telegraph. The significance of

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cheap and quick communication from the standpoint of human welfare is only now beginning to be realized.

This development of electric communication makes it less and less necessary that the men in charge of large enterprises should have their entire staffs immediately under their thumbs. Neither the office force nor the manufacturing units need now be located close to the man or men in general charge of them. This fact apparently has not yet dawned upon the majority of the executives of large enterprises, or at least upon the bankers and capitalists who finance and control them. They are still thinking in terms of the letter and the steam-engine as means of communication and are keeping their general type of business organization in practically the same form in which it was developed several decades ago. Already there are indications, however, that some of the more wide-awake men are taking advantage of these better means of communication to reorganize their businesses, even their offices, in the most economic manner possible. The separation of office and factory, which had already proceeded some distance in the steam age, has certainly been hastened by the use of these better types of communication, and, without doubt, will continue for some time.

But the most interesting aspect of this matter is that these improved means of communication offer the same opportunities for the decentralization of offices that the use of electricity as power offers for the breakup of the factory into smaller producing units. Cheap and rapid long-distance communication by telephone, telegraph, and airplane has removed the final vestiges of economic justification for the huge centralized offices now found in our large cities. The tragedy of the situation is that so few business men seem to realize what is happening in this respect and that, as a consequence, millions of people are doomed to mere *existence* in the congested quarters of our large cities when they might be really *living* in smaller communities.

That our captains of industry and generals of finance have so largely overlooked the social and human implications of modern communication and electric power is not difficult to understand. We have long since learned that most of them have little genius for understanding the life of the common man. But it is hard to see how they have failed to grasp a larger measure of the economic significance of electricity and the gas-engine. Surely business is in many respects no less traditional than the school and the church.

I would repeat again that I believe we now have in electricity and the gas-engine agencies capable of effecting a complete reorganization of our economic structure when we come to use them fully; and, of course, if and when this economic reorganization is undertaken it will mean a redistribution of population and a reconstruction of our whole social order. People go where jobs are. Of this there can be no doubt. If, for example, the great life insurance companies of New York were to decide to move three-fourths of their workers out of New York City, as they no doubt could do with profit to all concerned, by reorganizing their business structure and by making full use of electric and airplane communication, there is little doubt that the building of more skyscrapers and subways in New York could be postponed for a few years, or perhaps, forever. Beside, once it was made clear by actual demonstration that our huddling of enormous numbers of workers in huge offices in great cities is neither good economics nor good social policy, thousands of other smaller businesses would follow the lead of the great companies and seek out locations which would be more advantageous for them, both from the standpoint of getting work done and from the standpoint of the welfare of their workers.

After all, there cannot be a permanent divorce between the conditions of life upon which individual efficiency, as well as the efficiency of succeeding generations, depends and the form of economic organi-

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zation yielding the most satisfactory results. There is no reason to suppose that an economic organization which does not take account of human welfare in the broadest possible manner and provide adequately for it can remain efficient after it exhausts the stored-up energy of the workers who migrate into industry and commerce from the rural areas. It will scarcely be maintained by anyone that our present business organization is based upon such long-time view of the situation. Perhaps the speed of our development necessarily precluded the taking of such a view, and perhaps even where such considerations were present in the minds of business men, they could not be effected because of the limitations of steam as direct motive power. But if I am right in appraising the social and economic significance of electricity and the gas-engine, there is no reason why we should not now begin to plan a social and economic order in which human welfare, both for ourselves and our children, shall receive far more consideration than it has hitherto.

In the building of a new social and economic order based on the full use of electricity and the gas-engine, I believe that we may look for some great changes in the structure of the large city of the future as compared with that of the city of today. In general, I believe that these changes will be in the direction of decentralization, or living in less congested urban groups. I am not predicting an immediate or even an ultimate loss of population for particular cities. The latter may very well happen, but it is more probable that in the future cities will plan the development of much larger areas than they now contain and will spread their population over these areas in such a way that all the people will have space enough in which to live comfortably and decently and yet face no need to spend any great amount of time in long and tedious trips to and from their work, in the unhealthy conveyances which are now all but universal.

I believe that such a decentralization of cities is entirely feasible today, whereas it was not only a short time ago. The big city of the future might achieve a measure of humanity, now far beyond its power, by organizing within itself a number of smaller centers fairly complete in themselves, the whole covering an area much larger than such cities now occupy. For the few functions in which the coöperation of large numbers of people is needed, this enlarged area could readily act as a unit through newly created political and social organs based upon the newer means of communication; but at the same time the disadvantages of bigness and the congestion now consequent upon it, as they affect the every-day living of the masses, could be largely eliminated.

Of course, any such reorganization of our cities cannot be effected in a few years, nor can it be effected without damage to many of the people who now have a stake in the enterprises which thrive on mere bigness, although the really alert executives of even these enterprises will probably be able to adjust themselves to the new organization without really serious loss. The people who will most strenuously oppose a reorganization of the present urban order will be those who have a heavy stake in the inflated values of downtown real estate.

Already there are many smaller cities growing up within our larger cities. But such growth is accidental, not carefully planned, and cannot, therefore, contribute as much to the welfare of the masses as will a decentralization based on sound economics and a good understanding of the social needs of the people. Proof of the growth of these cities within the city is found in the development of retail and amusement centers in outlying districts. The chain store, for example, represents an attempt to bring the advantages of large scale retailing to the neighborhood. As yet, it does not bring a great many types of goods to the consumer, but experimentation is under way and there can be no reasonable doubt that the smaller retailing

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units in the community centers growing up at a distance from downtown are going to do an increasing part of the business of the large city.

Naturally, the chain store succeeds best in the distribution of the more commonly used types of standardized goods, and as standardization proceeds we may expect more and more chains to be organized. But even less standardized types of goods are now being distributed from small department stores belonging to chains, so that the people in outlying parts of large cities are finding less and less need for the downtown stores in their every day life. It may not be long, therefore, until we shall find portions of the large city which are almost as independent of the downtown city services as are the people who live fifty or a hundred miles away. And yet these people in the outlying parts of the city will be able to avail themselves of the specialized services of the downtown area when they are so disposed. Indeed, they may be more disposed to support some types of trade and certain kinds of cultural activity downtown if the congestion of this area is so relieved that it does not involve positive hardship to go there.

IV

One of the greatest difficulties in the way of the decentralization of industry and of office work at the present time is to be found in the advantages of large cities from the standpoint of employment. The worker finds it advantageous to live in a central location in a community where there are a number of industries and plants and the employer finds it advantageous to have a large reservoir of skilled and unskilled workers to draw upon. In varied industries and numerous employers the workman finds insurance against unemployment and against unfair treatment by a particular employer. In a great body of workmen the employer finds both the type of labor he needs and insurance against strikes and labor troubles in general.

But it should be clear that if plants can be broken up into fairly small units and if offices can be decentralized, there is no longer any reason why the small city or the various communities which may go to make up the poly-nucleated urban area should not offer the employé all the advantages of varied work and different employers which the large mono-nucleated city now does, at the same time that the employer would be left as free in his choice of workmen as he now is. I know of several small cities which, because of their varied industries, generally are less affected by business depression than some of the larger cities, and which are also more free from labor troubles. No doubt the reader knows of similar instances.

If it is urged that such a reorganization of our economic system as is implied in the development of poly-nucleated urban areas is not feasible I would reply in all seriousness that diligent inquiry does not lead me to believe that production engineers and office managers generally know whether it is more economical to have one large factory or one large office with three to ten thousand employés, or ten smaller factories or offices each having three hundred to a thousand employés, scattered in different parts of the same large urban area, or perhaps even in different cities. The fact seems to be that as a business grew, units were added to existing factories or offices with almost no thought as to the real economy involved and with no attention whatever to the social problems resulting from this increase in the size of units.

I do not mean that all plants could or should be small. Obviously this position cannot be maintained. But in many types of manufacturing the difference between the large plant and the small plant is primarily one of the number of units of production located at a given point. In such cases there is no inherent reason why costs should decrease with growth in size, for many factors not directly connected with the size of the factory may also enter

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into costs—for example, freight rates and the speed with which goods are handled, the costs of trucking and conveying within the factory, the costs of management in units of different size, the nearness to raw materials and markets, differential taxes and rents, and differential wages. Any one of these individually or all of them collectively may determine the costs of production in plants of varying sizes. Under modern conditions the size of the plant can be readily adapted to take advantage of such differentials as may be decisive.

There are, however, industries which demand large units of production for efficiency. Such industries cannot decentralize their plants in the same way as those just mentioned. But even in such industries there is reason to think that many plants have grown in size to the point of diminishing returns and that though relatively large plants will always be the rule, many smaller branch plants might also be advantageously developed.

What is true of factories is probably even more true of offices. Little study has been given to the economies of large and small offices. The skyscraper has made possible the enlargement of offices almost indefinitely and little attention has been paid to the efficiency of the workers under different conditions. It is highly probable that many large offices could be broken up into smaller units in exactly the same way as many large factories. For even more than large factories, large offices are made up of many duplicating units, the raw material for whose work comes from all parts of the country. It would be quite feasible for such offices to locate branches where they could care for local business more expeditiously than do the great central offices now being operated. They could also furnish the data needed by the general management in semi-digested form so that comparatively little routine work would have to be done on it in the central offices. Moreover, there is good reason to believe that great economies would result from this decentralized type of office work.

That such decentralization is entirely possible admits of little doubt. The improvement in communication within the last few years has made things practicable in office management which could scarcely be imagined only a short time ago. But as yet the office side of our economic organization has profited far less by these improvements than the production side. There is a rather strange reluctance on the part of many managers to let the white-collar portion of their workers out of their sight, although the managers are often glad enough to see the overall workers and their bosses sent off to Podunk. They seem quite willing to allow a much larger measure of discretion to the plant manager than to the branch office manager. No doubt there are many good reasons why this is the case, but the fact remains that a great deal of useless and costly overhead is carried by many businesses because of the reluctance of the big boss to make full use of the most efficient means of communication to reorganize the office end of his business.

It may not be amiss to give a few examples of the way such means could be used to obtain greater efficiency in business. For one thing, I can see a whole army of drummers, who now clutter up our roads and waste their own time, as well as another array of buyers, spending a few minutes at the telephone each day and the rest of their time in the useful work of seeing their orders through the office and properly filled. This should be far more economical and effective than the methods now in vogue. For another thing, I can readily imagine a man who keeps a small office in New York or Chicago or some other large city for himself and a few assistants, in daily conversation with branch office managers or plant managers all over the country at a cost much below the rental value of the space needed to keep these men and their staffs near him. This should give him the edge on his competitor who has a large and expensive centralized office. I can further imagine branch plants ad-

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vantageously located as regards raw materials, labor, and transportation facilities working in the closest coöperation with one another in the production of a joint product because of the frequent telephone conversations between the different plant managers as well as with headquarters officials.

In our large cities, telephone communication has already supplanted personal contact in many, if not in most, business transactions. We need only imagine a telephone system by which we can talk to a person one hundred miles away as cheaply and with as little delay as we now talk to one within the city and we shall have almost eliminated the last reason for the existence of the super-skyscraper, and with it will go much of the congestion of the modern great city. That such an improvement in telephone service is well within the realm of possibility can scarcely be doubted. Already there are a number of indications that the managers of the telephone business and of some of our electric companies are becoming aware of some of the larger human and economic implications of better and cheaper communication and power, and although they cannot be expected to make any attempt to serve the cause of better living at the expense of profits, yet these two ends do march together to a certain extent.

The improvement and cheapening of communication and the more economical distribution of electric energy will contribute to the opportunities for better living on the part of the masses of the people by making congestion still more uneconomic and unnecessary and will undoubtedly also prove a profitable venture for those supplying such services, since it will add greatly to the density of traffic on their lines without adding much to the cost of operation. For some time yet they should be able to improve and cheapen service at the same time that they are earning larger profits.

Of course, it may easily happen that the time will come when human welfare will not be served by the type of development in our utilities that the profit motive dictates. But we are not concerned with this problem here. What I want to make clear now is that, even with our present development of electric power and communication, we need not have the large mono-nucleated city of the present day, with the horrible congestion which makes for uneconomic business and stultifies the human spirit.

V

It may well be, then, that the big city of the future will be an altogether different creature from that of today. It may be an urban area, covering a relatively large territory, with many subcenters, so organized that the advantages of big business and of mass production can be retained, and yet so decentralized that all but a few people can live within a short distance of their work, while having also sufficient space both indoors and out that they can enjoy mere living.

That the vast majority of people crowded together in our large cities today can find much enjoyment in the daily routine of living is unbelievable. The lack of space alone makes life hideous for the majority of them and the feverishness of their activity in their leisure time is the natural consequence of such congested living. People have not and cannot develop the resources for living that are latent in themselves when they are crowded together as they now are in most of our large cities. Of course, once the use of leisure becomes associated with jazz and a generation has grown up which believes it is enjoying life because it moves fast and far, the mere providing of space for a good home and wholesome recreation will not bring about a good use of leisure; but I believe that we shall not make a beginning in the tapping of the human resources in our population until we make it possible for people to have a little elbow room and a chance to enjoy some privacy.

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These are prerequisites for the development of our more distinctive personal qualities; and it will scarcely be denied, even by Babbitt, that the value of a civilization arises out of the development of the personal qualities of the people who compose it rather than out of the largest possible consumption of material goods. If these personal qualities are limited in their development, even among the masses of the people, naturally a civilization is by so much poorer than it would be if they were more largely used.

But enough of this. For the immediate purpose it is more important to ask whether there are any general social and economic tendencies other than those inherent in the wider use of electricity and the gas-engine which are likely to relieve the congestion of our cities. One would be a hardy optimist indeed who believed that much change will take place in this respect in the near future. But there is one other factor of considerable importance which is generally lost sight of in discussing the matter. It is the rapid decline in our rate of population growth and the prospect of a stationary population within the next three to five decades.

For one thing, this slowing up of our population growth will inevitably slow up the rate of growth of cities. There simply will not be enough people in the country (barring a marked change in immigration policy) to maintain their past rate. But far more important than this will be the effect of the increased competition of businesses for the consumer's dollar as the number of consumers ceases to expand as rapidly as formerly. This more intense competition cannot be met indefinitely by increased sales pressure and more extended time payments. Before long it must be met in part by real economies in production and distribution, and then we may expect the economic motive to come to the aid of the human motive in searching out new types of business organization which will be both efficient and humane.

One need not let one's imagination have much rein to see in the small city or the poly-nucleated large city of the future the nearest approach to the ideal place to live and work for those who carry on our manufacturing and commercial activities. In such cities no one need spend more than a few minutes going to and coming from work and yet may have adequate space around his dwelling in which his children can play and in which he himself can relax. With the more general use of electricity all cities can be kept fairly clean—free from smoke and dust—and they can also be kept free from many of the devastating noises of our present large cities. When congestion is lessened real estate values will become more reasonable, and parks and playgrounds for all can be had at a cost which is not prohibitive. Such cities will also offer ample opportunity for the development of the more desirable civic virtues and for the maintenance of a human friendliness that it is impossible to retain when one must force one's way continually among the great crowds of large cities.

I am fully aware of the shortcomings of most small cities in all these respects at present, but I do not believe that even now they are as neglectful of human values as the large cities, and they have possibilities in the matter of giving man space in which to live that the large mono-nucleated city can never attain.

It may be that I have harped on the need of the human being for space *ad nauseam*. I can only plead in my justification that I do not believe most of us appreciate what crowding and lack of privacy are doing to the spirit of man. It seems to me that they are robbing individuals of many of their finest and most distinctive personal qualities; that they are tending to make us all of a pattern. Without a chance for privacy a man has no time to be himself, to think over the meaning and possibilities of his life and lay out a course of personal development which will make him something more distinctive than one Ford is from another. Since I do believe that crowding and lack of space are potent

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factors in mechanizing and sterilizing the human mind, although by no means the only factors, I cannot help believing that a social order which provided us with space and privacy would be extremely helpful in developing a finer and more fecund civilization. This, then, is my excuse for insisting that man be housed in such a way that his spirit shall not be crushed by his physical habitation.

In closing I will repeat once again my belief that we now have the bases on which to build a new, a more human, and a more efficient urban life than we have thus far developed. This can only be done if we organize the city for living as well as for money-making and I can see no way in which the big mono-nucleated city can overcome its numerous handicaps for human living arising out of lack of space.

Finally, I regard this reorganization of the big city as absolutely essential if our mechanical civilization is to prove more than a very brief episode in the life of man, because there appears to be no likelihood that man can survive (racially) any length of time in the modern large city. Already among the natives in most of our large cities the true birth-rate is below the true death-rate, and this means extinction in a comparatively short time for the native stock; and with our present immigration policy, our city populations are becoming more and more native.

Furthermore, with only one-fourth or one-fifth of our population in the country, as may be the case a decade or two hence, the city cannot continue to make up its deficit of births by drawing in countrybred boys and girls. It is high time, therefore, that we began to canvass the possibilities of making our large cities so livable that people residing there will be willing to reproduce. So far as I can see, one of the changes essential to this end is to make more space available for living purposes.

I would not maintain that failure to reproduce and a declining population necessarily mean the downfall of a civilization. But as long as a nation has ample resources, as we have, and the failure to reproduce arises from the form of our social and economic system rather than from the niggardliness of nature, I would hold that we would do well to explore our social system carefully to see whether we cannot so change it as to make reproduction for the masses of the people both easy and natural. The big city is doing things to us the outcome of which we cannot yet fully see.

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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Cookery

GASTRONOMY IN THE WOODS

By Stewart H. Holbrook

My first meeting with camp food came when my father took me to one of his camps in Northern New England, thirty years ago. The cook, unapprized of our coming, had no time to turn out something special for the boss. But the meal we had still lingers in my memory.

About sixty of us sat down at the two long tables. There were steaming bowls of soup, with large ladles in each bowl. Before we finished the soup, the cookees brought on platters of salt cod. I did not like cod, but this fish had been so treated with a magic sauce that I ate and ate. The sawyers and teamsters waded into it. But it was the baked beans of the cook, who was M. Joseph Marie Georges Couture, which really topped the menu. Although I had eaten baked beans every Saturday night since I could remember, these were the grandest of all. The taste of them haunted my palate, and years afterward I asked Joe how he cooked them. "I give you how much to make for t'ree, four per-*son*," he answered. Here is his récipé:

Baked Beans à la Joe Couture

One pound white navy beans, small; wash in warm water; put on stove in cold water and let boil 3 minutes. (Orthodox cooks to the contrary, it is not necessary to soak them over night.) Drain and add 3 tablespoonsful of molasses, 2 level tablespoons of brown sugar, ½ teaspoon of pepper, ½ of ginger, ½ of Colman's mustard, and ½ pound of salt pork. Cover with water; bake 5 to 6 hours in slow oven.

Such are the beans that I have eaten once or twice a week ever since. If any of the canned-beans people ever try the récipé I am sure they will find a wide market.

In only one logging camp have I ever found game, if venison be excluded. This was in the Province of Quebec. The cook, like Joe Couture, was an old *habitant*. His name was Paul Jean and his glory was *lapin frit*, which is to say, fried rabbit. Paul's fried rabbit was far more than simple rabbit cooked in a skillet. The *recette* for it had been passed down, so he told me, for over two hundred years; antique or not, Paul's *lapin* never failed to bring forth loud praises from the lucky jacks who ate at his table. The récipé he gave me in French, in his own handwriting. A literal translation follows:

Receipt of the Rabbit to the Wine White or the Wine Red

Some slices of lard, some butter, some onions, a little oil, and put to fry the all in a pot. Cut then the rabbit into small pieces and put it with the rest. When that it is frying add one or two spoonsful of flour and well rouse [stir] the whole. Next, add one quart of wine white or of wine red, some parsley, and a leaf of bay; some salt and pepper. Make it to cook on a fire very slowly. Empty it on to a plate hot and then it eat. There you have then a récipé in the true French.

Although at the time I speak of the hand of Volstead had not yet reached into the pantry and taken therefrom the cooking sherry, Paul was far-sighted enough to warn me that should it be impossible to get wine for the sauce, it would be the next best thing to "rub well the rabbit with white sugar" before putting it into the fat. This has been tried in these *Ersatz* days and it does tolerably well. Well rubbed in, in fact, the sugar is better than the average home-made wine.

I hesitate somewhat to bring into this galaxy an English cook, George Kipp. My floundering is due to the fact that, given a few pieces of garlic, George was capable of doing extraordinary things.

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And garlic, according to an unofficial yet decisive survey of American home life which I have made in the past fifteen years, is a weed used only by long-whiskered Socialists and other foreigners. Only a small portion of the good American wives in my survey have ever seen or even smelled it; yet they seem to know all about it just the same, and tell me that no decent American would have anything to do with it.

Nevertheless, the first salad I ever enjoyed was made by this garlic-loving George Kipp in the wilds of Northern British Columbia. Before then I had eaten lettuce with sugar on it, in the New England manner, and at other times, when invited to homes in other parts of the country, I had been served something that was termed French dressing. One hot Northern night in July George Kipp had stirred up his great bowl of lettuce and cucumbers, and on it he poured a dressing. Suspicious of all salads and their dressings, I attacked the thing with more politeness than gusto. But a taste of it showed me what I had been missing all those years. I not only ate all of the mixture that was my share, but am not ashamed to report that my bread soaked up the remaining liquid on my plate.

The base of George's dressing—and here, it appears, is a most important thing—was wine vinegar. He eschewed all cider and malt vinegars for dressings, although he used them on cucumbers or beets. Added to the wine vinegar George used some cloves of garlic, some paprika, pepper, salt, and sugar. This concoction he shook well and let stand for an hour or two. To it he then added the olive oil, shook it well again, and served. When I asked him how much of the various condiments should be used, he replied that there were no rules whatever. Measurements in cooking, he held, trammeled him. A real cook, he told me, need only know the ingredients; his taste told him the quantities of each.

All I know about the matter is that the more than one hundred loggers who ate at George's table had previously considered lettuce—or any salad—as some sort of grass. But when, in a daring moment, they sampled his garlic salad, there was never any more lettuce left over to feed the pigs. Which, if you know anything about loggers and their inhibitions, is surely praise enough.

Most of the logging camp crews and cooks of Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces are *habitants*, and have a great liking for *potage*, or mulligan, as it is called by realists. It is well, too, that they *do* like this mixture; for the variety of materials with which the cooks of this part of the country have to work is limited indeed. One of the finest I ever "ate after" was one Alex LaTour, an old-timer who had brewed pea-soup on the Allagash, baked beans in a hole on the Miramichi, and made biscuits in tins in front of an open fire on the St. Lawrence. Alex served many good dishes but his *chef-d'œuvre* was a tremendous *potage à boeuf*.

It was no grand secret handed down through the years that made his stew what it was. No. It was simply the leaf of the bay tree that did his magic. Though it is known by name, at least, to most literate housewives of America, it is passing strange how few of them have ever used this majestic herb, which turns the most insipid stew into a noble dish. In Oregon and Northern California the ladies have taken to using dried myrtle leaves, which are good but in no way comparable to the leaves which were properly used to crown the heads of Great Men in the old days.

The logging concern for which Alex worked when I knew him had never heard of bay leaf, much less bought any of it, but Alex always took a small bag of it when he started for camp or river-drive. If loggers were good Rotarians, they would have long ago voted a bay-wreath to Alex. At one time I submitted his name and fame for inclusion in "Who's Who In America," but heard nothing of it. Yet his pioneering in the matter of mulligan is far more worthy of record than are the

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anti-social activities of many nonentities who are between the red covers. In America the artist-cook has yet to be appreciated as he is in Europe.

There are, I suppose, a thousand camp cooks who make excellent johnnie cake, corn bread, or whatever it is called. The grandest I ever knew was Old Joe Bullie at Connecticut Lake, N. H. He was said to be ninety-eight or ninety-nine years old at the time I knew him. He was aged, it was apparent, yet his age in no way interfered with his johnnie cake. Joe would not use the finely ground meal, but insisted that the barn-boss furnish him with the 100-pound sacks of the corn meal used to mix with bran for horse feed. It was coarser, and so much the better. If you try it once, you will readily know the difference.

Another old-timer, Pat Ryan, notable for his six feet and seven inches, turned out a creditable fruit-cake with the aid of some raisins and a few hunks of orange peel. Charlie Graham's only claim to fame—and it was enough—was a true Yorkshire pudding, light as drift and yellow as gold. There were other cooks who were marvels in the science of pastry. Into the woods of Northern Maine there still goes each year one named Watson Blodgett. Sometimes he cooks for the starch factories of that section, in the late Fall, but when the ground is well white with snow you'll find him boss of some logging camp cookhouse. The company for which he feeds need have no fear of losing men on account of the fare. He is good at any camp dish, but it is for his pies, cakes, tarts, and bread—in fact anything that is made from flour—that he is justly renowned among the loggers who hike the long trails or tote-roads into the Andriscoggin, Kennebec and Penobscot pulp camps.

One of Watson's most famous turns is puff-paste tarts. In the cities, I understand, puff-paste things are known as French pastry, but that is no fit name for what Watson produces when he rolls back his sleeves and begins turning and flattening the dough on the cake board. You who know nothing of French pastry except that you buy it at the corner bakery, can hardly appreciate the gargantuan effort required of one man to bring forth enough light, brittle tarts to appease the appetites of from fifty to a hundred hungry men who never heard of indigestion. Watson is the only camp cook I know who regularly serves such fluffy-ruffles.

The old, standard joke about the cook's habit of walking off the job just before mealtime is not applicable to camp cooks. Yet there are some queer chefs in the timber. Quite often their aberrations are due to lemon extract. This powerful tincture does not come to the camps in the tiny two-ounce bottles so familiar to the housewife. It comes in gallon jugs, and its alcoholic content is such that it will remove paint, varnish, or cooks, quickly and patently, leaving no trace whatsoever. So many cooks are given to hitting the extract that a few years ago an enterprising firm of wholesale grocers took to putting it up in tube form, like tooth-paste. Such tube-encased flavors are still used in some camps, but although no cook can possibly get drunk from eating it, it is not popular, even with non-extract-hitting chefs. It lacks the exact flavor of the liquid mixtures, it seems. So most logging concerns continue to supply the liquid flavoring and try to get cooks who will not look upon it when it is yellow.

Despite the talk of ancient loggers who, like other people, see the past through the hazy and mitigating veil of Time, camp cooks are better than they used to be. By first-hand eating knowledge I know they are better than they were thirty years ago. They have a great deal more to work with than then, and this fact, I believe, has been a factor in making them better and more careful.

About once a month I have occasion to eat a meal or two in some logging camp or other in the Pacific Northwest. Although the menus vary in both quality and scope,

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they are invariably excellent. The cooking is generally of a high order and the variety of food is astounding. There is always a good soup, and never less than two meats to choose from, beside bread, biscuits, the Swedish hardtack without which no Northwestern camp meal is complete, coffee, tea and (often) fresh milk at every meal, and pies and cakes galore. Fresh vegetables are there when fresh vegetables are to be had. There is always canned fruit, and in the Summer strawberries, raspberries, melons, bananas, peaches and plums. Apples and oranges are common stuff all the year 'round. The condiments include the best grade of Worcestershire sauce, mustard, catsup, and horse-radish.

The tin plate and cup are distinctly outmoded in the Oregon and Washington country and I haven't seen an old-time black-handled, three-tined fork for years. Plated table-ware and white crockery are on the table. With but few exceptions the camp kitchens are cleaner than those of city restaurants. Electric refrigeration systems are installed in all of the newer camps. The old-time long tables, seating from fifty to a hundred men, are going out. Modern camp practice tends toward six or eight men at a table. And the meals are served by spick-and-span men or women.

All these improvements have come gradually. They are not common in the camps of the East, the South, nor even the Lake States; those parts have lagged behind the Northwest in this respect; but everywhere things are far better than twenty, or even ten years ago.

Sociology

SUICIDE IN JAPAN

By Oland D. Russell

Missionaries and movies are two of the most considerable American exports to Japan but curiously enough it is the Hollywood commodity that has had more to do with the decline of *harakiri*[1] there than our transplanted moral experts. Of the fifteen thousand persons who committed suicide in Japan last year, less than 250 chose that honorable but gruesome method of their ancestors. Eighteen hundred successfully courted death by lying in front of approaching locomotives, a method introduced by the early screen thrillers, and twenty-four hundred drank occidental poisons. Seven thousand hanged themselves. Two generations ago there were only two popular forms of suicide in the country. One, known as the woman's way, was by drowning or leaping from a height, and the other, the man's way, was the ghastly business of abdominal ripping.

The Japanese, centuries ago, settled the moral aspects of suicide. They determined to their own satisfaction that a man's life was his own to do with as he pleased. Not only does the courage to take it rank extraordinarily high in public esteem among them, but there has grown up about the act a rigorous code which, under proper circumstances, makes it unescapable.

A Japanese authority who has studied suicide in his country, in discussing the decline of *harakiri*, blames the movies for the increase of other forms of self-despatch. He points out that illicit love and elopements are a common theme of the Western screen, and holds it encourages *shinju* or double love suicides among Japanese romantics, usually with geisha in the feminine rôles.

The nearest counterpart to *shinju* in America is the love pact of the tabloids, but not even in its most dramatic aspects can it approach the finesse of *shinju*. Wives are picked in Japan by the parents of the bridegroom, frequently without the contracting parties seeing each other until shortly before their marriage. Separated by matrimony, lovers pledge themselves to be true to each other for the next seven

[1] The word is often spelled *hirikari*, but *harakiri* is closer to the Japanese ideograph.

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incarnations, and then proceed to cut this one short in the hope of another from which the obstacles that have driven them to despair will be absent.

A common method of *shinju* is for the lovers to bind themselves tightly together and leap from a handy cliff. The geography of Japan readily lends itself to this form of self-destruction. Sometimes the two clasp hands and rush headlong into an approaching train, an improvement on the older method of lying calmly on the tracks. So numerous are these railway suicides every year that a Buddhist mass is held at Komagome, a Tokyo suburb, to comfort the spirits of those who have thus died. Dignitaries from the Ministry of Railways attend the services. A temporary altar is erected on the station platform and in the center is placed a large tablet containing the names of the victims for the current year. Offerings of fruits and rice cakes are placed about the tablet, and priests chant Buddhist *sutras* while the station-master burns incense. This station itself is so popular as a place for railway suicides that the Ministry has several times considered its removal to another site. The platform is referred to as a *ma-no-form*, meaning a place haunted by an evil spirit.

Sometimes it is impossible for lovers to die together, due to the watchfulness of husbands, wives or parents. In such instances they arrange their double demise by an exchange of notes, agreeing to die separately upon signal. This signal, quite in keeping with the way of the Orient, is usually a peal of the neighborhood temple bell. At the seventh stroke, say, they empty the poison philtre or otherwise dispose of themselves.

Shinju explains the high proportion of women suicides in Japan. There is nothing to approach it in Europe or America. The general proportion in the West is three or four men to one woman. In Japan it is less than two to one. In 1927, an average year, the figures were 9,686 men and 5,953 women.

There is a definite suicide season in Japan —the months of May, June and July— during which extraordinary precautions are taken to lessen the number of cases. Several of the prefectural governments offer rewards to persons who prevent them. Watchers are stationed about favorite scenic points, especially those which offer the advantages of height and depth, for it has been observed that the nature-loving Japanese frequently choose beauty spots for their ends. Almost any place in Japan that is famous for its scenery is also famous for its suicides.

One effective method to prevent self-destruction at such places is to post signs so worded that they compel the disheartened to pause and regard the prospects. One sign near the Kegon waterfall at Nikko, Japan's chief mountain resort, is boldly inscribed: "You don't do it!" Another, erected by a woman at Suma, noted as a tempting spot for feminine suicides by the cliff leap method, says: "Wait a minute, please!" Testimonials treasured by the woman who erected it indicate that this sign saves scores of lives annually.

During the suicide season the Tokyo department stores, offering the highest vantage points in the city, station detectives on their roofs to seize prospective jumpers. It has been noted that those who plunge from buildings invariably choose moments when the streets below are crowded. It has also been observed that suicides who leap into the sea never choose stormy days. The preference is for calm seas on moonlit nights.

Harakiri, the formal death of the men of Nippon, is often translated "the happy despatch," but the original Japanese is less euphemistic: it means belly-cutting. Oddly enough the word *harakiri*, which is so well known as to be included in most Western dictionaries, is rarely used by the Japanese themselves. They prefer the synonym *seppuku*, which they consider more elegant, Chamberlain points out, because it comes from the Chinese, just as we use the Latin *abdomen* in the belief that it is more dignified than the Saxon *belly*.

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Harakiri originated in the Twelfth Century on the battlefields through the desire of vanquished warriors to avoid the disgrace of falling into the enemy's hands alive. Thus the custom spread in the military or *samurai* class and developed gradually both in form and connotation until by 1500 it was well established. Not only the actual method of death but the order of the house, the position of the furniture and even the clothes worn and the food taken on the day of the act were put into a ritual that has descended through the years.

Harakiri in the old days was either obligatory or voluntary. The former variety was a boon granted by the government, graciously permitting transgressors of the *samurai* class to destroy themselves instead of being handed over to the common executioner. Time and place were formally notified to the condemned, and officials were sent to witness the ceremony. The custom as an obligation became extinct, but voluntary *harakiri* is still practiced not only in Japan but anywhere that Japanese may be. In recent years there have been two cases in Greenwich Village.

This is how it is done:

The victim dresses himself in a formal kimono bearing his family crest while his nether garment is the customary white death robe of Buddhistic Japan. He carefully selects a position in the best room of his house, a spot near the *tokonoma* or god-shelf, the most honorable and sacred part of every Japanese home. Before him on the god-shelf he has placed a picture of the Emperor, his will, and perhaps a few farewell notes. He carries in his hand a small sharp dirk and a white cloth.

When all is ready, he squats before the god-shelf, assumes the correct posture and bows three times to the photograph. With one hand he divests himself of his kimono, so that the upper part of his body is bare. His legs are tucked under him in such a way as to prevent his falling backward. He then takes the dirk and wraps the white cloth about the blade to protect his hand from a cut. The point of the dirk projects barely an inch below the cloth.

Raising the weapon to his forehead in the Japanese gesture of thankful reception of a gift, he is ready to perform the honorable ceremony.

Inserting the knife's sharp point in the left side of the abdomen as far down as possible, he draws it slowly across to the right side in a horizontal stroke. He then draws it upward, at right angles, for several inches. Having done this, he leans forward with great deliberation and resignation, allowing his intestines, if the incisions have been made correctly, to fall from his body. Death comes through loss of blood and exhaustion. In an earlier era it was not unusual to invite a friend as best man, to stand behind the victim with a large, two-handed sword. At the completion of the upward stroke, and just as the victim leaned forward, it was the duty of the friend to decapitate him with one slash of the sword.

Whatever the motives behind *harakiri*—loyalty to a dead superior, as in the case of General Nogi, who, with his wife, went into *seppuku* when the Emperor Meiji died in 1912; atonement for misconduct, or protest against the acts of another—honor is always satisfied. Last year a naval captain attached to the Japanese embassy in Moscow employed a woman teacher to learn Russian. The officer was of good family and was known for his brilliance and discretion. In time he began to discuss Communism with his teacher. One day she taunted him about his loyalty to the Emperor, and he lost his temper and threw a chair at her. The chair struck her only on the hand, injuring one finger. She fled from the house and informed the police and press of the insult, and thereafter exaggerated accounts appeared in the Moscow papers.

With the officer it became an affair of honor. Through a mediator he settled 3,000 roubles on the teacher, wrote his will and then performed *harakiri*. A photograph of the Emperor, cut from the rotogravure section of a Japanese paper, was

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before him. His act was widely praised in Japan. At his funeral services he was honored as a hero, and representatives of the imperial household attended.

Edmund Burke wrote more than a hundred years ago: "It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound." But it has not gone in Japan. This strange sensitiveness to honor does not belong to any particular class. Here is another and not unusual instance of the strange course which it may dictate: One day Prince Iyesato Tokugawa, president of the House of Peers, received a letter from a common house painter who sought the loan of 3,500 *yen* ($1,700) to start a business. He promised to repay the Prince in fifteen years. His ancestors, he wrote, had been loyal followers of the Prince when the Tokugawas ruled Japan.

A small parcel accompanied the letter, wrapped in *hosho*, a kind of paper used only on ceremonial occasions. When it was opened by the Prince's secretary, it was found to contain the applicant's own forefinger, freshly amputated. The man, fearing that his honor might be questioned, had taken this convincing way to prove it. He got the loan, for his appeal was that of one honorable man to another; each understood the code.

Boys of six and seven years have gone into *harakiri*. Youths in their 'teens have so taken their lives as a reprimand to drunken fathers. Railway crossing watchmen have entered into happy despatch when accidents resulted through their negligence. When the United States passed the Japanese Exclusion Act in 1924, nationally regarded in Japan as a stinging insult to the country, a martyr went into *harakiri* as he sat at the foot of what he believed was the flagpole of the American Embassy in Tokyo. Actually he miscalculated by a few paces, but his intentions were recognized and he was proclaimed a national hero. For months thereafter almost every suicide was depicted by the sensational press as a rebuke to the insult America had offered Japan.

Ryunosuke Akutagawa, the Edgar Allan Poe of Japan, committed suicide in 1927 at the height of a brilliant literary career. He was only thirty-eight, was devoted to his wife and children, and had no love affairs elsewhere. He was in good health and without financial worries. He left a long letter saying that he considered "suicide a legitimate means of completing life beautifully." He acknowledged that he had contemplated it for more than two years, weighing various methods. He thought at first of inviting his wife to die with him or possibly some other volunteer, as he feared to die alone. Then he overcame the fear and chose poison.

"It is a happy coincidence of civilization," he wrote, "when moral sanction and poetical aspiration help each other." He was followed in death by three admirers, two of whom placed photographs of their hero before them as they drank poison.

It may be supposed that the disposition of the Japanese to make every self-slayer a hero would cause Japan to have more suicides than any nation of the West. Yet suicides are not more numerous there than in some parts of Europe. The rate is 220 a million inhabitants a year. The rate in Saxony is 392 a million and in Denmark 251. In Switzerland it is 239, in France 188, in Prussia 166, in the United States 180, in England 75, in Scotland 49 and in Ireland, the lowest rate in Europe, 17. The small figure for Ireland suggests the influence of the Catholic church, but Belgium, with a six times greater rate, is also a Catholic country.

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MORE FROM THE OKLAHOMA SAGA

BY GEORGE MILBURN

Those Seagrave Boys

The Seagrave place was out in the sand hills, ten miles from town. The house was entirely surrounded by a big apricot orchard. Even in Winter there was a heady, luscious odor about, and in the Spring and Summer for miles along the road you could tell you were approaching Old Man Seagrave's. The roads were almost impassable in bad weather, but they never kept the Seagrave homestead from being a haven for everyone in that part of the State who appreciated good liquor. Old Man Seagrave made the best apricot brandy in the county.

Old Man Seagrave himself was so kind and gentle that it seemed strange he should have fathered such an ornery lot of boys. Those Seagrave boys, Ote, Elzy, Rafe and Bert, were the terror of all that hill country west of town. There wasn't anything they wouldn't do. The old man, though, was the most hospitable, genial soul a person could wish for.

He didn't compete with bootleggers. He charged ten dollars a gallon for brandy that would have brought fifteen dollars a quart in Tulsa. Old Man Seagrave sold only to people he liked, and he liked everyone who liked his liquor. If he liked you well enough he would ask you in the parlor to drink with him. No one ever paid anything for a drink taken in the Seagrave parlor.

The old man would sit back with his stockinged feet up on the nickel-plated guard of the base-burner that towered in the center of the room. He would pour a drink and sniff the bouquet. He would turn the little tumbler of brandy so that when it caught the light it would be a sparkling lump of topaz there in his hand. The old man's talk was as easy and mellow as his liquor.

One night his youngest boy, Bert, said: "Pa, if you wasn't so damn chinchy you'd let me get me a speed car, and then I'd show you how to make some real jack. I was talking to a guy down to town last Saturday night and he said they was paying $20 a quart in Telsy for plain old corn colored with iodeen and with a fancy label slapped on it. You ought to let me make you some real jack."

"No, Bert, son, I ain't honin' for no more money than what I got. I got friends in Telsy right now that drives all the way down here to buy my brandy. Forty-five mile. Beside, they's a lot of them Telsy millionaires that don't *know* good liquor. I'd a dang sight ruther give my brandy to my friends than to sell it to some rich man. Not when he cain't tell the difference between my brandy and that pizen they're selling now."

"Ah, you're a goddam old fool," Bert said.

"Well, I reckon I am, son, but Paul says, 'Let ye become a fool so as ye may be wise.' "

Old Man Seagrave liked to support his statements with Scripture. He would be talking about some liquor other than his own, and he would say: "It just grieves me, and I sure hate to say it, but all the young folks are going to Hell, putting this rot-gut and pizen that they're selling now in their stomachs. It was hitting at the way people are drinking nowadays in

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Corinthians where it says, 'Ye are God's temple and if any man defile the temple of God, him God shall destroy.'

"The Good Book foreseen a lot of things like that. These here folks that go around defiling their bodies with this rot-gut corn whiskey are the accursed of God. Now, this here brandy of mine ain't never defiled no one. It's good for your bowels and it tones up your system. Paul says, 'Take a little wine for your stomach's sake,' but Paul never had tasted none of my brandy. I been drinking this brandy for thirty year. I ain't never had a sick day in my life and I'm away past sixty.

"When I first come out here part of this orchard was already here. That was before the railroad come through. The orchard was in peaches then, planted by the Indians. A Creek by the name of Wakochee. The Creeks was a civilized people, but the orchard was all run down. I ordered me some apricot slips from Missoury, and they sent them acrost by stage. Since then I been making my own grafts. I been working with this orchard for a long time now."

Old Man Seagrave would drink and talk on like that. He was comfortably fixed. He didn't have a grudge against anyone in the world. When one of his boys got in a scrape he would hitch up the buckboard and drive over to the county J. P. court to pay the fine. He paid the sheriff fifty dollars a month protection money.

One year Jap Strakey, a younger, more enterprising man, was elected sheriff. Jap raised Old Man Seagrave's assessment to $100 a month. That was more than the old man could afford to pay, so he stopped distilling. He pensioned the two old jennets he had used to drive around the big vat, crushing the apricots.

There were about five hundred gallons of brandy aging in Seagrave's cellar. He put the oldest of it in gallon jugs and the rest in five- and ten-gallon kegs. He buried it all over those hills, on other farmers' land. He had crude maps of his caches, and when anyone came to get liquor the old man would sell the directions to where a gallon jug was buried for $10 and to where a five-gallon keg was lying for $50. The brandy in the ten-gallon kegs hadn't aged enough to suit the old man, and he wouldn't sell any of it. Old Man Seagrave concealed all of the brandy so well very little of it was found by accident. People are still digging up those hills, searching for ten-gallon kegs.

The new sheriff didn't make more than one or two liquor raids on the Seagrave place, but he did begin to bear down on the Seagrave boys. He managed to give the old man plenty of trouble that way.

One night Lawyer Weatherby sat in the Seagrave parlor drinking the last of the 1899 brandy with Old Man Seagrave. The old man was talking easily. It was almost like old times.

Two days before his oldest boy, Ote, had been sentenced to the electric chair for killing his sweetheart. He had split her head in two with a cotton hoe. At that moment a sheriff's posse was searching for Elzy, the second boy. On a Sunday night he had gone to a Holy Roller arbor over at Records' Grove. He was drunk. While the others were shouting and jumping, Elzy had dragged a sixteen-year-old girl from the ecstatic crowd and assaulted her. The old man was talking about Elzy.

"You know, Judge, what grieves me most about Elzy was that they say he got drunk on a female tonic. Now you know I never raised Elzy like that, Judge. It's stuff like that that makes a man mean. My brandy never made nobody mean, and it grieves me to think that Elzy went and drunk stuff like that when he could a-got my brandy, all he wanted, at home."

Rafe, the third son, came in the room. He said, "Pa, give me twenty bucks."

"Twenty bucks, son?"

"You heerd me. Your head ain't no sack."

"What do you want twenty dollars for, Rafe? I just give you ten dollars last night."

"Lissen here, you goddam old simp! Are

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you goin' to jar loose with that jack, or am I goin' to have to bust you one to get it?"

The old man got out a leather pouch and took out some bills. He gave Rafe three old fives, four new ones and some silver. Rafe took the money and went out. The old man started talking about his other boys again as though nothing had happened.

"Now, you take Bert. Bert's my baby. Bert didn't mean no harm, but they've got him up over there in the county jail now, and they's talk of lynching him going around. Now, what did Bert do to have folks talk about him like that? He went over here to Wimberly's to a square dance here last Saturday night, it's a week ago. That oldest Wimberly boy had him on a celluloid collar. All Bert done was to stick a match against it. He didn't know the danged collar was going to burn that Wimberly boy's neck and face like it done.

"I tell you, Judge, if anybody had worked hard bringing up a passel of boys, learning them to fear God and drink pure liquor instead of this rot-gut like some of them is selling nowadays, I reckon they'd understand about them boys of mine. Them boys ain't mean boys, Judge. They're just playful."

II

Soda-Water Green

The soda-water factory was an old frame building that stood in the slough down the street south of the Kentucky Colonel Hotel. It was built on wooden piles, because water stood in the slough during damp weather. A long boardwalk connected the building with the street and higher land. Big water willows grew all around, screening the building from the street.

The soda-pop factory had been built by an old German by the name of Hoffsommer. He had run it for years, but he finally sold out and moved to Pasadena, California. The man who bought it was a new man in town. He had come to Oklahoma from some place in Iowa, and his name was S. W. Green. After he got settled people commenced calling him Soda-Water Green.

When S. W. Green took over the pop factory he hired a union bottler and a bottlewasher. Old Man Hoffsommer had washed his own bottles, bottled the pop and delivered the cases, but S. W. Green spent most of his time in the mahogany enclosure in the front part of the First National Bank talking about business conditions. He couldn't be bothered about washing pop bottles.

The bottlewasher was Bud Merrick, a boy about twelve years old. All the small boys in town envied him. He stood on a bench so that he would be high enough to reach the bottle tubs. First, there was the cold rinse where the bottles, dirt, straws and all were dumped. Bud put each bottle on the whirling brush and got all the dirt out of it. One by one he plopped them over into the hot bath, the tub with the gas burner under it. Then, when the hot water had cooled down to lukewarm, he would take the bottles out and case them up and carry them over to where Heavy Myers, the union bottler from Tulsa, was running the bottling machine.

The pop factory was damp and cool even in the Summer time. Bud and Heavy used to knock off work and go up to the front office. The front office was half-filled by a big glass butcher's refrigerator that Old Man Hoffsommer had bought at a bankrupt sale. Bud and Heavy kept their favorite flavors of soda-water on ice in it. They watched out for S. W. Green, who came around twice a day, while they drank a couple of bottles apiece. Then they would go back to work.

One day Heavy mixed some of the extract they used in making ginger-flavored soda-water with a bottle of pop and he gave Bud a long, confidential talk. Heavy got pretty tipsy on the soda-pop mixed with jamaica ginger.

"I'll tell you there's something funny about this man Green we're working for,"

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said Heavy. "Sits around there in the First National Bank all day trying to look like Big Money. I found out the other day that he's got a five-thousand-dollar fire insurance policy on this goddam dump. And this goddam dump ain't worth a thousand. I wouldn't give five hundred for it. Not when all them big bottlers in Tulsa is sending trucks down here, cutting in on the business like they are."

Bud Merrick didn't say anything, but he had heard people say that Heavy Myers was full of hot air. Heavy went on talking.

"The other night I come back down here to get my pipe. I'd forgot it. And Green was back there fooling around in the goddam engine room. He didn't have no lights on. I'll tell you there's something mighty goddam funny going on in this goddam dump."

A little later Heavy got to drinking up all the extract and things weren't going so well, so Soda-Water Green closed down the plant and fired Heavy.

One day, about two weeks later, S. W. Green met Bud Merrick on the street and asked him how he'd like to go back to work at the pop factory. Bud said he'd like it fine.

"Well," said S. W., "I'm going to start up the pop factory again this afternoon. You come around at one o'clock. I want you to wash out that big refrigerator."

That afternoon about three o'clock S. W. Green came up the street from the pop factory and came into the lobby of the Kentucky Colonel Hotel. He picked up a copy of the *Literary Digest* and began looking at the pictures. He talked a little with Old Man Cobb.

About ten minutes later Bud Merrick, the bottlewasher, came tearing into the Kentucky Colonel, panting. He yelled, "The pop factory's on fire!"

"What's that?" said Soda-Water Green.

"Fire! Fire! The pop factory's on fire!"

S. W. Green jumped up and cranked the telephone bell so hard the 'phone nearly fell off the wall. He jerked down the receiver and shouted, "Operator! Operator! Call out the fire department! My pop factory's on fire!"

The fire department got there about the time the roof was falling in.

Bud Merrick was telling everyone how it happened. He said that he had a narrow escape. That night he was up on the street talking about it. Delmer Dilbeck, the real estate and insurance man, called him over. He said, "Come on in, Bud, and have something to drink on me."

Delmer had a reputation for being the tightest man in town, but he didn't bat an eye when Bud said, "I'll take a double strawberry nut sundae."

Delmer said, "Tell us about the fire, Bud."

"Yeow, tell us about the fire, Bud," said a bunch of men standing around the table at which Bud and D. K. Dilbeck were sitting.

"Well, it was this way," Bud said, digging into his ice cream, "I come to work at one o'clock and Mr. Green was setting out in front eating peanuts. And he said he was waiting for a mechanic to come down from Scoggin's Garage. To fix the gasoline engine. It was broke. So I went on in and got a bucket of hot water and begin scrubbing out the big refrigerator like S. W. told me.

"Well, I was in there and pretty soon Mr. Green got up and come in and went back to the engine room hissef, and he kept knocking around back there. 'Cause he couldn't get it started, see? And if he had of got it started I don' know what we would of done, seeing as we didn't have no bottler to go to work.

"Pretty soon he come back up to where I was scrubbin agin and says, 'Our 'phone is disconnected and I got to go up the street and call up Speedy Scoggins and see why the hell—' —*I* didn' say it, *he* said it, hell—'he don't come on down and fix this goddam gas engine. I can't seem to do nothing with the bastard'—Mr. Green said it, bastard, see?

"I said, 'All right,' and he says, 'I'll be right back,' and I says, 'All right, Mr.

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Green,' and he went out the door, and about that time I needed a bucket of water, wrench-water, so I went over to the refrigerator door, it's a big, double-glass door, see, and it's closed. I tried to make the handle turn on it, but I couldn't make it work, and I was a little scared, so I yelled 'Hey, Mr. Green, I'm locked in here.' But I couldn't make S. W. Green hear me and he kept on going down the boardwalk toward the street and in a little while he went behind the willows and I couldn't see him no more.

"I twisted hard on the door handle, but I couldn't make it open, and I was a little scared by now, so I picked up the iron bucket and heaved it through the glass door. The door was smashed all to smithereens and I jumped out through the hole and I remember I had to laugh, but I was wondering what Mr. Green would say when he seen the refrigerator door all busted up like that.

"I started to go on back and fill my water bucket, and when I opened the door between the office and the back I seen that the whole back end was on fire. I turned around and run out the front door and come up the street to the Kentucky Colonel yelling, and Mr. Green telephoned the fire department, but they couldn't do no good, because the fire had got a head start."

Bud had forgotten to eat his ice cream while he was telling the story and he started eating it again. D. K. Dilbeck commenced to question him. Bud got kind of mixed up.

Finally Delmer Dilbeck said, "Didn't you set that pop factory on fire, Bud?"

Bud dropped his ice cream spoon and looked up. He blinked his eyes. "Why—why no!" he said. Some of the men standing around winked at one another.

"I have it from very reliable sources that you did," said D. K. Dilbeck, "My company wrote insurance on the pop factory and I have been asking around and I have heard from a reliable person that you were back of the pop factory smoking a cigarette about a half an hour before the fire."

"Why—why, that's a goddam lie!" said Bud.

"So you've took to swearing as well as to smoking cigarettes!" said Delmer Dilbeck. Delmer was superintendent of the Presbyterian Sunday-school. "Well, I wouldn't of believed it, Bud. You ain't been raised like that. I've been knowing your daddy ever since I come here, and I know he's going to hate to hear this."

Big tears began rolling down Bud Merrick's face. He jumped up and ran out of the Economy Drug-Store leaving about half of his ice cream melting in his plate.

Nobody believed Bud's story about the way the fire started until a month later, when Soda Water Green collected his insurance money and ran away with a telephone girl, leaving his wife and children on the town.

III

Mabel Barclay

As long as she lived in our town Mabel Barclay never missed a picture show at the Broadway Theatre. The Broadway had shows three times a week and for years Mabel saw them all.

She was a tall, raw-boned girl with red hair, the daughter of a farmer named Joyner who lived out in the Verdigris river bottoms. Every Saturday afternoon Old Man Joyner would have a time rounding up Mabel to go home. She wanted to stay and see the picture show.

She broke away from her old man when she got old enough. She got a job in town as the Esterbrooks' hired girl. She took it with the understanding that she was to have all show nights off. One Wednesday night the Esterbrooks wanted to go to prayer-meeting, and they asked Mabel to stay with the children. Mabel quit her job and went on to the movies. After that she got work waiting tables at the Kentucky Colonel Hotel. While she was there she met Ed Barclay.

That was the time of the oil boom, and Ed Barclay was a carpenter who had come

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in to build rigs. He was making twelve dollars a day. Ed was a spender. He spoke contemptuously of small change, and in the hotel dining-room he wouldn't accept it.

Mabel and Ed went together for a while, but it wasn't long before they got married and moved into a house of their own. After that Mabel made Ed bring all his small change home to her. She had a brown china pig-bank from which she shook her show money. Ed kept the china pig stuffed with small silver. After she got married Mabel found it possible to go to the Broadway's first show at 7:30 and sit on through the second show.

Mabel took her moving pictures seriously, and it irritated her to have some of the high-school boys down in front smack their lips and pop paper bags during the kissing scenes. Sometimes she would jump up and go back to Gus Diehl in the operator's booth, and complain. Mabel Barclay was the steadiest customer Gus had, so between reels he would flash on a colored slide: "Please be Quiet so that Other Patrons may Enjoy the Show." If this wasn't effective he would shut off the projection machine and turn on the house lights. Then he would climb down the ladder from his booth, come down the aisle and grab up the first two or three small boys he came to and pitch them out. After that the larger boys would be quiet.

One night Gus picked up the wrong slide —a comic picture of a woman wearing a large, flowered hat and the caption: "Ladies will Please Remove their Hats." Mabel Barclay had on a new wide-brimmed hat that night and she was so proud of it she had kept it on. The slide made her mad. She picked up and stamped out of the Broadway Theatre. But she was back the night of the next show.

The subtitles gave Mabel trouble. When she could, she brought her husband along to read them to her. The flickering movies that the Broadway showed gave Ed Barclay the headache, and he was so tired when he came in from the oil field at night that Mabel used to have a hard time getting him to come with her. So most of the time she sat alone, spelling out the words as they flashed on the screen. Occasionally she would lean forward and touch the person in front of her:

"Did you get what that was? I'm so close-sighted I couldn't quite make it out."

Mabel always stopped after the show to tell Gus Diehl how she enjoyed it. "That sure was a dandy," she would say about a Ford Sterling comedy. "Ain't he the craziest human!"

The night the Broadway showed "The Old Nest" Mabel came out swollen-eyed and sobbing. "Mr. Diehl," she said, "I sure did get a big kick out of that pitcher. I wisht you'd show more like it. It just makes me feel like a better woman after I see something like that."

Mabel liked to enter into the spirit of a picture. If it was romantic, she put her head on one side and pursed her lips. If it was sad, she wept. If it was exciting, she twisted in her seat and gasped, "My God! My God!"

One Wednesday morning Mabel's husband fell off an oil derrick and broke his neck. They brought him home, a bloody bundle of oil-caked rags.

That night the Broadway Theatre was showing the thirteenth installment of "The House of Hate." The end of the twelfth episode on the preceding Wednesday night had given every promise that the identity of the Hooded Terror would be revealed next time.

As soon as Mabel saw them carrying in her husband's corpse she realized that she couldn't go to the movies that night and that she might never know who the Hooded Terror was.

Earl Abernathy, the mortician, came and cut off the dead man's stiff, greasy union-alls and shaved him and laid him out in the Barclay parlor.

That afternoon Mabel went around to Gus Diehl's office at the Broadway Theatre and asked him if there wasn't some

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way he could hold over that night's programme. Gus said, no, that he was required to ship the films back to the exchange the morning after exhibition. But Mabel begged and pleaded with him until Gus agreed to hold over the two-reel installment of the serial for the actual rental cost, twelve dollars. He promised to give a private showing for Mabel the day after the funeral.

Some of the men who had been working on the oil rigs with Ed Barclay came in that night to sit up with the corpse. That was the custom. It wasn't a wake. They did it to keep cats away from the body.

All that night they sat there, silent most of the time, now and then talking in monotones about what a good fellow Ed Barclay had been. They could hear Mabel Barclay in the kitchen chinking nickels and dimes out of her china pig.

IV

Imogene Caraway

Old Man Farnum, who ran the Iron Clad Store, had been having a lot of complaints about a brand of flour he was handling. The farmers' wives said that it wasn't any good for light bread and that it wasn't any good for biscuits, and that about the only thing they could use it for was to make flour gravy. Old Man Farnum guaranteed his flour, and he had had so many half-used sacks of the Bar-None brand brought back to him that he was about to stop handling it.

One day he said to Gabe Caraway, "Gabe, I see you always call for Bar-None flour. I've been having a lot of complaint about that flour, but you-all seem to like it. I guess your woman must get good results with it?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Farnum, I ain't noticed. We use it for sody biscuit and I can't notice no difference. But my woman likes Bar-None because it comes in such good sacks. They use a good grade of cloth in them Bar-None sacks. My woman has made a sight of garments out of them sacks, and they wear better than any cloth we could buy by the yard."

"We ought not to have no trouble making a deal then, Gabe. I've got a lot of Bar-None sacks on my hands. The most of them is about half-used and opened, but they ain't nothing wrong with them. I'll make that flour to you at half-price. That would give your woman more sacks to rip up and sew than she would get by buying full sacks."

Gabe bought eight half-filled sacks of Bar-None Flour from Old Man Farnum.

The day that he bought the flour was a Saturday and that same night his oldest girl, Imogene, got religion at the Baptist revival. The revival was the first that the Baptists had had since they moved into their new church, and it hadn't been very successful until Imogene got saved. It was being conducted by an evangelist named Foster, a young man who had got the call to preach in Omaha, Neb., the year before. The Reverend Foster's meeting had been dragging along for two weeks and the Baptists were beginning to get dissatisfied with him. Up until then he had saved only three souls, and the Baptists had all that big debt for their new church hanging over them.

The Reverend Foster had preached a very strong sermon that Saturday night and the choir was singing, "Why Not Now?" and the young evangelist was down in the aisle with his arms stretched out, pleading, "Won't you come? Won't you come? Jesus is calling you. Tomorrow may be too late. Are you going to spurn Christ Jesus?"

All of a sudden the Caraway girl let out a shriek in the back of the church and came running down the aisle. She got down and clasped the Reverend Foster's knees and commenced to weep and babble all the sins she had ever committed. The Reverend Foster prayed with her, but she was too excited to talk plainly and there were so few people there, not many got to hear what she was saying. So the Reverend Foster said that if she wanted to be

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washed whiter than snow she must signify that she was ready for Jesus by confessing her sins before the whole community.

The next night the Baptist Church was so crowded you couldn't get a seat and people were standing up out in the vestibule, craning and trying to get a sight of Imogene Caraway. The congregation sang a few hymns, and the Reverend Sweasy, the resident Baptist minister, prayed and read from the Scriptures. Then the Reverend Foster got up and read his text from Luke, "And behold a woman in the city which was a sinner. . . ," and he said that before he began his sermon there was a young woman in the church, come like another Mary Magdalene to bare herself before her Saviour. He made a sign and Imogene stood up.

She was weeping, but she talked in a loud voice. She told about the times she had sinned with men. She told about the time she had played hookey from high-school and driven down to Muskogee with Kaye Chalmers, and how they had put up at a hotel for the afternoon. After she sat down the Reverend Foster preached and twenty souls were saved that night.

The Baptist revival turned out to be successful after all. Two weeks later they had their baptising in Chalmer's cotton-gin pond. The Reverend Foster preached on the bank. The subject of his sermon was "The Sheep and the Goats."

"Baptism by water signifies that a person is ready to give up his or her old life of sin," he said, "but there must be a baptism of the spirit, too. Don't think you can just let this old muddy water here wash your sins away. You got to be pure in heart, too. Don't try to hold nothing back on God. God taketh all the sheep into the fold, but if you're still a goat, don't you think you're going to slip by, 'cause you ain't! God has his brand on all you old goats, don't think he ain't! It's all written right here in the Grand Old Book. If you're still a goat just making out like you're a sheep it won't do you no good. 'Cause before God's All-Seeing Eye you're still a goat and your brand is writ in words of fire."

The Reverend Foster waded his way into the pond, feeling the depth with a staff. The Reverend Sweasy marshalled the converts. Imogene Caraway was first in line.

"In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost!" said the Reverend Foster, plunging her under.

She came to the bank and stood there alone, weeping and shivering.

"Oh, Lord God my witness, looky there!" shrieked Mrs. Sweasy, the preacher's wife. "It's the mark of the goat!"

The water had pasted Imogene's white voile dress against her flanks. The wet cloth was transparent against her flour-sack underskirt. Across her broad buttocks in large red letters had appeared the brand, Bar-None.

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BEN BUTLER

BY BENJAMIN DECASSERES

I ALWAYS think of the America of my early boyhood, when my mind was first awakening to matters political, as the Great Spittoon Era. Those were the days of spittoon hotels, spittoon restaurants, spittoon statesmen and spittoon generals.

Mr. Claude Bowers, in a remarkably fine book, has called the period from the assassination of Lincoln to the election of Tilden as President in 1876 and the inauguration of Rutherford B. Hayes in his place in 1877 the Tragic Era. A matter of temperament! I see political America from 1865 to the election of McKinley as simply a vast spittoon. Washington, which Mr. Hoover is now going to make a boozeless, crimeless City of God, was a large brass one; and certainly the White House under Grant cannot be conceived without putting in plenty of them, literally and figuratively. Cabinet officers, Senators, Representatives, Governors, mayors, generals and politicians of every shade never excreted an opinion without first tearing off a chaw. Orators could not get up steam without a plug resting delicately on their jaws, and my greatest joy at political meetings when I was a boy was to watch them shift plug. I believed at that time, and still believe today, that most of the Civil War generals went heavily whiskered to hide the plug, the West Pointers, especially, being a little bit ashamed of the habit.

The first Presidential campaign that I can recollect at all was that of 1884. The Spittoon Era had just passed its peak, its saturation point, and there were heralds of the coming of the more spiritual chewing-gum era of the '90's. It was in this campaign that I first heard the name of, and first became pictorially acquainted with, General Benjamin Franklin Butler. In fact, my memory buttons on the campaign of 1884 only because of two facts: hearing my father swear for the first time on the evening after election, when he came home from work and said, "God damn it, son, it looks like Cleveland!", and the pictures of long-haired, squint-eyed Ben Butler, who ran for President on the Greenback ticket for no other purpose than to beat Cleveland, which he came very near doing. Butler claimed that he had really succeeded, but that many Greenback votes in New York had been counted—as was the jocund custom of the time—for Grover.

I used to stand awed, hypnotized, before that phiz as it appeared in the newspapers and from the string-dangling copies of *Puck* in stationers' windows. Fat-faced, with long, wavy evangelical locks which always seemed blowing in some invisible gale; a deciduous mustache, well-oiled and tucked in, neater than General Hancock's and not as fierce as Phil Sheridan's; a sleepy, half-closed left eye, which seemed to say, "Mum's the word, Ben!"; a straight, beautiful nose which might have been modelled by Praxiteles—he seemed to me then (and still seems) a general set apart from all the other Civil War generals, a composite of a Daumier grotesque and, in profile at least, an old Roman coin. At that time I confused him in my mind with the Dick Dead-Eye of "Pinafore." His cheeks were so chubby that I put him with the plug-shifters, but the documents that I have examined revealed to me nothing of this matter.

No man connected with the Civil War,

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on either side, and the golden era of grab and graft that followed it ever had a greater assortment of verbal slops emptied on his head. Scurrility went blue in the face at his name. He was a continuous target for years for all the mudsills, North and South. Silver-Spoon Butler, Beast Butler, Cyclops, Yankee fiend, traitor, thief, murderer, Old Cock-Eye, Lewd Benny, confiscator, Picayune Butler—these are but a few of the decorations pinned on him. Through it all he preserved a calm, a dignity, an amazing self-control, tempered from time to time by meticulously worded manifestoes of cynical satire that only further infuriated his enemies.

"I want to be investigated!" was always his slogan. And he was always being investigated—but nothing was ever proved. There was, so far as I have learned, nothing to prove. He was never tarred as badly as Grant, Blaine or Garfield. I had taken it for granted, with millions of other Americans, that he was the greatest crook of all who had gone scot-free during the War and Reconstruction. But there was not a scintilla of evidence to prove the charges, I found on examination—nothing but the innuendoes, the lying, the scurrility and envy which fall upon anyone who, like Butler, is independent, aggressive, fearless —and, above all, a cynical realist.

That he was a demagogue, a political turn-coat and a self-seeking egotist, and that he loved money, and always played safe—all this is true. That he even countenanced fraud in Army contracts—especially in the case of his brother and brother-in-law—may be granted too. But that he ever profited personally by these transactions remains—most decidedly—not proven. If he was a wolf, he was a lone wolf, and the pack never forgave him for it. I found that there were elements of independence of character, and even of greatness, in this man that I had never suspected, and after examining the books and pamphlets for and against him I had to conclude that he is one of the most maligned men in American history. Sentimental idealists despised him, but his answer to them was, "I never knew what true happiness was until I lost my character." This, of course, I take *cum grano*, for no man of his time had more character and a worse reputation—and it is probable that he confused the two. He was the target of all the spittoons North and South during the whole Spittoon Era; and the ease and grace with which he dodged them and their contents claims my admiration and amazement.

II

Benjamin Franklin Butler was born in Deerfield, N. H., in 1818. His grandfather was in the Revolution and his father was with Jackson at New Orleans, a city that was to make the grandson famous and bring down upon him the stinkpots of all Europe and America. His father became a sailor after the War of 1812, and biographical enemies have it that he was hanged from the yardarm at Cadiz for murder and piracy on the high seas.

A purely venomous concoction. The old man actually died of yellow fever in the West Indies, pursuing the legitimate calling of a trader. He was one of eight lonely Democrats in Deerfield,—"outcasts," as son Ben says in his autobiography, the raciest and best-written of any by the Civil War generals. The bitterness of political divisions a hundred years ago has no counterpart today; maybe it was to the embattled aloofness of his family that Ben owed his pugnacity and his defiant bitterness. He had a wonderful memory, being able to repeat when a boy the whole of Matthew. It may be because of this that in later years they never caught him on the dotted line.

The family moved to Lowell, Mass., soon after the death of the father, and it was from this town that the picturesque Butlerian personality radiated in ever-widening circles. His mother intended young Benjamin for the Baptist ministry, so the Waterville (Maine) College, a famous Baptist water-hole, was selected for his Horebic

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gymnastics. But he had none of the milk of redemption in his make-up. He was the irredeemable Huck Finn of the college from the beginning. He split the juvenile immersionists on the question of desultory versus systematic reading, he being the leader of the go-as-you-please faction. He roved the countryside at night instead of looking into his goody-goody books, was fined because he refused to go to prayers, and nose-thumbed the whole Baptist Musæ.

One day he listened to a professor lecture on predestination. The professor had calculated that only one in a hundred persons would be saved. Ben thereupon drew up an address to the college authorities which averred that on that basis only six persons in the college could be saved. Even if the six were all professors, that still left three to be damned. On the other hand, if all the professors were damned and the six elect were to be chosen from among the pupils, he felt that he himself was doomed. He begged therefore to present his resignation, as he was both "bankrupt and damned." He was reprimanded, fined and told to shut up. But he wouldn't shut up (and never did all his life), and soon had a go with another professor on miracles and martyrdom. He contended that martyrdom merely proved pig-headedness, that miracles were unimportant if true, and that the best of the Apostles were the two skeptics, Peter and Thomas. Emerson was getting in his licks on New England youth at about that time.

Leaving the Baptist Yahweh flat in His water-hole, young Ben began to practise law in Boston and Lowell. His ingenuity, tenacity, fertility and swift verbal slaps immediately brought him trade and local fame. The soldier ghosts in his blood began to sniff around for smoke, so he joined the State militia, the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, which some years later, at the outbreak of the war, was to be shot ragged while marching through the streets of Baltimore. As he had defied the Baptist lightnings at Waterville, he also showed, in his legal practise, the same contempt for authority. "If you begin to tell me what you don't know there will be no time for anything else," he once said to the court before which he had a case.

Such a man couldn't help running for something, so he stood for the Massachusetts Assembly on the Democratic ticket, advocating a workers' ten-hour law. As the Massachusetts mill-hands in those days, like those of the New South today, worked from twelve to eighteen hours a day for less than bed and beans, he was naturally looked on as a subverter of society, an anarchist and an anti-Christ. The mill-owners of Lowell posted a notice that any one voting for him would be discharged. But they didn't know their man. Ben made an impassioned address to the slaves which wound up with this Neronic threat:

> Then, woe to Lowell! To my own house I, with this hand, will first apply the torch. . . . All I have in the world I consecrate to the flames!

The workers—especially the women—became frenzied, howling for torches. The mill-owners were scared to petrifaction. The notices came down, and Butler was elected. Would he have carried out his threat? The hanging of Mumford twenty-four years later for pulling down the American flag over the Mint in New Orleans leads me to suspect that he might have attempted something of the kind. At least, Lowell, which knew him well, believed it. It is said, however, by a chronicler not at all friendly to him that, once in the Assembly, he did not even vote on the ten-hour bill. There are no records, but it seems improbable, as he was afterward elected to the State Senate. There was in his make-up a streak of the fanatical absolutist; he was a natural bitter-ender.

On the question of slavery he was a States' rights neutral. "Sudden abolition," he said, "would be ruin to the master and a doubtful good to the slave." Elected as a delegate to the rump pro-slavery Charleston Democratic National Convention in 1860, he went there to oppose any platform that even remotely advocated the abolition

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of slavery. He was, however, strongly pro-Union. He denied the right of secession, and was for war if such a thing were to be attempted. In his autobiography he riddled the doctrine of human equality. This Beast Butler, in fact, was a somewhat enlightened man, which always engenders enemies, even unto this day.

In the convention he was for the nomination of Jefferson Davis for President, a decision of ironic clairvoyance, seeing that two years later Davis, as President of the Confederate States, was to reward him for his support by demanding that he be hanged. Vice-President J. C. Breckenridge, a strong pro-slavery and States' rights Kentuckian, was nominated. Butler, unrepentant and unashamed, went back to Lowell, where there was some hot talk about lynching him. He was generally denounced as a traitor and hanged in effigy on Lowell Common. His answer was a perfect example of Butlerian stubbornness and defiance: he ran for Governor on the Breckenridge ticket, and received six thousand votes. I hold that any man who had the nerve to run for Governor of Massachusetts on a pro-slavery ticket in 1860, whatever his other shortcomings may have been, was not without a large chunk of God's choicest and rarest soul-stuffing, moral courage.

Butler's position during these events was never equivocal. He feared secession and war more than he did slavery. His attitude, at bottom, was precisely that of Lincoln at the time: save the Union first, and we'll talk about slavery later. Lincoln had no intention of freeing the slaves when he was inaugurated. The Emancipation Proclamation, in 1863, was a political gesture and only secondarily a moral act. Lincoln, of course, was opposed to slavery. As for Butler, he was pro-slave in order to save the country from disruption, not because he believed in the institution. If South Carolina had not seceded and Fort Sumter had not been fired on—in a word, had there been no Civil War—the probabilities are that Lincoln would never have emancipated the slaves on moral or any other grounds. Both Lincoln and Butler were Unionists first and shackle-smashers afterward.

In December, 1860, when South Carolina, having seceded from the Union, sent a commission to Washington to negotiate with the now foreign government at Washington, Ben as one of the Northern leaders of the Breckenridge wing of the Democratic party hurried to Washington to plead with it to come back to the family fireside. He announced to the delegates: "I admit your States' rights doctrine on slavery; but if there is war—and I am for war to keep you in the Union—I'm against you." He pranced around uttering defis as he recalled that back in his fifteenth year his idol, Andrew Jackson, had bellowed his famous "By the Eternal!" stuff when the same rambunctious State had nullified the Federal tariff laws. The fire-eaters and sword-swallowers in the delegation denounced him as a traitor. Comic situation: he was a traitor in both Lowell and Charleston.

III

Now began that epoch in the career of Brigadier General and Major General Benjamin Franklin Butler which was for a time to lift him to international fame and bring down on his head the billingsgate of two or three languages—but which ruffled not at all that serenely cynical cock-eyed martinet.

War having come, he leaped into the fray with that great delight in doing the unexpected and that absolute fearlessness which so nettled his stay-at-home enemies. After his old Massachusetts regiment had been shot up in Baltimore he was commissioned brigadier general of the Massachusetts State militia to reopen the lines between the Union States and Washington. This he did from Annapolis—without fighting. He was then made major general of volunteers, with headquarters at Fortress Monroe. His first order was one forbidding the plundering of houses and prohibiting his

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troops from drinking. He declared that he himself would not drink while in command. It is very likely that in giving this order he winked at himself in the mirror.

Three Negroes, the property of a Southern Colonel Mallory, who had been doing war work, having escaped and fled for protection to the fortress, Butler issued his famous order: "These men are contraband of war. Set them to work!" Great uproar in the North and South—Butler was freeing the slaves! Negroes began to pour into Fortress Monroe and were given work at a wage on the fortifications. His position here was perfectly logical: the South having gone out of the Union, he felt no further obligation to uphold the States' rights doctrine of slavery. Theodore Winthrop even ventured to remark that he had "abolished slavery in the United States."

As a commander in the field, he was licked at Big Bethel, but redeemed himself by taking Forts Hatteras and Clark. "My Austerlitz came after my Waterloo," he remarked. Solemn, sardonic audacity was one of the keys to his character. But the politicians in Washington in those early days of the war would not keep any man long in one job; I must, indeed, sadly record my belief, while shedding a passing tear of regret, that Lincoln himself didn't know where he was at. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, later bounced because of contract scandals, said to Butler: "If you had been left at Baltimore the Rebellion would have been of short duration." It may have been that Ben and Simon were in cahoots. Butler never made any loud pretensions to scrupulousness. It is possible that he believed with Napoleon that "the worse the man, the better the soldier." He said in a letter to General Baldy Smith, "You had better go down to posterity as a Nero than a nobody." (Only sugarplum and jam-mouthed idealists believe in honest wars and honorable warriors.)

Butler was switched South and, with the aid of Admiral Farragut, took New Orleans in the Spring of '62. He was immediately made military governor of the city, and it is here that we get a full-length portrait of the man from every angle: a portrait of a miniature Napoleon *à la* Offenbach. With his short figure, always somewhat ridiculous in his general's uniform, his long mustache, his long rolling hair, his left eye almost closed, which gave him the appearance of being half-asleep—he must have appeared to the romantic intelligentsia of the Southland's Athens, its creoles, its cosmopolites and its Negroes, as anything but the classical damned Yankee.

He had the hardest job that any soldier can have in a war: that of governor of a conquered city. The South hated the North with a venomous and implacable hatred. An aristocracy was under the heel of a grotesque from Massachusetts. In the eyes of our dear, dear fellow-countrymen and countrywomen of New Orleans, a Marat, a Robespierre had come to erect the guillotines. His reign in New Orleans for eight months is a theme for a comic opera. But to him New Orleans was a job—and, maybe, a little jobbery: who knows? The historian James Parton says that his administration was "the ablest and the noblest piece of impromptu statesmanship the modern world has ever seen." Examining the records as a tradition-fed anti-Butlerian, I was surprised, and annoyed, to find myself in agreement with Parton. War is war, as we have all been taught from Cæsar to Erich Remarque. What would you as long as a conquered people are (and always will be) bad sports?

Butler went right to work to make the city sanitary. He put to cleaning the streets thousands of yawning, lackadaisical bums and fought yellow fever till he drove it from the city. These were his first enormities, for loafing, dirt and yellow jack were ever looked upon in our Southland metropolis as the very epaulettes of civic pride. The poor were—thousands of them—on the very verge of starvation. He levied tidy but not exorbitant sums on the goodly heeled to feed, house and clothe them.

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This piece of experimental socialism drew down on him the choicest Christian anathemas. They had no more effect on him than a dinner of drunken dry Senators would have on the optics of President Hoover.

Now there arose the question of the flag, our beautiful Star-Spangled Banner, symbol of red blood, milk-fed purity and all things starry and bright. The ladies and gentlemen of New Orleans, and all lollers and loafers in general, hated it worse than Benedict Arnold ever did in his sulkiest moments. They spat at it, guyed at it, hooted at it, just as Bolshevists are said to do today. Butler put it over the United States Mint and promised to shoot anyone who tore it down. A professional gambler, one Bill Mumford, got up on the roof, tore it loose, and, led by a mob which no doubt contained some sacred sons of the American Revolution, dragged it through the streets. Farragut threatened to bombard the city if it occurred again; but it never did, for Butler, a perfect gentleman on promises, hanged Mumford on a public scaffold near the Mint, while all of New Orleans wailed and gnashed and the papers out in the sticks dubbed him Old Cock-Eye, Yankee fiend, etc. His mail was lewd and murderous.

Bully Butler, I say! We go to war to murder. The South wanted the war, and it got good, rich murder. How different was his action from that of Woodrow Wilson, who threatened General Huerta with the bombardment of Vera Cruz (or was it Tampico?) if he did not salute the flag; and when Huerta, knowing his man, did not salute it, Wilson fanned himself to sleep on the silken couch of the Higher Ethics, and Huerta actually loafed his way back across America to the Texas border. Meanwhile New Orleans got cleaner and cleaner, disgustingly orderly, and yellow jack was almost stamped out.

But in the Butlerian fireworks these were only penny pinwheels and grass lights compared to the sky-rocket he had been carefully preparing. This he set off on May 15, 1862, in an innocent-enough looking bulletin known as Order 28. It was a sky-rocket that was literally to rock the world —horrifying even the Philistine street-walkers of Paris, bringing the hot blush of shame to all of Victorian England, and causing all the South and most of the North to pipe-joint their latrines with nozzles pointed Butlerward.

IV

It all came about through the actions of what we have naïvely called, for generations, Southern womanhood, the very flower of which, as we know, resides, or did reside, in New Orleans. The matter was first brought to Butler's attention when he was in command in Baltimore, where the first ladies of that town, when they passed a Federal soldier, would throw back the lapels of their coats, revealing the Confederate flag. In return, the Yanks—naughty realists from Massachusetts—would turn around, lift up their coats and also show the ladies the Confederate flag, pinned on their sterns.

The manners of the conquered fair ones of New Orleans, Butler soon discovered, were far worse than those of their Baltimore sisters. The Federals in the Gulf City were spat on, hissed and called not too pretty names from balconies, windows and doorways, often in beautifully soused low Southern tones. Good mothers taught their children to scream epithets at the soldiers and then to scamper skirtward. Wives and daughters of the Southern nobility developed a habit, on the streets, of turning their backs in a rather suggestive way to the Yanks, which led Butler to remark for publication, just before he issued Order 28, "Those women evidently know which end of them looks best"—a remark which caused Gamaliel Bradford, in his "Damaged Souls" (in which he does not damage Butler at all) to exclaim "hideous!"

Butler, remembering how ineffectual the Baltimore way had been of treating this matter, promulgated an order announcing

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that any female, especially among those calling themselves ladies, who should by word, gesture or movement insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States should be treated as a woman of the streets plying her vocation. A veritable stroke of genius!—and the first real step ever taken in the hopeless task of civilizing the South. "Beast Butler!" rose from all throats. A Mississippi *preux des dames* offered $10,000 for the villain's head. His old side-kick, Jeff Davis, wanted him kidnapped and hanged. Lord Palmerston blushed a deep red "for Anglo-Saxon civilization," which only caused cynical old Ben to rock with laughter. *Punch*, which had called Abe "a baboon" and was later to pour a tubful of hypocritical tears over his corpse, went into this:

Yankee doodle, doodle doo,
Yankee doodle dandy;
Butler is a rare Yahoo,
As brave as Sepoy Pandy.

Butler's answer to all this was to jail the mayor of New Orleans, who had written him a letter protesting against his order in the name of Christianity. Southern jails were not built for Southern gentlemen, so the mayor went back to his job after apologizing humbly.

Butler had great trouble with the foreign neutrals. These neutrals, like all neutrals in all wars, were go-betweens and worked the international badger-game. The English, French and Dutch consulates were fences. He seized $800,000 in the Dutch consulate that had been deposited there from time to time by various concerns trading with the Confederates and used it in his programme for making New Orleans clean. There is no evidence that he ever appropriated any of it to his own use. He was a firm believer, however, in Martin Van Buren's doctrine, both in peace and in war, that "to the victor belongs the spoils," and it may be that he condescended to take a little slice off of the top here and there.

There was also the case of another "neutral," Charles Heidsieck, head of the French firm of champagne makers, Piper Heidsieck. Heidsieck got a job as bartender on a packet boat plying between Mobile and New Orleans, and began to carry treasonable letters between the two cities. Butler nabbed him and stowed him away for safe-keeping. France sent threats to Washington. Neutrality, what Woodrovian hypocrisies are committed in thy name!

The melodramatic comedy of New Orleans now moved to its farcical climax. It concerned the theft of two hundred dollars' worth of silver spoons. In my youth I had always heard Ben referred to as Silver-Spoon Butler. I accepted until lately, like most Americans, the story that he stole a load of spoons when he was about to leave New Orleans. As a member of the very oldest profession in the world—the highly necessary and civilizing profession of murdering, looting and conquering which we call the soldier's—had he appropriated the spoons to his own use he would have rested on classic and immemorial examples and precedents. Napoleon, for instance, carted a great deal of Italian culture back to Paris—and so on. But the whole story, it appears, was a tissue of lies from beginning to end, and it was finally exploded forever by the late William Dana Orcutt in the *North American Review* about ten years ago.

Mr. Orcutt published letters and documents, hitherto unpublished, which showed that the spoons—which were the property of a French "neutral," one Villeneuve, who had tried to smuggle them out of New Orleans under the petticoats of a Mrs. Ferguson—later reposed on the table of General Banks. Villeneuve threw a series of Latin fits in his correspondence with Butler, and for quite a while the world was regaled with the game of "Spoons, spoons, who's got the spoons?" They were never actually in Butler's personal possession. But the Champagne Charley and Villeneuve incidents brought about his recall. The French government threatened to rec-

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ognize the Confederacy if Washington didn't get him out of New Orleans. The super-government of the consular fences in New Orleans prevailed, and he was shot over to the command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina.

Before leaving New Orleans he drew up a farewell account of his stewardship which for dignity of utterance and satiric unveiling of the "neutrality" of foreign governments ranks as one of the finest of American State papers. It was, in its way, a literary masterpiece. He told England he might have smoked the inhabitants of New Orleans to death in caverns as a general of the royal house of England smoked the Scotch Covenanters, or blown them from the mouths of cannon as the Sepoys were blown at Delhi. He denounced England and France as "the most polished and hypocritical nations of Europe." He called on the people of New Orleans to return to their allegiance and pointed out to them that slavery was a greater degradation to the whites than to the Negroes. Brain and heart were in this letter, a far finer piece of writing than the rhetorical blah of Lincoln at Gettysburg.

When Butler got to Norfolk he found a letter from one of those truly American societies called the Perfectionists. The members thereof refused to swear allegiance to any earthly government on the ground that they were sons and daughters of a government founded some years before 1776, the Kingdom of Heaven. Butler's answer indicates why he was hated and reviled by littler minds:

> Gentlemen: I have read your petition to General Barnes setting forth your objections to swearing allegiance to any earthly government. The first reason which you set forth is that "all human governments are a necessary evil and are continued in existence only by the permission of Jehovah until the time arrives for the establishment of His Kingdom, and in the establishment of which all others will be subdued unto it, thus fulfilling the declaration in the eighth of Daniel, the fourteenth verse, etc."
>
> You therein establish to your own satisfaction three points: First, the government, although an evil, is a necessary one. Second, that for a time it is permitted to exist by the wisdom of Jehovah. Third, that the time at which a period is to be put to its existence is not yet come. Therefore, you ought to swear allegiance to the government of the United States. First, because, though an evil, you admit it to be necessary. Second, although an evil, you admit that it is permitted by the wisdom of Jehovah, and it is not for His creatures to question the wisdom of His acts. Third, you only claim to be excused when Jehovah's government is substituted, which period, you admit, has not yet arrived.
>
> Your obedient servant,
>
> BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

V

These were the high spots in Butler's military career. As soon as the war was over the mud-batteries opened on Old Cock-Eye with renewed fury. The most scurrilous pamphlet of the time was issued by one M. M. Pomeroy, editor of the La Crosse, Wis., *Democrat*. It was published in New York and had an enormous circulation throughout the English-speaking world. The cover carries a picture of Butler as a dachshund-like centaur. The editor of the *Democrat* is painting "Beast" on his forehead. There are about fifty pages of uninterrupted abuse, a perfect thesaurus and classic of its kind. I cull a few phrases:

> Tricky, wanton; pickpocket when a boy . . . chickens learned to eye him as a hen does a hawk . . . insulted little girls and beat smaller boys . . . as a lawyer, robbed his clients . . . dishonest, reckless, tricky . . . career in the Army one of villainy, theft, murder and wholesale confiscation . . . he robbed the dead in their coffins . . . robbed banks of bullion . . . rotten, venal, corrupt, infamous, sneaking, contemptible, brutal, incompetent . . . drunken sot . . . diseased companions . . . enforced high sanitary measures in New Orleans because he feared death by disease . . . had women stripped before him . . . strut, egotism, brass . . . genius of the Devil . . . hyena . . . natural thief . . . nigger children and thievish dogs are named after him . . . house-plundering, enemy-aiding, government-sucking. Treasury-filching, hell-deserving, virtue-wronging, Negro-loving, vice-caressing, cotton-stealing, town-sucking, officer-murdering, bag-eyed pet of perdition spoon-thief.

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Ah, *mes enfants*, American literature was free in those days!

As I said somewhat further back, there was a streak of fanatical absolutism in Butler. This explains his attitude toward the South in the Johnson and Grant era. He believed that a conquered people should pay the damages. As Lee is reputed to have said that if the Battle of Gettysburg had been won by the South he would have dictated peace in Independence Square with his terms in one hand and a torch in the other, Butler took the tit-for-tat position: "The governments of those States [the South] were part and parcel of the Confederacy, and should in my view have been entirely obliterated." His platform was: military government for the South until "they understood the meaning of loyalty;" full suffrage rights for all Negroes. "I would have confiscated the real estate of all those who had voluntarily taken an active part in the Rebellion." Erect the Territories of the Potomac, Cape Fear, Jackson, Jefferson, Houston and Lincoln; stamp out "State pride."

He was one of the House counsel in the impeachment proceedings against Johnson, and announced, "As to myself, I came to the conclusion to try the case upon the same rules of evidence and in the same manner as I should try a horse case, and I know how to do that." All this sounds very brutal in these hypocritical days of let's murder one another by the million and then kiss and make up. But I like Butler for his realism and his unmasked will-to-vengeance. He, however, condescended, after an exhaustive personal investigation, to exonerate Johnson of any complicity in the assassination of Lincoln (Booth left his visiting card at Johnson's hotel before going to Ford's Theatre).

He still festered over Jeff Davis, however, and Johnson flatly rejected his scheme for trying Davis by a military court of which Butler would have been the head. The sticking-plaster mind that had memorized St. Matthew when a child had not forgotten that friend Jeff wanted his head at New Orleans. What a place in history Old Cock-Eye would have had had he lived in Paris during the Revolution!

Until his death in 1893, he played all parties and all offices with that always cynical and you-be-damned air. When he was elected Governor of Massachusetts in 1883, Harvard, for the first time in its history, refused him a degree. As far back as '69 he was a Greenbacker. In Congress he would have nothing to do with women lobbyists. I find the following in one of his numerous letters of acceptance of the Governorship. It gives us the soul of the realist in politics:

> Men never devote themselves assiduously, to the neglect of other business, to the management of political affairs without they intend in a greater or less degree to live by politics, to fasten themselves, their dependents and their confederates in some way upon the body politic. . . . It is only when they cannot imitate it that they complain of sharpness.

Ben Butler was the most vivid, cynical and bunkless man of his era, and, quite likely—like Hamlet, all lawyers, all generals and ninety-nine per cent of the human race—was indifferently honest.

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AMERICAN INDIAN CULTURES

BY ROBERT H. LOWIE

"Do you speak the Indian language?" That is one of the most frequent questions a student of American ethnology has to answer. Alas! he has to explain more or less sheepishly that there is no one aboriginal language in the New World. Linguists, indeed, recognize at least half a dozen unrelated families or stocks north of Mexico—that is to say, groups of languages less akin to one another than Russian is to English.

Now, what is true for speech also holds for culture. The earlier Redskin immigrants who crossed Bering Strait in successive hordes from, say, 10,000 years ago onward, certainly brought with them a set of arts, beliefs, and customs; and some of these cultural goods persisted until the most recent times. As an example, there is every reason to assume that the simple bow was brought from Asia and gradually spread southward throughout the Western hemisphere. So with the breeds of dogs found as far south as Tierra del Fuego: they have been proved anatomically to be descendants of an Asiatic wolf.

Apart from such heritages, there were also traits that developed later and spread from their source of origin, sometimes very widely, so as to level local differences. For instance, maize was diffused from Central America to the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, and cotton was grown from Northern Arizona to Peru. Nor were such spreadings limited to material objects. A deluge story in which animals dive to bring up earth from the depths of the ocean is found from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Shinny is played in the Gran Chaco very much as on the plains of North America. And in Tierra del Fuego no less than in British Columbia the adolescent novice uses a special wooden scratcher to relieve an itching head and a bone tube to drink from.

All this proves unity of a kind, but it represents only half the story. Cultures are more than mere aggregations of traits: each has its peculiar pattern, even when the single elements are alike. The Hidatsa of North Dakota and the Hopi of Arizona got their corn from the same southern source. But with the Hopi it was and is the staff of life beside which all other sustenance is negligible. It is grown by a special method in adaptation to the arid climate, and its cultivation is the main occupation of the men, with the women tending auxiliary gardens. In the old days venison and rabbit flesh were very nice as a change, but of little account—perhaps no more important than to us.

How totally different was the Hidatsa case! Here, too, a special technique had to be evolved, in adaptation to the short season, but corn never became the staple. It was merely an important subsidiary item, for which the women were responsible, as they were for all vegetable food, wild or cultivated. The men hunted buffalo, deer, elk; and without the larger game Hidatsa existence was unthinkable. Thus, to know that maize was a crop both in North Dakota and in Arizona is to know something, but to know very little indeed. The question remains, What is the place of this plant in the two economic systems? How is it correlated with the sexual division of labor so common in all societies? What are its religious correlations? And so forth.

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As soon as we study aboriginal cultures from this angle, we discover far-reaching differences. Even the Stone Age tribes of Canada and the United States, all of them without metals, without live-stock, without political units of more than moderate compass, differed fundamentally in *Weltanschauung*, in their social and religious ideals. A few examples will suffice to drive the point home.

Let us begin with our Hopi farmers. They live in rectangular, flat-roofed houses of sandstone built on the mesas high above the level of the desert. The men not only raise corn, but weave cloth and make moccasins—an employment that on the Plains would stamp them as mollycoddles, if not as perverts. On the other hand, pottery—the outstanding art industry—is wholly in the hands of the women. It is their duty further to grind corn in stone hand-mills and to cook. They also own the houses—and thereby hangs a tale. When a man marries, he goes to live with his wife in her mother's house. Her sisters also bring their husbands to the same or adjacent houses. The children take the mother's clan name and are associated with whatever sacred objects and ceremonies happen to be linked with their mother's household. When a sacred office is passed on, it goes, not to a son, but to a younger brother or a sister's son—for these are members of the original incumbent's clan while his own son would not be.

Nevertheless, males are not trodden under foot, at least, no more so than among other folk. A man divorced by his wife has to leave her house, but he has a legal claim for shelter on his mother and sisters. Further, while he is prevented from marrying more than one wife at a time, it is easy to pass progressively from one spouse to another. As for government, no one has ever heard of a female Hopi chief, and ceremonially, while the women have some dances, the more important rites are wholly in the custody of the men.

The chief, incidentally, wields only a modest authority. He is not an oriental potentate disposing of his subjects' property and persons. Except in social prestige he is surrounded by peers, and at best his realm includes but a few hundred souls: the total population of about two thousand is sprinkled over a number of villages jealously maintaining their autonomy. This separatism is all the more remarkable because considerably simpler tribes, such as the Iroquois of New York, showed a certain capacity for political organization.

In religion, too, there is a distinctive quality: the Hopi are ritual-mad. There are eight-day festivals such as the famous Snake Dance, conceived generally as prayers for rain. There are conclaves of secret fraternities in subterranean chambers. Boys are initiated into adult status by a rite of flagellation. There is an interminable manufacturing of feather offerings to be deposited in shrines, there is a constant ceremonial smoking, a sprinkling of corn meal, an erection of altars, a preparation of sand-paintings. There are formal processions, dances, dramatic performances, ceremonial buffoonery. Part of the year mummers impersonate ancestral spirits, and at all times ritual is made to serve as fertility magic. Only one thing seems lacking—the quickening breath of a personal relation with the supernatural.

II

To pass from these Southwesterners to the tribes along the coast of British Columbia is like stepping into another universe. Like the Hopi, the Kwakiutl and Tlingit lived in villages, but their sedentary habits implied neither farming nor pottery. Material life revolved about salmon and giant trees: these Indians were fishermen and exploited the red and yellow cedar. From the bark of the trees they manufactured mats, baskets, rope, and blankets. As master carpenters they split off planks from live trunks and built of them large gable houses. All kinds of boxes were made of such planks, which were bent by steaming them. Even food was cooked in such containers, which were filled with water

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boiled by means of red-hot rocks. In an ethnographic museum the first thing to strike a visitor to the British Columbia Coast collection is the exhibit of wooden chests, models of wooden houses, giant canoes, elaborate masks, carved memorial columns, heraldic devices, rattles, and Heaven knows what. In the Hopi room, on the other hand, the carvings are wholly overshadowed by earthenware vessels, painted or plain.

At least as distinctive as this industrial activity of the Coast Indians is the associated art style. It is like nothing else in the world—a medley of conventionalization and realism such as no philosopher of æsthetics could ever have divined as a possibility. Eyes abound in the decorative carving, but for the most part they stand, not for eyes, but for the ball-and-socket joints of the body. A beaver will be depicted realistically but fragmentarily by a cross-hatched tail. Whole animals are distorted *ad libitum* to fit the available space. Often they are split in two, and each half is spread out separately. Yet Professor Boas has shown that all this indicates no lack of skill; when for some special reason the natives wanted true realism they attained it without difficulty.

Equally remarkable was their social organization. In contrast to almost all the other aborigines of the continent the Northwesterners were steeped in the idea of caste. They had nobles, commoners, and slaves. The chiefs, of course, were of the aristocratic class, but as elsewhere on the continent they were rarely autocrats and at best ruled over a small number of people. That is, political power was of minor importance. All the more strongly developed was social prestige. No distinctions were drawn between one plebeian and another, but every nobleman tried to outshine his rivals. Each inherited such and such privileges and took precedence accordingly; each was inflamed with an incredible eagerness to eclipse his competitors by giving them lavish presents, which custom required to be repaid at 100% interest, any remissness at once leading to a loss of face. The exploits of a chief at the public festivals known as potlatches were indeed enough to eliminate all theories of man as an economic being. The most valuable property, say, a canoe, might be wantonly destroyed, or a slave deliberately killed merely to show that the master was so great a man that such losses were of no account.

In such privilege-mad societies even religion is saturated with the notion of hereditary prerogative. The mysterious universe is coped with by amulets and sacred rituals, but these are not used by the general public; they are carefully guarded trade secrets, which a man on his deathbed may divulge to his eldest son but which he certainly would never share with a stranger. In the great Winter festival all important offices are held by men who have inherited them by rigid rules of descent. To play the part of particular spirits, to chant certain songs, to capture novices—all these are not trivial details but honorific acts attempted only by the legal owners of these patented privileges. Even revelations by supernatural beings are hedged about by such notions: each family or clan has the right to be blessed by certain spirits and these only.

If we now turn from either the Kwakiutl or the Hopi to the Crow of Montana, a violent readjustment is imperative. We no more find among the Plains tribes the Northwestern or Pueblo outlook on life than we find mid-Victorian standards in Dostoyevski's novels. I remember once telling some Crow friends about the Hopi: they listened intently but without the least sense of psychic affinity: I might have been describing adventures in Laputa or with the Man in the Moon.

Even though Feuerbach's epigram, *Der Mensch ißt, was er ißt*, may not exhaust the matter, it expresses a basic fact, and the Crow at once stands out from the two other groups by his dietary proclivities. In the old days he despised fish; occasionally he traded for some corn with the semi-horticultural Prairie tribes, but he himself

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raised nothing but tobacco; and he relied first and foremost on the bison (*vulgo* buffalo), with deer and elk to eke out his meat supply. These animals provided him also with thread, clothing, tent covers, storage bags, drinking-horns, and a dozen other things. Large herds were not easily hunted in the days before firearms, so a definite communal technique of the chase developed. The buffalo were driven down a cut-bank or into a large pen, where they could be readily executed. Life and death depended on the outcome, hence for once there was a centralized authority: the chief appointed one of the military clubs to act as police for the season, and their dictatorship quelled any effort at independent action that might endanger the issue of the chase. Otherwise a Crow was virtually free from outward coercion. If he was restrained from unconventional conduct it was by fear of becoming the theme of a vituperative or at least jocular song by some scandalized tribesman.

III

The ideal Crow woman combined chastity with skill in cookery and the tanning of hides. The ideal man was the warrior who had achieved the four basic deeds of chivalry—wresting a bow or gun from the enemy, stealing a picketed horse from the hostile camp, touching a foeman—whether one injured by him or not—and leading a victorious war party. Unlike the British Columbia tribes the Crow did not allot prestige to the accident of birth but only to individual merit as defined. It was all very well for a man to be a fine orator, a good hunter, or a master of ritual: these were frills to lend added glory to a famous brave. But alone they were nothing: in order to be rated a great man a Crow had to perform the traditional deeds. Accordingly, as an ambitious Tlingit destroyed a canoe that might represent the labor of years, so the Crow aspirant to glory would risk his neck to enter a Sioux camp or dash up to tag a Cheyenne with his bare hand.

But militarism was tied up with religion. No war leader, in theory at least, ventured to set out without the sanction of a dream or vision, no youth dared hope for success without the blessing of a supernatural patron. Indeed, in every vital situation of life, in illness or danger or mourning, the Crow resorted to personal communion with the supernatural. The Pueblo Indian was impersonal. If you went through the proper forms you got rain; if you were in doubt, you went to listen to omens, auspicious or untoward. But a Crow sought a revelation, not, like the Northwesterners, from one or a few family gods, but, untrammeled by restrictions, from any benign being in the universe that deigned to take pity on him.

The supernatural powers, however, rarely responded unbidden; hence the deliberate vision quest. A Crow would go to a lonely spot, fast, thirst, and call on the divine beings to bless him. He generally chopped off a finger-joint of his left hand and offered it as a sacrifice. At the time of my visits (1907–1916) there was hardly an old Crow not so mutilated. Everything considered, the sun was the greatest of the Crow gods and sometimes appeared in person. Thus, he visited Sore-tail, then the poorest man in camp, and said, "I will send my messenger to you." An eagle came as the sun's representative, showed the visionary a ceremonial lodge he was to put up, and promised him wealth. In consequence Sore-tail came to own a herd of from seventy to a hundred horses.

But the direct intervention of the sun was very unusual, and instead there came divine buffalo, weasels, the tobacco plant in human guise, and so forth. The visitant would pronounce the formula of adoption, sing a song, display some decoration or dress to be worn by his protégé or lay down other rules, and promise him some blessing. Medicine-crow's experience is typical. When a young man he fasted and prayed for four days. At last he cut off a joint and said, "Sun, look at me, I am poor. I wish to own horses. Make me wealthy. This is why I give you my little finger." Then he fell unconscious. Towards dawn he saw a

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young man and a young woman, who said, "We have seen that you are a poor man, and we have come to see what we can do for you." They were incarnations of the sacred tobacco which is often identified with the morning-star, the child of the sun. The two tobacco persons showed Medicine-crow ceremonial regalia and promised him plenty of horses. The woman forbade him to bring guns to the ceremonial performance, since they are tabooed. Medicine-crow (whom I interviewed several times) thus became leader of the Strawberry chapter and a man of wealth.

Such experiences were virtually unknown among the mechanically minded Pueblo Indians, with their set rites of prayer-stick offering, smoking, and fertility symbolism; and while the equivalent existed on the Northwest Coast the natives there were narrowly limited to the particular spirit inherited from their ancestors. Thus, even in that most personal of human relations, the contact with the invisible powers of the universe, the individuals of our three cultures displayed characteristic and vital differences: their thought and behavior were predetermined by set patterns.

But the three areas defined above barely suggest the true heterogeneity of aboriginal life. Nothing has been said of the political genius of the Iroquois; of the outwardly colorless seed-gathering, grasshopper-eating, rabbit-hunting Shoshoneans of Idaho, Utah and Nevada, with their amusing tales about the worthy wolf and the clownish coyote, and Cottontail's conquest of the sun; nor about the acorn-leaching Californians who carried the art of basketry to the highest reaches reported for any of the ruder peoples of the globe. But enough has been said, I believe, to show the vast contrast between the standardized Anglo-American civilization of today, with its ubiquitous radios, automobiles, and cinemas, and the widely varied patterns of its predecessors on the same soil.

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LITTLE GIRL

BY GRANVILLE TOOGOOD

Nobody knew what her real name was. Gilda asked her when she first came, and it sounded so much like Anna Banana that she called her that. Gilda had once lived high, and she had some reputation as a wit. Anna didn't seem to mind. Anna was generally considered pretty dumb.

Dumb or not, she had her points. She was all pink and white and gold, and she stood six feet one in her stockings. She had come off a farm in Minnesota, where she took care of the calves, and she used to carry them around in her arms. Her eyes were pale blue, and they had a pale stare like the stare of the big cats in the zoo. It used to make the customers a little uncomfortable, but they preferred her end of the counter anyway. They liked to look at her really magnificent figure.

Mr. Felix knew this. He liked to look at her himself. She used to stand near the coffee percolator when she wasn't busy, and the steam wreathing about her head made her look like a Norse goddess. Mr. Felix knew nothing about Norse goddesses, but he knew a good figure when he saw one. He went down to the city and bought her six linen uniforms with low necks.

Business was better after Anna came. The traveling salesmen soon found out about her, and they formed the habit of dropping in for a cup of coffee at odd hours. Sometimes there would be as many as four or five of them sitting at her end of the counter, wise-cracking and trying to make her smile. She never did. She served them, and when they left quarter tips she picked them up as though they were dimes, and put them in her pocket.

After a while it came to be generally believed that Anna was not only dumb, but virtuous. Mr. Felix was one of the first to think so. He had been watching her for a week over the cash register, and he had worked himself into such a state that he could hardly make change. Once or twice he walked down along the counter, toward the kitchen, and the sight of her deep breast and smooth strong arms made him dizzy. When nine o'clock came, he finished checking the receipts, and locked them in the safe. He felt very nervous, and he looked at himself several times in the mirror. He lit a cigar, and when Anna came out, he stopped her at the door.

"Anna," he said. "You in a hurry?"

"Yeh," she said.

"I got my car. I'll run you home. We can take a drive maybe along the lake."

"No," said Anna.

"Aw, come on!"

"No."

"Be a sport, Anna!"

"No. I got date."

"The hell you have! Listen, you know what's good for you?"

"Yeh."

"Well then!"

"No."

Mr. Felix decided to try tenderness.

"Listen, Anna, I'm human, ain't I? I can't help falling for a swell little girl like you, can I?" He slipped his arm around her waist. "Me and you . . ."

Anna slapped him.

Mr. Felix thought at first his jaw was broken. He stood leaning against the cigar counter, and his face was all white and purple.

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"Out!" he screamed. "Out of my place! Beat it, you Swedish bum!"

Anna had already left. She was walking down the street toward the trolley line as though nothing had happened. Mr. Felix looked at her walking away, and suddenly he ran after her. They stood on the corner and talked it over. Mr. Felix apologized. He offered her a raise. Finally she said she would come back.

After that, Mr. Felix didn't bother Anna, but he continued to watch her, and his eyes that protruded a little were like the eyes of a lost dog outside a butcher-shop. He used to mutter to himself. What a face! What a shape! And he was worried about his trade. He kept thinking: If she keeps on this way she'll discourage them; they'll lose interest and drift away.

As a matter of fact, business continued to improve. Quite a number of men came over from the plant for lunch, and a week or so later the superintendent dropped in. Mr. Felix began to think about additional floor space, and white tiles all around.

II

It was about this time that Anna began to act queerly. Mr. Felix had not observed it; he first heard about it from Gilda.

"Notice anything funny about that Swede?" she said.

Mr. Felix looked at her.

"What do you mean, funny?"

"Nothing," said Gilda. "Nothing a-tall. Only she's took to smiling at one of the customers."

"You're crazy," said Mr. Felix. "Which customer?"

"Kittleson, the little one, with the black mustache. Him that always wants horse-radish with his Western."

Mr. Felix said he didn't believe it.

"Well, take a look for yourself! I guess I got eyes in my head! He was in here Monday, and I seen it. And I was watching today, and I seen it again."

"But Gilda, he ain't no bargain! What's the idea?"

"I should guess puzzles! Maybe it's them cute little points on his mustache, and maybe it's them heavenly black eyes, and maybe it's the way he wears his watch chain down-hill acrost his vest. It don't none of it make sense. Only she smiles at him all the same."

Mr. Felix watched and waited. In the intervals he looked at himself in the mirror. Kittleson! She had passed him up for Kittleson! Not yet forty, in the prime of life, and a snappy dresser. He felt like picking up the globe of shredded wheat in the window, and throwing it through the glass.

The next time Kittleson came in, Anna was in the rear. She turned around and saw him and smiled, and Gilda saw it, and Mr. Felix saw it. She came forward, wiping her hands, and she stood in front of Kittleson and smiled.

"Hello," she said. "Western and French fries, like always? Where you been?"

"If I was to tell you," he said, "you wouldn't know no more than you do now. I been all around. Out among 'em. Going places and doing things."

"Yeh?" said Anna. "You have good time?"

"Listen, little girl." He tapped himself with his finger. "I wrote the book. Get it? I wrote the book."

She stretched out her arm and pressed two buttons on the wall.

"You go theayter, maybe, in Chicago?"

"Sure. Theayter, cabaret, everything. I get it, and I spend it."

Anna took a cloth and rubbed the counter with it.

"You got girl in Chicago?"

"Me? Well, I wouldn't exactly say that. Not that they ain't plenty swell mammas in that town. No, sir, it ain't that. But I tell you, little girl, there ain't one of them can touch you!"

Anna giggled. "You kidding," she said.

"No, I ain't kidding! I want to tell you, I been all around—down to Moline, and St. Louis, and Detroit, and I ain't seen nobody in your class. Nobody in your class!"

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"Yeh?"

"Yeh. For looks, you got 'em all stopped. A complexion like yours is one in a million. And when it comes to form—well, I ain't been around in artists' studios for nothing. I want to say you got the swellest form I ever laid eyes on."

Anna put her hands on her hips and lifted her chest. She glanced at herself in the mirror back of the counter.

"I wish I could take you down to Chicago. I wish I could show you around. They ain't never seen nothing like you. Would their eyes stick out! Would they! You could hang your hat on them. And I'd show you a time, too. Theayters, cabarets, everything. I ain't cheap. I get it, and I spend it."

"I get day off next week," said Anna.

"Which day?"

"Wednesday."

He slapped his hand on the counter.

"I'll be getting in from Akron Tuesday night! Ain't that a break? You could come down on the morning train, and I'd meet you and show you a time." He leaned forward. "Are you game, little girl?"

Anna smiled.

"Yeh."

"Atta swell, game little girlie! Sold! Sold to the beautiful blonde mamma with the big blue eyes!"

All the time he was eating, he kept talking about Chicago. When he picked up his check he left a dollar under the plate. "Don't forget," he said. "Wednesday. And wear your best bib."

"Yeh," said Anna, "I remember. But maybe you forget?"

"Me! Listen, little girl, I'll show you how scared I am of forgetting!" He took a cigar-lighter from his pocket. "See this? Solid gold. Twenty-five bucks it cost me. Well, I'm gonna leave it with you. Bring it in with you. That's the sort of a guy I am!"

He waved his hand at Anna, and she watched him pay his check. She took the lighter and put it inside her shirt-waist. It felt cold against her skin.

III

On Wednesday morning Anna got up early and got into the bathroom ahead of the other boarders. There was plenty of hot water, and she took a bath with bath salts in it—the kind Lupe Velez recommended in *Motion Picture Classic*. Then she put on her best rayon underwear, and her $1.95 stockings, and her new black dress. It was a tight fit, but she felt it was worth it. It went well with her smooth golden hair.

On the way in to Chicago she felt that everybody was looking at her, and she was happy. The man sitting next to her tried to start a conversation, but she didn't answer. She kept thinking about Kittleson and his black hair combed so neat and shiny, and his black mustache with the stylish points on it, and his nice white teeth. Her heart beat hard when she thought of him.

He met her at the station, and they walked downstairs to the taxi stand. She hadn't realized, till she stood close to him, how much taller she was. She could have picked him up in her arms. She had a feeling in her breast as though she'd like to do it.

In the taxi he took her hand and squeezed it. "Baby," he said, "you look wonderful! Like a queen, baby—that's you! Maybe it won't throw a jolt into this gang of pork-and-beaners when we walk in!"

"We going to party?" said Anna.

"Yeh, tonight, after the theayter. But first we're gonna go to lunch, and then to the pitchers, and then to dinner—some swell place, little girl, I ain't cheap—and then a show. I'm gonna show you a time!"

Anna smiled, and when he squeezed her hand she squeezed back, just a little.

They went to a big hotel for lunch. The dining-room was crowded and an orchestra was playing. Anna had seen it all in the movies, but she felt uneasy. There was so much silver she didn't know what to do with it. She looked at the menu. It was printed instead of typewritten, and most of the things on it she had never heard of.

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Finally she ordered chicken livers and mushrooms, but when it came it was in a silver dish with a lid on it, and all covered with sauce. It was different from the chicken livers at the New Era, and better tasting. She enjoyed her lunch, but she was glad to get out of there.

Afterward they went to a movie and saw John Gilbert, and then they had dinner at a speakeasy. By the time the theater was over, Anna felt pretty tired.

"I better catch train," she said.

Kittleson wouldn't hear of it. He stopped in the shadow of a doorway, and gave her some gin. "You ain't gonna miss the party, girlie? You ain't gonna let me down? Sop up a little tonic, and you'll feel better."

Anna began to feel better, and they took a taxi across the river, almost to Evanston. The party was in a second-floor apartment, over some stores, and they could hear it as they climbed the stairs. Nobody answered the bell, so they went in. There were a lot of men and girls there, and everybody was drinking. The victrola was going, and two or three couples were dancing. The smoke made Anna cough.

Kittleson introduced Anna to a lot of people, and she drank several highballs. After a while she began to enjoy herself, and she danced once with Kittleson, but he was too short for her, and they sat on a lounge and Kittleson put his arm around her. When other men came up and wanted to dance with her she shook her head. She felt very hazy and loving toward Kittleson.

The party kept getting noisier and noisier, and finally there was a fight. Anna didn't realize at first that a fight was going on, but when she heard the crash of glass she looked up and saw two men struggling by the window. One of them had a great red gash across his cheek.

Anna felt sick, but Kittleson grabbed her arm and pulled her toward the door. "Step on it, girlie," he said. "Let's get out of here while the getting's good."

There was a taxi at the corner, and they got into it and started down town. Anna felt so hazy and loving that she couldn't think of anything at all, and when Kittleson kissed her and put his hands on her she felt hot and cold inside. They rode a long time, and when the taxi stopped she lay still and didn't want to get out. At last Kittleson got out, and she followed him, and all the lights were moving, and everything was blurred. She walked beside Kittleson and they went through a door, and up in an elevator, and into a room, and she lay down on the bed and went to sleep.

The next day Anna didn't come in to work, and she never did go back. They took an apartment in the west end of town, and Kittleson brought in his furniture and his radio. They had a kitchenette, and Anna cooked the meals. Anna cried after they first moved in, but Kittleson told her they would get married as soon as he could fix it.

"I'm crazy about you, little girl," he told her. "You got me on the ropes. No fooling! I want to get married, just as soon as I can get things straightened out. There's a couple of big deals going through right now, and I can't make no move till they're in the bag. Don't you fret. Everything's gonna be all right. Just leave it to Poppa."

Anna stopped crying after a while, and things went along quite smoothly. She was a good cook, and she could sew, and she made curtains for the apartment, and mended his clothes. When Kittleson was at home she was happy, and when he was away on his trips she went to a movie, or sat at the window overlooking the waste ground back of the apartment. There was a dump at the far end of it, and the smoke from the burning rubbish made a sort of haze in the distance.

They had been living there about three months when Anna began to suspect something. She thought about it a few days and then she went to see a doctor. When she came back she knew it was true.

Kittleson was away in Gary, but she expected him back for dinner. She went out and bought a thick steak and some onions, and a pound of sixty-cent coffee. Then she

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remembered about dessert, and she went out again and got two chocolate eclairs. By half-past six everything was ready. Kittleson did not come.

Anna waited until eight o'clock and then put the dinner in the oven. She had put on her best dress, the black one, and her best stockings. She sat in the plush arm chair in the living-room, listening to the radio, and not hearing it. Once or twice she thought she heard him coming, but it was somebody else on the stairs. Finally she got up, and began walking about the apartment. She stopped before the mirror on the closet door, and looked at herself closely. She looked at her legs, big but shapely, and her red cheeks and golden hair. She looked at her body under the tight black satin, and she pressed it gently, as though she were afraid of it, with her hands.

Kittleson came in just before midnight, and Anna saw that he was in a bad humor. One of the points of his mustache had come undone a little, and even before she kissed him she could smell his breath. He went straight into the bedroom and took off his shoes.

"You want something to eat?" she said.

"No," said Kittleson.

"You don't want no dinner?"

"No," he said, "I ate down town."

Anna stood still, looking at him, while he took off his coat and collar. She stood under the chandelier, and the light came straight down on her head, and her head almost touched the chandelier. Kittleson saw her looking at him, and he stopped undressing.

"What you standing there for?" he asked. "Come on, get a move on. I'm tired."

"We get married pretty soon?"

Kittleson threw his collar on the floor.

"Ain't we been all over that? Ain't I told you a dozen times I gotta wait till these deals go through? Everything here is O. K. and comfortable. What're you in such a sweat for?"

"I'm gonna have baby," said Anna.

Kittleson didn't say anything for a moment. He sat and stared at Anna as though he couldn't understand what she meant.

"Baby?" he said. "You're gonna have a baby?"

"Yeh," said Anna.

"But I thought . . ."

Kittleson didn't finish what he started to say. He sat staring at Anna with his mouth open a little. Anna waited a while and repeated:

"We get married pretty soon?"

He ran his tongue over his lips.

"You sure about what you say?"

"Yeh."

"There couldn't be no mistake?"

"No."

"But, little girl, I ain't in no position for it—not now. I ain't got the money. I'm all tied up in a couple big deals. If things was different I'd marry you tomorrow, but I gotta wait. I gotta see how things turn out."

"You got money."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh."

"Well, I say I ain't."

"You got four thousand dollars."

Kittleson showed his teeth a moment. He started to say something, and stopped. He just sat looking at her.

"It wouldn't be right," he said after a while. "It wouldn't be good for you. I gotta go to New York next month, and after that on a couple long trips—Birmingham, Dallas, Denver and all around. I was meaning to tell you tomorrow. I was gonna suggest you should go up home to Minnesota till I got back."

"We get married first?"

"Now listen, little girl, you gotta look at this thing sensibly. I ain't in a position right now to get married. Maybe you ain't so bad off as you think. Maybe we can fix things up somehow. You go up home a while, and when I get back maybe . . ."

Anna moved slowly forward and stood in front of him. She was staring at him with a pale stare like the stare of the big cats in the zoo.

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"We get married tomorrow?" she said.
"Now listen, that sort of stuff . . ."
"We get married tomorrow?"
"You ain't gonna browbeat me!"
"We get married tomorrow?"
"No! I told you . . ."

IV

Anna stretched out her arms suddenly and took Kittleson by the throat. She shook him twice, and pressed him down backward on the bed. With her strong white hands she choked him, and he strangled without a sound.

When Kittleson lay still, Anna detached his hands from her wrists, and stood up. She stood for some time beside the bed. One of Kittleson's knees was drawn up, and she straightened it. Both ends of his mustache had come undone. His face had turned purple.

Anna stood staring at the bed, and her hands kept moving a little. After a while she went into the kitchenette and opened the door of the back stairs. It was dark outside, but the dump fires flickered in the distance. She went back to the bedroom and raised Kittleson's body in her arms. She went with it down the stairs and across the cement driveway in the rear, and out over the waste land.

It was dark over the waste land, but she could see well enough to go ahead. When she came to the dump, the glow of the fires blinded her, and she kept stumbling among the rubbish. Finally she came to a mound of refuse, and couldn't go any further. She laid her burden down among the cans.

Anna groped about in the shadow of the mound and found an old barrel. She brought crates, broken furniture, and excelsior, and heaped them over the body. Then she took a gold cigar-lighter from her breast and lit the pile.

The fire burned strong and clear, like a tower of flame, and Anna watched it. It laid a red glow on her hair, and her tight black dress, and her full white arms and throat. It put a red spark in her eyes, fixed and staring. When it burned down, she took the cigar-lighter and threw it into the embers. She spread refuse over the ashes, and turned away.

The lights were still on in the apartment. She climbed the stairs, locked the back door, and turned off the radio. She walked around the apartment a little, without looking at anything, and sat down by the kitchen table.

All at once Anna began to cry. She put her head on her arms and cried noiselessly, while the clock ticked over her head. After a while she stopped crying, and stood up. She stood looking down at the table. There was a chocolate eclair on the table. She took it into the bedroom and undressed.

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MUSIC

THE ROCHESTER EXPERIMENT

By Daniel Gregory Mason

It is about 10.30 of a Winter morning. An orchestra of sixty-five musicians is assembled in Kilbourn Hall, the moderate-sized auditorium, delightful alike to eye and ear, of the Eastman School of Music in the University of Rochester. The occasion is a rehearsal for one of the concerts in the American Composers' Series, now in its fifth year, with five or six concerts each season.

Here and there among the empty seats sit three of the four composers represented on today's programme, with groups of their friends: one has come east from Cleveland, another west from New York City, the third lives and teaches in Rochester itself. The young man conducting is Dr. Howard Hanson, the animating spirit of the whole enterprise, a man of vision as well as of shrewd practical sense and excellent musicianship, who, while so many of us have been talking about American music, has quietly started this laboratory for the actual production of it.

As the rehearsal gets under way, one realizes more and more vividly that this is indeed a musical laboratory. Here is no stuffy atmosphere as of a fashionable metropolitan concert, but a bracing air of adventure and discovery. Here experiments are being tried, enlightening mistakes made, fruitful lessons learned, and the habit established of enthusiasm for art itself, with a healthy disregard of its remote derivatives such as reputation, influence, or money.

That composer over there is jotting down memoranda of passages to be reconsidered when his piece is through playing, from time to time consulting the fellow composer by his side (whom he has met this morning for the first time) as to this sonority or that tempo mark. Presently the other will have his turn to hear just how clearly he himself has been able to imagine that protean monster, a large orchestra. Over there near the door is their comrade whose work has already been rehearsed, buttonholing a horn-player and beating the time of an elusive passage.

Scene II.—It is one o'clock, and conductor, orchestra manager, publicity man, and several other musicians and officers of the Eastman School have asked the composers to lunch with them at the Rochester Club. Ten or twelve men sit down together, of all varieties of backgrounds and shades of conviction and taste, musical and general, and proceed to compare notes. The talk, duly sprinkled with badinage and stories, ranges from personalities, up through propaganda, to technical and philosophical questions such as the acoustics of halls, the theory of polytonality, or the problem of whether a composer writes for his own satisfaction, for posterity, for an ideal public, for the actual public, or for no public at all. Good stiff blows are taken and received; the introspective idealist confronts reality for at least a glimpse, the compromiser catches some inkling of more daring views, the egotist is heckled, rallied, or hypnotised to a more social standpoint: in short, everybody learns something.

One learns, for instance, interesting details of the actual scope of these American Composers' concerts, of the rather surprising amount and variety of material that already exists for them. As Dr. Hanson later summed up the matter in a letter:

> The project started as a laboratory for young American composers. For this reason,

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> the earlier concerts contained some works which were in themselves immature, but which were performed for the express purpose of giving the composer the opportunity of hearing what he had written. As the concerts increased in importance and prestige we were given the opportunity of performing works—frequently first performances—by composers of established reputation. At the present time, therefore, the list contains a large proportion of America's foremost living composers.

An enumeration of the fifty-one composers of seventy-one works already played shows the utmost variety not only in age, experience, and reputation, but in æsthetic conviction and point of view. Here it is:

Bacon	Mannes
Beach	Mason
Berkeman	Moore
Boyd	Morris
Cadman	Porter
Clokey	Riegger
Copland	Rogers
Cowell	Royce
DeLamarter	Rubenstein
Delaney	Sanders
Elwell	Silver
Gilbert	Smith (Melville Smith)
Hadley	Sowerby
Hanson	Steinert
Harris	Still
Howe	Stoessel
Inch	Stringham
Jacobi	Thompson
Janssen	Tweedy
Josten	VanVactor
Kaun	Warnke
Kroeger	Weiss
LaViolette	Wessel
Loeffler	White
McKay	Whithorne
McPhee	

What it means for the growth of our music to give composers of so many types and affiliations the opportunity to hear their work, and what is more, the sense that they are members of a living and growing tradition, can be better imagined than described.

Scene III.—It is evening, and the concert itself has arrived. An interested hum of conversation rises from the audience, made up of the general public of Rochester, with groups here and there of musicians from the Eastman School who contribute a more personal interest in the affairs of the evening, and serve to disseminate information and satisfy curiosity as to the items of the programme. So far as applause is concerned, there is the usual amiable tolerance of everything of the familiar American audience; but at the end an interesting experiment is tried, looking toward the development of a more active attitude in the public, more like that of Europeans. Slips of paper are distributed, bearing the typewritten message:

> As the Eastman School is anxious to learn the reaction of the individual members of the audience to the compositions performed at these concerts, you are requested to write, on the line below, the name of the composition on this programme which you prefer. This is in no sense a competition, and the "votes" of the audience will be kept confidential.

The visitor's impression of the spontaneity and good faith with which the audience entered into its part of the game was corroborated by those who have seen it in longer operation. "The more they suffer," exclaimed one musician admiringly (he was a composer himself), "the more faithfully they come!"

The importance of this coöperation of the public can hardly be over-estimated. The stagnation of our contemporary American music which the Rochester experiment is seeking to break away from is the result of a sort of vicious circle of which the two arcs are the sense of isolation and lack of social milieu on the part of composers and the bored or actively cynical indifference of the public. Each fosters the other, and between the two no advance can be made except by a few exceptionally resolute individuals, who, with no organic social response to depend upon, waste a large part of their energies and accomplish only the most sporadic results.

Those at all familiar with present conditions know, for instance, how idle it is to expect any interest in contemporary American music from the large metropolitan orchestras of the type of the New York Philharmonic. There seems at first sight

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something a little anomalous in the fact that the conductors engaged by so rich a society as the Philharmonic, at an expense of so many good American dollars yearly, should maintain an attitude of such complete and serene indifference to the native music of this same America. In eight years very little American music has been played by Mr. Mengelberg, and that not too carefully rehearsed. In three years Mr. Toscanini seems to have played no American works at all. Mr. Molinari has not played any. And all the time these conductors from Holland and Italy were so pointedly neglecting our own music they were giving us more than enough good, bad, and indifferent stuff by contemporary Dutch and Italian composers. To resent this policy of theirs, however, is less sensible, and less helpful to us, than to understand it. For them to invest our money in playing us the music of their friends was only natural, so long as we would tolerate it.

The complaisance of the public is thus more to blame than any individuals for the fact that so large an investment of American capital is used with no interest whatever in the creation of American art; and this complaisance proceeds from the fact that the public of our metropolitan concerts is largely a fashionable public, subject to the peculiar prejudices and inhibitions of its type. The hall-marks of such a public are wearisomely familiar. First, it is more interested in personalities than in musical art: even its hero-worship of a Toscanini is only in small part based on his magnificent musicianship, and is largely due to his personal magnetism. Second, it is consequently more interested in performers, in whom personality is immediate and tangible, than in creators, in whom it is remote or only divined by intelligent sympathy: how much tea-table talk is devoted to a great living composer like Pizzetti, even when he visits this country, in comparison with that daily lavished on some boy prodigy such as Yehudi Menuhin? Third, when such a public does consider composers at all, it demands that they be composers of prestige—that is to say, foreign, or at least of foreign name. It acclaims an opera composer named Giuseppe Verdi, but would ignore one of equal talent called Joseph Green. Finally, people of this mentality, or lack of mentality, insist that all music supplied them be of established reputation, completed, finished, and unmistakably labelled. The trade-mark must be nationally advertised. An unknown symphony offends them as "Fanny's First Play" did one of the critics brought forward in the epilogue as a type of British respectability: "How can I tell whether it's a good play unless I know who wrote it?" Anything tentative, experimental, uncertain (as all things being newly created have to be) they dislike, as obliging them to think.

Now, is it not abundantly obvious that so long as we have, as one half of our vicious circle, this sort of public, preferring any novelty by a third-rate Italian that Mr. Toscanini chooses to put on the programme to any work, however promisingly indigenous and fresh even if technically crude, by a man who has the disadvantage of an American name and residence, we shall tend to have, as the other half, composers who lack any sense of social solidarity, established function, and *esprit de corps*, and whose technical skill will tend to be insufficient, as too surreptitiously and casually practised, so that they will often, on the rare occasions when we do give them a chance, only confirm our previous opinion that their stuff is raw, half-baked, and boresome? And is it not further evident that, if we wish to extricate ourselves from this vicious circle in which we now revolve helplessly, if we wish to gain not only the gratification to our sense of power that comes from being patrons of the music of the world, but the satisfaction to our sense of beauty and of self-expression that can only come from making, eventually and after many failures, a music of our own, we must turn from the fashionable metropolitan concert

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to smaller and less stereotyped groups, just as our drama has had to turn from Broadway to the Little Theatres?

It seems clear that a native music can grow up, if at all, only through the efforts of many and most diverse composers, working and studying together in the atmosphere of a public interest not faddish, not devoted to prestige and "success," but like the workers themselves open-minded, forward-looking, and hopeful. Hence the good augury of the Rochester experiment.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

"BOLERO." *The Boston Symphony Orchestra*
By Maurice Ravel. *Victor*
$4 2 records; 12 inch *Camden*

"BOLERO." *Orchestre de L'Association des Concerts Lamoureux*
Ibid. *Brunswick*
$3 2 records; 12 inch *New York*

The glorification of the Spanish dance takes three sides; the fourth side, played likewise by the Boston Symphony under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, is an orchestration by Debussy of Erik Satie's "Gymnopedie, No. 1" . . . "Bolero" is the symphonic sensation of its day; conceived no longer than a year and three quarters ago, and rehearsed at first as a ballet for the Paris Opera, it underwent, at the ambitious hands of Toscanini and Koussevitzky, a sea change and emerged as nothing less than an orchestral best-seller. When Toscanini, this Spring, took his New York band to Paris and played the piece there, the composer disagreed sharply with the reading. Toscanini's tempo, averred Ravel, was almost 50% too fast, but he endorsed without qualification the interpretation of Koussevitzky. As to the piece itself, it is chiefly a *tour de force*, not at all so interesting thematically or technically as the same composer's "La Valse." "Bolero" is really a theme with orchestral variations; the variety derives not from any melodic change but from the instrumental treatment and the obstinate rhythm that pounds louder and louder until the hearer is virtually beaten into surrender. The Brunswick version possesses the authority of having been conducted by the composer, and to many will seem in every way as good as Koussevitzky's, with the added spice of authenticity. Careful comparison may indicate that the composer takes the piece the merest trifle more slowly than does his friend; Koussevitzky, on the other hand, whips the rhythms more decisively.

SUITE NO. 3, *in D Major.* *The Brussels Royal Conservatory Orchestra*
By J. S. Bach. *Columbia*
$6 3 records; 12 inch *New York*

The suite, consisting of an overture, air, gavotte, bourré and gigue, comprises five sides; the orchestra is under the baton of Désiré Defauw. The sixth side is devoted to a sarabande by Corelli (1653–1713), played by the Madrid Symphony Orchestra under Enrique Fernández Arbos. . . . The Bach suite deserves wide popularity among gramophiles, both for itself and for the forthright manner in which M. Defauw interprets it. The air is the melody long known as "the air for the G string," and heard as a 'cello solo, too. In its orchestral setting, given to the violins, it loses something of the thick romanticism to which modern soloists have accustomed us, but it gains in Bachian dignity; it affords simple proof, if proof were needed, that John Sebastian had a generous, melodious heart as well as a fugal head. The gavotte is but little less known than the air. All in all, a delightful recording. The orchestra, established in 1832, has had a number of famous conductors.

CONCERTO *in E Flat Major.* *For Piano & Orchestra*
By Franz Liszt. *Brunswick*
$4.50 3 records; 12 inch *New York*

The concerto is played by Alexander Brailowsky, with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Julius Prüwer. It takes up five sides; the sixth side is devoted to Liszt's over-familiar "Liebestraum," played love-dreamily by Mr. Brailowsky. . . . The concerto lends itself readily to phonographic transcription. Of course, here as everywhere else, one must adjust oneself to the peculiarities of piano recording. The technicians still confront the problem of removing the whining legato; the phonograph, seemingly, is a modernist, for it is kindest to the pianoforte as a percussion instrument. This is, however, largely a percussion concerto, which Brailowsky, ably seconded by conductor and orchestra, plays for all it is worth. . . . When, by the way, are we to have recorded that too-little-known masterpiece of Liszt's, the "Faust" symphony, with its great chorus to "Das ewig Weibliche" at the end?

QUARTETTE *in B Flat* (K. 458). *The Lener String Quartette*
By W. A. Mozart. *Columbia*
$6 3 records; 12 inch *New York*

This is the so-called "Hunting" quartette, played with the skill and taste that we have come to expect of Messrs. Lener, Smilovitz,

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Roth and Hartman. Why "Hunting"? Because of a few passages in the opening movement that suggest the intervals of the familiar horn call. The music is straightforward, crystalline, and so self-sufficient in its alternations between crisp brightness and tender meditativeness that it smiles the sobriquet away. A shade more of differentiation in the manner of playing the respective movements would have made of an excellent recording almost a perfect one.

SHEET MUSIC

CONCERTO FOR PIANO & ORCHESTRA, *Arrangements for Two Pianos.*
By Aaron Copland. *The Cos Cob Press*
$4 10½ x 13¾; 30 pp. *New York*

The four-hand arrangement is by John Kirkpatrick, who appears to have accomplished well a most difficult task. The concerto was written in 1926 and is based, in part, upon jazz rhythms. Since that time the composer seems to have forsworn any conscious allegiance to jazz. The piece made something more than a stir; it goaded symphonic audiences in more than one Eastern city to the retaliation of metaphorical egg-throwing, but won for Copland a little nucleus of understanding admirers. A comparison—perhaps a contrast—between it and Gershwin's Concerto in F will reveal the two different directions in which our native jazz is moving in its higher reaches. Copland and Gershwin, both Brooklynites by birth, and almost strictly contemporaries, could profit by a reciprocity in gifts and temperaments.

TEN SONGS. *Voice & Piano*
By Ernst Bacon. *Published by the Author*
10¾ x 13¼; 35 pp. *San Francisco*

EIGHT SONGS TO WORDS BY WALT WHITMAN. *Voice & Piano*
By Ernst Bacon. *Published by the Author*
10¾ x 14¼; 24 pp. *San Francisco*

The music of the first collection is to words chiefly by Whitman, Goethe, Lenau, Rückert and the ever serviceable Eichendorff. Mr. Bacon, despite a noticeable allegiance to Schumann and Brahms, achieves an idiom that is distinctly personal, and qualifies as an original composer to whom singers in search of unusual programmes might well turn for fresh material. His settings are unfailingly those of a true musician, with little turns of melody and harmonic touches that add to his work a refreshing element of surprise. His sobriety, not to say high seriousness, lead him occasionally into the trap of naïveté, but there is no doubting his essential worth. This is a group of honest and proficient songs.

SCORES

TREPAK (*From the "Nutcracker" Suite*). *Orchestra, Piano ad libitum*
By P. I. Tschaikowsky. *The Oliver Ditson Company*
$1 12½ x 9¼; 12 pp. *Boston*

ROMANCE & MAZURKA. *String Orchestra*
By Reinhold Glière. *The Oliver Ditson Company*
$1 12½ x 9¼; 8 pp. *Boston*

These are, respectively, numbers 39 and 40 of the Philharmonic Orchestra Series. The trepak is orchestrated by N. Clifford Page after the original score; the pieces for string orchestra (there is an optional piano version) are arranged by Franz C. Bornschein. The series is prepared especially for students of orchestration and music appreciation, and for use by instrumental combinations that fall short of the full complement. There is plentiful cross-cuing, so that small groups may achieve something like a complete effect. The scores are tastefully printed.

THE RIO GRANDE. *Vocal*
Music by Constant Lambert to
Poem by Sacheverell Sitwell. *The Oxford University Press*
$3 13½ x 10; 26 pp. *New York*

This reduction arranges Mr. Lambert's essay in symphonic jazz for chorus and two pianos; one of the pianos stands for the instrument in the original, while the other summarizes the orchestration. Lambert is an Englishman of twenty-four who, like more than one of his confrères, shows the marked influence of America. Mr. Sitwell's poem, indeed, owes something to the metres of Vachel Lindsay. And thus, while they sing of the Rio Grande—which, in the poem, seems most ungeographically close to the "enchantment of the soft Brazilian air"—the words and music are strung across a much higher parallel—the forty-second, for example. However, it is a good poem, and good, if at times derivative, music, in which Lambert now ogles Gershwin and again, Stravinsky. There are some fine evocatory moments in the chorus, in which a mood is skilfully established.

"BORIS GODUNOFF," OPERA *in Four Acts with a Prologue* *Voice & Piano*
By M. Mussorgsky. *The Oxford University Press*
$12.50 12¼ x 9½; 458 pp. *New York*

This is the complete text of the Russian operatic masterpiece, published for the first time from the original text in accordance with Mussorgsky's autographed manuscripts. It is edited by Paul Lamm, with an English and a French translation; both versions are by the versatile M. D. Calvocoressi. "Boris Godunoff" was finished, in full score, on December

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15, 1869; it was first produced, after two rejections and much revising, at the Marinsky Theatre, on January 27, 1874. Before the present edition it was known only in the two editions for voice and piano edited by Rimsky-Korsakoff. About these editions there has been much pother. Rimsky, in the second revision of the vocal score (1908) assured his customers that it was edited "without abridgment of any kind." It appears, on the contrary, according to Mr. Lamm, that the editor made "countless important changes and many abridgments." In fact, he "introduced almost at every bar of the music . . . considerable alterations—at times grave enough to affect the very essence of the music." The introduction is in French and English. There is a detailed chronological table of the composition, and a list of supplementary variants. This may stand, then, as the one authoritative vocal score of the opera. The volume itself, one may add in passing, may also stand as a model of how such things should be done. Throughout, from cover to last page, the finest typographical taste is shown. The Oxford issues of music, indeed, under the general supervision of the department's founder, Mr. Hubert J. Foss, are rapidly winning a salient place among such publications the world over. What book publishers for some time have introduced into the printing of texts, Mr. Foss is accomplishing for music.

BOOKS

PREPARATION & PRESENTATION OF THE OPERETTA.
By Frank A. Beach. *The Oliver Ditson Company*
$2 5½ x 8; 204 pp. *Boston*

"To enjoy beauty," says Mr. Wm. Allen White in his short foreword to this helpful book by the director of music at the Kansas State Teachers College, "one must participate in its creation, not merely stand before it in admiration. To enjoy singing one must sing. To enjoy playing one must play. Art is an active agent, not a passive force in one's life." The point is well taken; and although one need not be a hen in order to pass upon the freshness of an egg, even critics may profit from an intimate acquaintance with the materials of the art over which they sit in judgment. Mr. Beach, for some twenty years, has been presiding over amateur musical theatricals. Out of his long experience with students he has written a treatise that gives hard-headed, yet illuminating, advice upon both the æsthetic and the practical factors involved. He treats of the chorus, the scenic properties, lighting, the stage picture, and so on in a spirit at once enthusiastic and sensible. Numerous illustrations enliven the text; there is a bibliography and a list of theatrical supply houses, but no index.

STORIES OF THE GREAT OPERAS (*Series II and III*)
By Ernest Newman. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3.50 each 5¼ x 7¾; 2 vols; 335+371 pp. *New York*

In these volumes, Mr. Newman continues and completes the work so finely begun with his first volume on Wagner. In Volume II he treats of Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, Weber and Thomas; in III of Verdi, Gounod, Bizet, Offenbach, Humperdinck, and Puccini. Throughout there is the commentary of the musician who is supported by historical research as well as by intuitive judgment. Mr. Newman's prose is not always exciting, but it is solid and informative. The series, in addition to its detailed synopses, its numerous musical illustrations, and its plentiful biographical matter, amounts virtually to a critique of the modern opera; as such, it stands easily among the best that we have.

DIE NEUE INSTRUMENTATION.
By Egon Wellesz. *Max Hesses Verlag*
R. M. 5:50 6¼ x 9½; 183 pp. *Berlin*

Branching forth from the standard work on orchestration by Hector Berlioz, as revised by Richard Strauss, Herr Wellesz in this first of two treatises upon the modern orchestra seeks to carry the account down to the multifarious present. The classical orchestra, he shows, was based upon the strings; the orchestra of the Nineteenth Century, to which he would apply the label romantic, was notable for the development of the wind sections to an importance equalling that of the strings. The rise of individualism brought with it, too, an increasing place for tone-color, as contrasted with the classical tendency to produce what Wellesz calls a "levelizing" or unindividualized orchestral palette. Concurrent with the rise of interest in color came an augmentation of the orchestral mass. The body of the book is devoted to a consideration of the instruments of the band and illustrations of their use by modern and modernist (not always synonymous) composers. This is a book for all students and most writers of music.

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BY H. L. MENCKEN

Schwärmerei

MY THIRTY YEARS' WAR: *an Autobiography*, by Margaret Anderson. $4. 9¼ x 6; 274 pp. New York: *Covici-Friede*.

MISS ANDERSON was the founder and editor of the *Little Review*, and for ten years reigned as the undisputed queen and prima donna of Greenwich Village, first in its crude, corn-fed days in Chicago, then when it was transported to New York, and then when it sought a last asylum in the Café Dôme, on the left bank of the Seine. She says that the movement was already aged and dying in New York when she got there, but that is over-modest, for the really palmy days came after she landed. The best that her predecessor, the sainted Guido Bruno, ever accomplished was to have himself written up humorously in the Sunday magazine sections, but after the *Little Review* arrived in town the Four-Square Gospel of Emancipation became first-page stuff, and there was such a roar of combat with the comstocks that no one could escape it. In the end La Anderson achieved the triumph of being fined in General Sessions for printing parts of James Joyce's "Ulysses," the while John Quinn belabored the three learned justices in his best Donnybrook manner, the whole neighborhood was fogged by the smoke of flashlights, and the redoubtable John S. Sumner, overcome by the pulchritude of the prisoner at the bar, lost all his Methodist fury and came close to shedding tears. It was a grand day for the Village, but its heroic queen lived to regret that she had not made it perfect by keeping her $100 fine and going to jail. Once among the lizards and scorpions, she would have been on the way to immortality. As it is, she threatens to be forgotten.

She issued, it appears, out of the rising town of Columbus, Ind., the seat of "extensive manufactures of pulleys, tanned leather, threshing and sawmill machinery, tools, transmission gears, gasoline engines, flour, furniture, etc.," and imbibed the elements of culture at Western College, a well-policed Presbyterian institution at Oxford, Ohio, a village forty miles north of Cincinnati. Her mother was a Christian Scientist of the missionary variety, who often kept her up half the night arguing the Eddyan revelation; her father was a business man who lost his mind and soon afterward died. The magazines read in the household were the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Good Housekeeping*. In the latter there was a department of advice to young girls, conducted by a metaphysician named Clara E. Laughlin, author of "Stories of Authors' Loves," "Reminiscences of James Whitcomb Riley" and "So You're Going to Paris?" Young Margaret, revolting against the bellicose theology of her mamma, took refuge in Dr. Laughlin's wisdom, and one day wrote to her, asking "how a perfectly nice but revolting girl could leave home." The first result was a visit to the sage in Chicago, properly chaperoned by Papa Anderson. The end result, after certain painful domestic scenes and a job reviewing books for the highly respectable Chicago *Evening Post*, was the *Little Review*.

At the start, it appears, the editor was not quite sure what it was about. It had, indeed, a political rather than a literary character, and its first enterprise was to whoop up the ideas of Emma Goldman. At that time young Margaret knew very few authors, and was apparently unaware that the whole art of writing was about to be reformed. Who made her privy to the

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new arcanum she doesn't say, but there is reason to suspect the sardonic Ben Hecht, then in practice in Chicago as hanging reporter for the *Daily News*. At all events, the *Little Review* soon began to bristle with saucy reviews and antinomian short stories, many of the latter from Ben's red-hot pen, and presently all the more advanced literary boys and girls along Lake Michigan were writing for it, and it began to attract notice. But it never really got its gait until Ezra Pound took a hand in it, and the author met Miss Jane Heap.

This Miss Jane Heap came out of the Northwest, and was of Norwegian stock. The Norwegians, in general, are the most respectable nation in the world; they are, indeed, the only great people whose chief poet wore a high silk hat and had his shoes shined every day. But Miss Heap had revolted against the decent Lutheranism of her ancestors, and when she arrived in Chicago she was arrayed in mannish clothes, smoked cigarettes, and was ready and eager to pull the world's vibrissæ. Her specialty was æsthetics, and upon it she would discourse at immense length, sometimes all night. Young Margaret from Columbus, Ind., got mashed on her at once, and listened to her endlessly. It was, indeed, a genuine school-girl crush, but, unlike most other such crushes, it lasted a long while. First in Chicago and then in New York they would sit for hours and hours, Jane expounding the nature of beauty and the problem of the artist, and Margaret listening open-mouthed. Margaret begged Jane to write down what she was saying that it might be embalmed in the *Little Review*, but lazy Jane made excuses. Finally, in New York, she was induced to tackle the job. Here is part of the result:

> When I was a little child I lived in a great asylum for the insane. . . . The others knew nothing about anything, or knew only uninteresting facts. From the insane I could get everything. They knew everything about nothing and were my authority; but beyond that there was silence. Who had made the pictures, the books and the music in the world? And how had they made them? And how could you tell the makers from just people? Did they have a light around their heads? Were there any of them in the world now? And would I ever see one? . . . Then a name came across the world, with a new radiance—Mary Garden.

This subtle and searching stuff, printed in the *Little Review*, greatly pleased its customers, but they were not numerous enough to make the venture pay, and Margaret and Jane had a hard time squaring the printer. Now and then Jane received a check from her oafish Norsk relatives, but apparently it was not often; in the main the two friends had to depend upon chance windfalls. Once they thought they had Otto H. Kahn lined up as their angel, but after some pretty speeches he retreated to Wall Street and spent his money otherwise. For three days there was nothing to eat but potatoes. But all day and most of the night, whether on potatoes or on caviare, Jane talked on and on, and all day and most of the night Margaret listened. Alas, that so little of this wisdom ever got upon paper!

It was not Jane, however, but Ezra Pound who really put the *Little Review* on its legs. Lurking melancholiously in Europe, nursing a long series of just grievances against the Republic, he yet yearned for some comfortable medium of expression on this side. The *Little Review* seemed made precisely for his purpose, and so he quickly appointed himself its foreign editor, and proceeded to pay the rent for the space his own fiery compositions occupied by sending in hot stuff by other authors, all of them resident in Europe. It was thus that the magazine acquired Wyndham Lewis's "Tarr," which brought it into its first brush with the wowsers, and it was thus that it acquired "Ulysses." La Anderson describes eloquently the thrills that ran over her when the latter came in. Here is the passage that principally fetched her:

> Inelectable modality of the visible: at least that if no more, though through my eyes, Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide. . . .

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"This," she exclaimed, "is the most beautiful thing we'll ever have!" Maybe that judgment was excessive: she was later to print both William Carlos Williams and Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven. Nevertheless, "Ulysses" was indubitably good copy, and in a little while the *Little Review* was selling like *True Stories*, and the editor was as much a museum piece in New York as Flo Ziegfeld or Rabbi Stephen S. Wise. And then, having saved literature and become eminent, she suddenly tired of the struggle, and moved to the Left Bank, and there the *Little Review* has since joined the *Dial* and *Godey's Lady's Book* in the Valhalla of magazines that were but are not. Troubles pursued the editor to the end. Whenever an extra incandescent number was issued the Postoffice threw it out of the mails; thus the inflow of *mazuma* was irregular, and the printer often went without his honorarium, as the contributors, indeed, did at all times. Worse, there were uproars among those contributors, due to jealousy and worse. Once the Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven fell in love with Dr. Williams, and pursued him into his Jersey fastnesses, where he was known as a respectable family doctor. When he spurned her she sat sentinel in his automobile while he brought squalling Jerseymen into the world. When he chased her out she shaved her head and dyed her scalp vermilion. Altogether, it was a hard job managing such geniuses, and Miss Margaret breathed a loud sigh of relief when her ship got to Havre and she entered Mlle. Georgette Leblanc's swell automobile for the trip to Paris.

Her book is naïve stuff, and immensely amusing. The tone throughout is that of a gurgling school-girl. The author seems never to be clear in her own mind about the purpose of the *Little Review*, and her reports of the endless dogmas and theories of the Socratic Heap are magnificently obscure. Nevertheless, the magazine was diverting in its day, and probably did some good. It opened the way for more than one young writer who would have had hard sledding otherwise, it gave space to a large number of exhilarating mountebanks, and it helped to scare the young college professors of the land into the camp of the Humanists. The day will come when a file of it will bring a stiff price.

The Russian Phantasmagoria

MY LIFE, by Leon Trotsky. $5. 8¾ x 5¾; 599 pp. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

"An nescis, mi filli," wrote Axel Oxenstjerna to his son, "quantilla prudentia mundus regatur?"—Don't you know, my son, with what little sense the world is governed? Oxenstjerna died in 1654, but there has been no improvement since. On the contrary, there has been a further decline, for democracy selects out the least competent by a sort of natural instinct, and nowhere in the world today is a genuinely first-rate man at the head of a civilized state. Thus the business of governing becomes a somewhat shabby and dubious avocation, comparable to fortune-telling, running a street carnival or biting off puppies' tails. That this is true in the United States must be manifest to anyone who puts in a month reading the *Congressional Record*, or gives an eye to the statistics of criminality among recent Governors of the States. That it is true also at the other end of the scale, in Soviet Russia, is made abundantly plain by Trotsky's book. The whole General Staff of the Bolsheviki marches across his pages, and he pronounces judgment upon each hero as he passes. Half of them, it appears, are idiots, and the other half are scoundrels. One exception should be noted: the late Lenin. But the chief merit of Lenin, it appears quickly, was that he usually agreed with Trotsky, and always praised him. Otherwise, he too would have probably dropped to the level of Zinoviev, Pyatakov, Voroshilov, Kuybyshev, Dzerzhinsky, Menzhinsky, Kamenev, Stalin and the rest.

Trotsky plainly fancies himself as a writer, and makes frequent reference to his literary services to the holy cause, and to the fact that his first dream in life was to

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be a great author. It must be said for him that he tells his story well, but it cannot be added that his personality, as he depicts it himself, shows any charm. The man is obviously hard, brittle, pedantic, self-righteous, more than a little pharisaical. He is forever parading his learning and deriding that of other men. Now and then a sort of Rooseveltian bombast gets into him, and even more often he falls into the evangelical sing-song of Woodrow Wilson. That he has a certain ability, both for intrigue and for command, is probable, but that it is of anything properly describable as high quality is far from apparent. The fact that he managed, as chief of the Red army, to throw off the White invasions which began in 1918 seems to have been due a great deal less to his own military capacity than to the stupidity of his opponents. When, in 1920, he faced the Poles he got a dreadful beating. True enough, he says that he opposed this ill-favored venture, and tries to put all the blame for it on Stalin, but the fact remains that it is the business of a military leader to win, whether he is in favor of the current war or not. Certainly one who has been beaten by Poles cannot claim to be a Napoleon.

All these campaigns seem to have been carried on from the Bolshevik side much as our own Civil War, at least in its first stages, was carried on from the side of the North. That is to say, the majority of generals in the field were political appointees, and there was constant interference from the politicians at home. Trotsky opposed this interference, but could not resist the temptation to play politics himself. The result was a vast pestilence of wire-pulling, tale-bearing and well-poisoning. Factions split off from the main party of world-savers, and individual prophets jumped from one to another. The whole story, read as it is here set down, takes on a comic opera aspect. The Bolsheviki were not only amateurs at military strategy; they were also amateurs at government, and many of them seem to have been amateurs, too, at common decency. Meanwhile, the country starved and groaned. Thousands were dying while the corps of doctrinaires debated this or that fine point of Marxian theory, or scrambled for one another's jobs. Over all reigned Lenin, leaning first this way and then that way.

Trotsky's account of his own downfall is far less clear than it might be. He lays it simply to a secret conspiracy of all the members of the Politbureau save himself, led by Stalin. They agreed, he says, to talk him down and themselves up. They organized branches of their cabal in the local Bolshevik organizations, and systematically promoted subordinates who were known to be against him. But why against him? This is never stated plainly. All this went on while Lenin was lying ill. When he died the conspirators came out into the open. In January, 1925, Trotsky was relieved of his duties as Commissary for War, and soon afterward he was interned in three small offices, none of them of the slightest importance. In January, 1927, he was exiled to Central Asia, and a year later he was put out of Soviet territory altogether. He is now living in Turkey, trying in vain to get permission to visit either England or Germany. He says he needs medical attention.

The first part of his book is the more interesting, for it describes what must have been a very pleasant childhood in Little Russia. Papa Bronstein (the family name) was a rich farmer and also carried on various other enterprises, including a machine-shop and a flour mill. Young Lev Davydovich, in those days, was innocent of political ideas; it was not until he got to the high-school at Odessa that he began to listen to spellbinders. They made short work of him, and before he was twenty he belonged to a subversive organization and was being watched by the police. He had a talent for mathematics and his father wanted him to become an engineer, but his first arrest broke that up, and presently he was bound for Siberia. He escaped promptly and made his way across Russia

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and the rest of Europe to London, where he met Lenin. In a few years he was back in Russia and condemned to Siberia again, only to escape again, and thereafter, until the collapse of the Russian monarchy in 1917 he was a wanderer, living successively in all countries from Spain to Norway and from Austria to the United States.

Trotsky disposes in his narrative of all the gaudy legends that have grown up about his stay in New York. He was in the city, he says, but two months, and he met none of the persons who now claim intimate acquaintance with him. "If all the adventures ascribed to me," he says, "were banded together in a book they would make a far more entertaining biography than the one I am writing here. But I must disappoint my American readers. My only profession in New York was that of a revolutionary Socialist. . . . I wrote articles, edited a newspaper, and addressed labor meetings." All of his speeches, he says, were made either in Russian or in German. "My English was even worse then than it is today, so that I never thought of making public addresses in it." Nevertheless, it seems to have been good enough for reading purposes, for he says he "studied the economic history of the United States assiduously" in one of the New York libraries. But maybe he studied it in Russian or German, or in Yiddish. He has little to say about those days, and that little is not very complimentary. Obviously, Manhattan made a somewhat dubious impression upon him.

One thing he constantly overlooks in his book, and that is the matter of his sustenance. How did he live during all those years in exile? How did he pay for his costly and extensive journeys? Certainly it is hard to believe that he got a living by his writing, for he contributed only to hole-in-the-wall papers of small circulation. Nor is it easy to think of him keeping himself and his wife and family on the fees of a labor orator. He says that a purse was made up for him when he started home to Russia, but the amount was small and could not have paid for his passage. How, indeed, is he maintaining himself today? If his enemies in Moscow are supporting him, how much are they giving him? Here are details that are sadly missing in his story. It would be interesting to know what the average income of a revolutionist is, and what his pension amounts to when his day is done. But on these points good Lev Davydovich is magnificently silent.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

H. L. Davis *was born in Oregon. He has worked as a crop hand, railroad gandy dancer, deputy sheriff, government surveyor, country newspaper editor, herder of cattle, sheep and hogs, and county assessor.*

Benjamin DeCasseres *is an old newspaper man, having worked on Philadelphia and New York papers. He is the author of several books.*

Edith Hart Dunne *is a native of New Mexico. She was educated as a musician, and has played the harp professionally in New York and Boston. She is now living in Taos, N. M.*

J. Frederick Essary *was born in Tennessee and educated at Emory and Henry College. He entered newspaper work at Norfolk, Va., in 1903, and is now chief correspondent at Washington for the Baltimore* Sun, *which paper he has also served in London. He is the author of six books, including "Covering Washington" and "Reverse English," and is a frequent contributor to the reviews.*

William Faulkner *was born in 1897 in Ritley, Miss., but is now living in Oxford, in the same State. He studied at the University of Mississippi for two years, and during the war was a lieutenant in the Canadian Flying Corps. His first novel, "The Sound and the Fury," was published last year. His second, "Sanctuary," will be out in the Fall.*

Thomas F. Healy *was born in Ireland, and is now living in Philadelphia. He writes frequently for the Irish press.*

Stewart H. Holbrook *was born in Vermont in 1893, and obtained all of his formal education in the grammar and high schools in that State and in New Hampshire. He has worked as a logger in every important logging camp in the United States and Canada. He is now living in Portland, Oregon, where he edits a loggers' and lumbermen's magazine.*

Max Lerner *was born in Russia, but was brought to this country as a child. He obtained his bachelor's degree at Yale, and his Ph.D. at the Robert Brookings School of Economics and Government. He is now managing editor of the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences.*

Robert H. Lowie, Ph.D. (*Columbia*), *is professor of anthropology at the University of California. He is the author of a half-dozen books, the latest of which is "Are We Civilized?"*

Daniel Gregory Mason *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

George Milburn *is also the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

Paul Peters *is a Kentuckian. For almost two years he has been working his way through the South, studying the life of the laboring folk.*

Oland D. Russell *is assistant telegraph editor of the New York* World. *He was formerly the Japan correspondent of the same paper.*

Warren S. Thompson, Ph.D. (*Columbia*), *is director of the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems. He is the author of "The Ratio of Children to Women in the United States, 1920" and "Danger Spots in World Population."*

Granville Toogood *was born in 1899, and is a graduate of Haverford College. He served several years as assistant to the president of Haverford before going to live abroad, chiefly in Paris and London. On his return to this country he spent several years on the Philadelphia* Public Ledger, *and then entered an advertising agency. His first novel is "Huntsman in the Sky."*

Dane Yorke *lives in Maine, where he is devoting most of his time to writing and lecturing.*

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EDITORIAL NOTES

G. Maillard Kesslere

Dr. Daniel Gregory Mason

DR. DANIEL GREGORY MASON, author of "The Rochester Experiment" in this issue, is a grandson of Dr. Lowell Mason, composer of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and a nephew of Dr. William Mason, the distinguished pianist and teacher. He was born in Brookline, Mass., on November 20, 1873, and was graduated from Harvard in 1895. He studied music with Nevin, Paine, Chadwick, Goetschius, Whiting and Vincent d'Indy. He is now MacDowell professor of music at Columbia. Among his many compositions are two symphonies, three string quartettes, and many songs and piano pieces. His works have been performed by the leading musical organizations and artists in the United States. His first book, "From Grieg to Brahms," published in 1902, was favorably received by such authorities as Theodore Thomas, Walter Damrosch, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, Sir Hubert Parry, and Sir W. H. Hadow. Since then he has written about a dozen other volumes. Among them are "The Romantic Composers," "Beethoven and His Forerunners," "Contemporary Composers," "The Dilemma of American Music," "A Guide to Music," "From Song to Symphony," and "Artistic Ideals."

George Milburn

GEORGE MILBURN, author of "More from the Oklahoma Saga," in this issue, was born at Coweta, Indian Territory, April 27, 1906, under the sign of Taurus, a year before Statehood. He says:

> My father, Downey Milburn, had been an officer in the Cuba campaign of the Spanish-American War, and directly after his discharge from the Army he came out to the lawless territory to practise law. My mother's family migrated from the hills of North Carolina about the same time. Both families have been in this country since some time before the Revolution, but my blood is a mixture of Irish, Spanish, Scotch and German.
>
> My father was that paradox, an honest lawyer, and while his contemporaries grew

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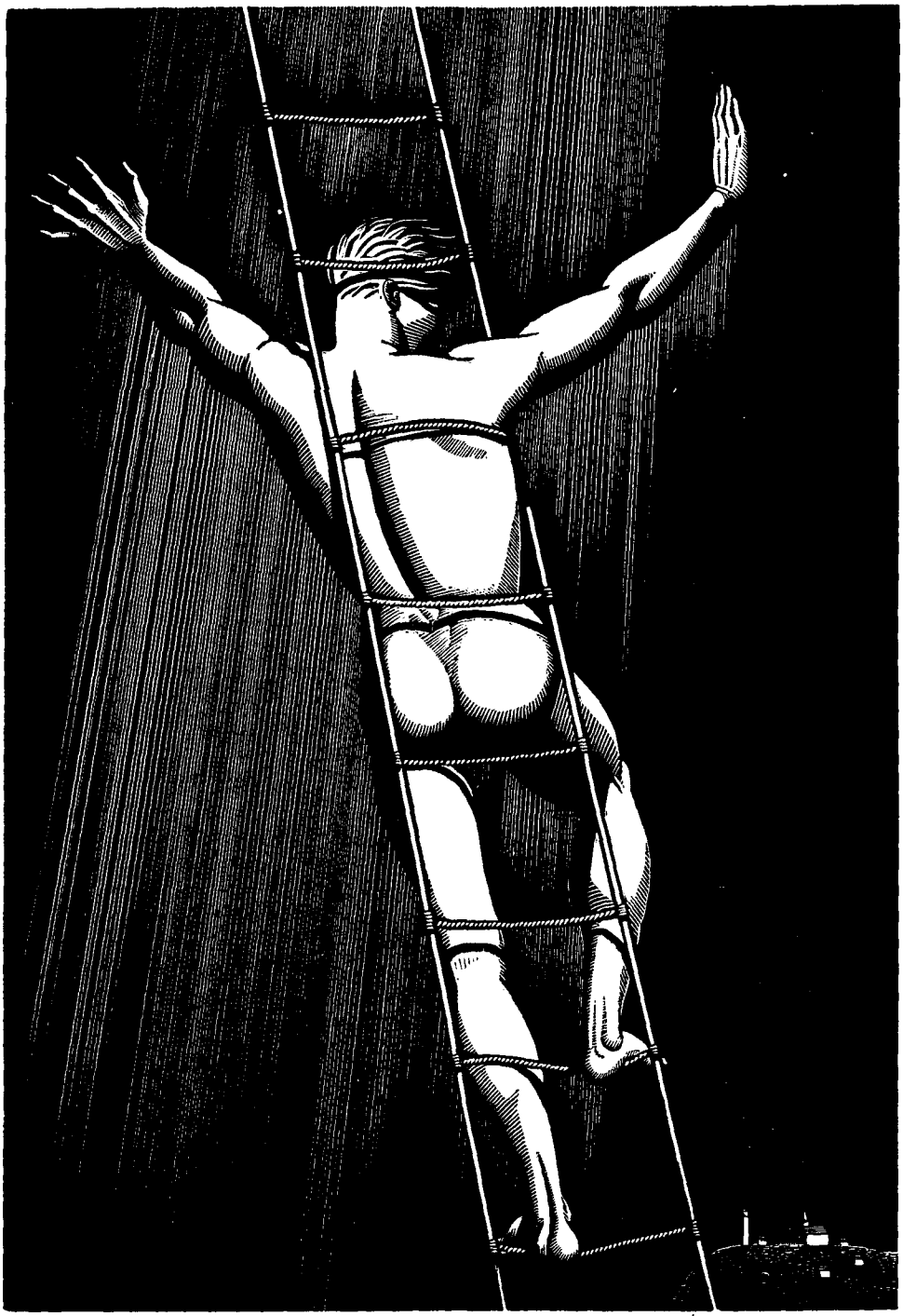

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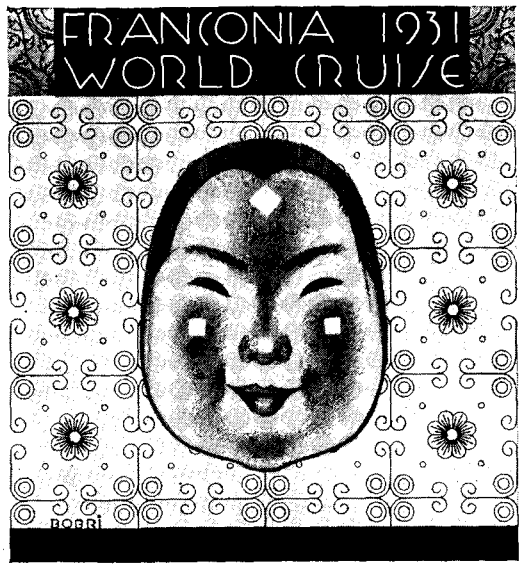

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xviii

rich by swindling the Indians and Negro freedmen out of their land grants, he did not prosper. But he provided an admirable library for our home, and he gave me what education I have. At five I started to school to recite what he taught me. I commenced writing about the same time, and some of my early work is preserved by my mother for the literary historians.

I was small for my age, and this led me to develop a certain craftiness. Most of my fighting was done for me by my cohorts. The dearest of these is now doing time in San Quentin. The townspeople predicted worse for me. I manifested bootlegging proclivities early: I sold contraband stink bombs and sneezing powder to my schoolmates and the town wits, and I did a thriving business until the town marshal closed me down. While I was a child long talks with the village skeptic liberated me, indeed allowed me to escape altogether, from the prevailing dogmas. My father was a wise man, and he anticipated the new theories of child-training by several years. In the Fall, when cattle-shipping was going on, I used to ride in the caboose to Kansas City, and once I rode a hog-train to St. Louis.

The Summer of 1922 I was in Pawhuska, Oklahoma, delivering telegrams for the Western Union. The local manager suspected me of shady dealing with paid messages, and canned me. I secured a commission from a Pawhuska daily newspaper to go to Fort Sill to report a National Guard encampment. All the guardsmen on the troop train were plastered, and my 500-word telegram describing the local boys' visceral disturbances not only astounded the editor, but is still regarded as a journalistic classic around those parts. The series of newspaper articles I wrote in Fort Sill led to a job on the Tulsa *Tribune*. I started to college when I was seventeen. My second year was interrupted when a quart of blood that I had sold to get a newspaper feature story weakened me to such an extent that I spent the Spring in hospital. I started back to college that Fall as editor of the *Oklahoma Aggievator*, an alleged comic magazine, but *Wanderlust* got me after a few months.

That Winter I bummed my way to Chicago, where I occupied myself with compiling joke-books and mutilating classics for a publisher of well-known paperbound booklets. This work was highly profitable, but it brought me nothing but hangovers. After two years of it, I took to the road again. I went on a junket to

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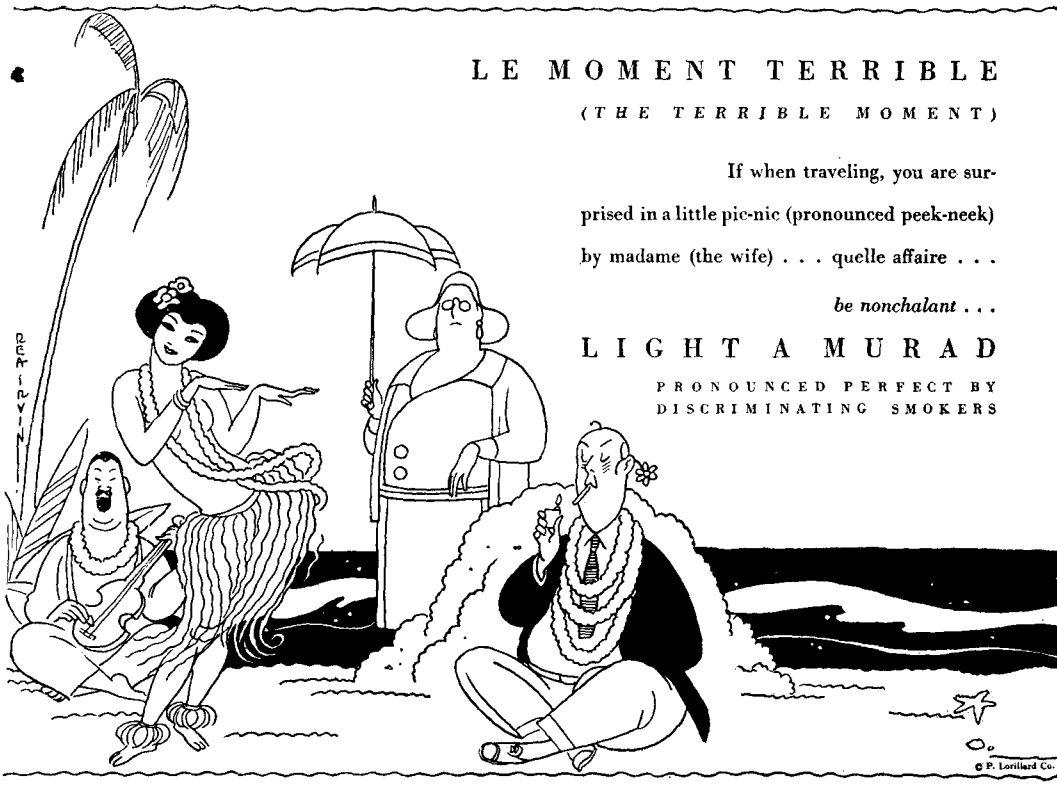

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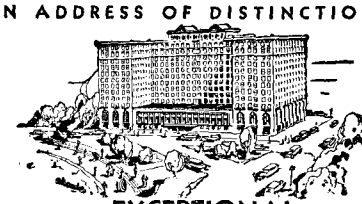

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Continued from page xx

New York City and nearly starved to death before I got back to God's country.

In the Fall of 1927 I left the railroad at Ft. Smith, Arkansas, and started on a walking trip through the mountains. I ended up at Commonwealth College, in the Ouchita Mountains, a strange place, and the closest approach to Utopia I ever expect to find. I spent two months there, writing, and helping Baldo, a jovial Italian, lay stone for a great fireplace in the school's library. As soon as cold weather came I struck out south again. I rode into New Orleans on the blinds of an I. C. passenger train, Thanksgiving Day, 1927. I lived in a French Quarter attic for a year, wrote fillers for the pulps, did high-class typing for William Slavins McNutt and James Hopper, compared ballad notes with Roark Bradford, peddled racing forms at Fairgrounds Park, visited Lafcadio Hearn's Lost Isle, took a Gulf cruise as mess boy on a banana boat, drank other people's liquor, and frequented honkeytonks, saloons,

Continued on page xxiv

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HOMERIC

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxii

and oyster bars. My poverty was abject, and for diversion I began writing a series of stories that belong to the saga of an Oklahoma small town.

In 1928 the critical illness of my father made it necessary for me to return to Oklahoma. The State university is the only tolerable place in the State to live, so I reëntered college, and lived by proofreading and writing jokes for *Judge*. The following January I married the prettiest co-ed I could find, Vivien Custard, and this made it necessary for me to get money quickly. I typed up a group of hobo ballads and recitations that I had collected during my improvident years, and made a book. This was immediately accepted by Ives Washburn, and has been published under the title of "The Hobo's Hornbook."

Meanwhile Prof. B. A. Botkin of the University of Oklahoma had read some of the Oklahoma stories, and he published three of them in *Folk-Say*, his annual miscellany of native material. Lewis Mumford wrote me a sympathetic letter, full of advice and encouragement. John McClure reviewed *Folk-Say* in the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, praised my work, and consented to ship some samples on to THE AMERICAN MERCURY. The result was the series of stories that it has published. Harcourt, Brace & Company will bring out my first book of fiction, "An Oklahoma Town," in October.

At present I am enrolled as a student in the University of Oklahoma's department of anthropology, and my college research involves an historical, critical and comparative study of the ballad, "Frankie and Johnnie." I have no intention of debasing myself by taking a degree, but anthropology provides an excellent outlet for my highly developed and sometimes reprehensible acquisitiveness. I am an indefatigable collector of freak periodicals, gutter ballads, cattle and camel brands, song books, and miniature elephants.

AMONG the contents of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for August will be the following:

"A Note as to Sinclair Lewis," *by James Branch Cabell.*
"Negroes in Custody," *by Eleanor Rowland Wembridge.*
"Luck," *by Winifred Sanford.*
"Chess Reclaims a Devotee," *by Alfred Kreymborg.*
"The American in Shanghai," *by Edgar Snow.*
"First-Page Stuff: 1918," *by Raymond S. Tompkins.*

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"IT HAS been the custom of older magazines to rely on famous names to sell their product, no matter how trashy, shopworn and trite the output of these authors had become. Mencken encourages young writers and gives them a field of expression. Many of his contributors were utterly unknown five years ago. He has given much of his time to their development, because he prefers a novice's carefully done triolet to a poor sonnet by Shakespeare."

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Continued from front advertising section, page xiv

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By Claire Spencer. *Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*
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Effie Gallows marries a man whom she does not love that he may shield her, and father her coming child. Disaster follows: Effie's lover returns, and kills her husband, Ernest Weir, in a brawl at the annual fair. Challenged by old Mrs. Weir, she admits her guilt, and is read out of the village of Durkie; she refuses to marry the minister who loves her, but in her loneliness she accepts the schoolmaster. He is turned out of his school, and when her time comes, the villagers have worked themselves up to such a pitch that the midwife refuses to attend her. The child dies, and Effie precipitates her own trial when an innocent man is accused of the murder of Weir. On her way home, after the Provost releases her, the villagers stone her to death. A forceful story.

THE 42ND PARALLEL.
By John Dos Passos. *Harper & Brothers*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 426 pp. *New York*

Mr. Dos Passos here presents five middle-class characters of the haphazard small towns, farms and cities of America from the 90's to the beginning of the World War. There are Mac, who peddles pornography from a buggy in Michigan, fights with the wobblies on the West coast, marries in Los Angeles, and escapes to Mexico, where he runs a bookstore until the revolution breaks; J. Ward Moorehouse, who sells real-estate at Ocean City, Maryland, marries the loose daughter of a Philadelphia physician, divorces her, marries a Pittsburgh heiress and becomes an eminent publicity man in New York; Eleanor Stoddard, an interior decorator in Chicago, who hates men but who becomes J. Ward Moorehouse's inspiration in his public relations work when she goes to New York, and because of her friendship for him, sails with the American Red Cross to France; Janey, whose best beau, Alec, is killed in a motorcycle accident, and who becomes J. Ward Moorehouse's private secretary; and Charlie Anderson, whose mother runs a boarding-house in Fargo, N. D., who learns to tinker with motors in Old Man Vogel's garage, and who strikes out for Milwaukee, Chicago, New Orleans, and finally New York, where he joins the Ambulance Corps. The book is a sound and interesting achievement.

DR. GRAESLER.
By Arthur Schnitzler. *Simon & Schuster*
$1.50 7 x 4½; 176 pp. *New York*

This story of a middle-aged doctor and his three melancholy love-affairs was first published in 1923,

Continued on page xxviii

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under the imprint of Thomas Seltzer. It is here reissued in a format uniform with Schnitzler's later works. The translation, by E. C. Slade, is only fair.

FINANCE

ENGLAND & THE NEW GOLD STANDARD.
By William Adams Brown, Jr. *The Yale University Press*
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STUDIES IN THE LAW OF CORPORATION FINANCE.
By Adolf A. Berle, Jr. *Callaghan & Company*
$3 9 x 6; 199 pp. *Chicago*

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